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ESSAYS.

*[These Essays, Reprinted from the "Edinburgh Review" and other Periodicals,  
have been Revised and Arranged by the Author.]*

# ESSAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

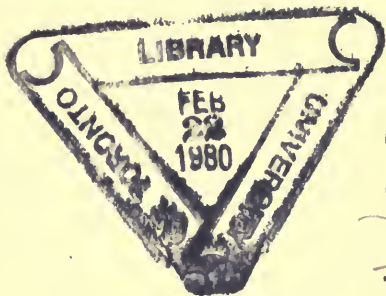
“VÉRA,” AND “THE HÔTEL DU PETIT ST. JEAN.”

*Charlotte Louisa Dempster*

LONDON:

SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15, WATERLOO PLACE.

1872.



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TO  
G. D. AND J. H. D.,  
WHO WILL UNDERSTAND WHY THIS LITTLE BOOK  
IS TENDERLY AND GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED  
WITH THEIR NAMES.

1872.





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# ESSAYS.

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## LITERARY REMAINS OF ALBERT DÜRER.\*

[*Edinburgh Review*, July, 1861.]

IN the fifth volume of the work entitled *Modern Painters* Mr. Ruskin has related the changes wrought by the era of the Reformation in the history of art, and he illustrates this revolution in the most imaginative minds of northern and southern Europe by a comparison, or rather by a contrast between Albert Dürer and Salvator Rosa. The artist of Nüremberg he describes as trained "amidst the formal delights, the tender religions, and practical science of domestic life and honest commerce. Salvator amidst the pride of lascivious wealth, and the outlawed distress of impious poverty." An interval of almost one hundred years — an

\* 1. *Reliquien von Albrecht Dürer*. Von Dr. CAMPE. Nüremberg : 1828.

2. *Das Leben und die Werke Albrecht Dürer's*. Von JOSEPH HELLER. Bamberg : 1827.

3. *Leben und Wirken Albrecht Dürer's*. Von Dr. A. VON EYE. Nordlingen : 1860.

entire age of modern civilisation—elapsed between the death of the one and the birth of the other. The German was the contemporary and admirer of Erasmus, Melancthon, and Luther, the Italian was a pupil of the Neapolitan Jesuits, and a dependent of the voluptuous courts of the seventeenth century. Yet under circumstances so various, there was doubtless some touch of kinsmanship between these eccentric and ardent minds; life to both of them was a hard master, a vein of fierce irony runs through their works, and they stand apart from the mere traditions of the schools in the annals of their art. The true key to the works of both these remarkable men lies, in an eminent degree, in the vicissitudes and internal history of their lives. In Albert Dürer especially the union and the conflict of the artist and the craftsman—of a man of lofty imagination but of homely character—of a great destiny but a narrow life—produced a strange and perplexing mixture, not unlike some of the creations of his own pencil. His life is, however, as yet, less familiar to the English public than that of many artists of inferior originality, and we receive with satisfaction the more recent contributions to his biography, which the affectionate admiration and the careful researches of his own countrymen have laid before us.

Johann Neudorffer led the procession of writers on Dürer; his *Notices of a Century of Nüremberg Painters* were published in 1546; but Karl von Mandler was the first who added any account of the artist's works to a biographical sketch. This was in 1604; the same strain was taken up later by Baldinucci, and imitated again by Joachim von Sandraat, the engraver, himself the owner of a collection in which many of Dürer's works were to be found. Vasari belongs to the same division of writers; while Hauer, though he never published a life of the painter, collected and printed many of Dürer's original writings, and added to these fragments, fac-similes of

his etchings and woodcuts. Little authentic knowledge of his works can, however, be gathered from the catalogues and artistic notices of the two centuries following his death. Still he had abundance of commentators. Arend, Des Piles, D'Argenville, Descamps, have all written on the subject, following Sandraat in their plan, while Doppelmayr contented himself mostly with a sketch of the painter's life, of which Melchior Adam, in his *Vita Philosophorum Germanorum*, has given an accurate and interesting outline. In Spain (where several of his best works are still to be seen), the Franconian painter was not forgotten. Antonio de las Puentes refers to Dürer, and to the influence he exercised on Spanish art; but his remarks are perhaps as little appreciated by German critics as are those of Vasari, when he treats of similar results in Italy; and all these writers only preceded Roth, whose *Leben A. Dürer's* was published about 1791. Since then books and authorities have multiplied, and articles on Dürer may be found in Müller, Kugler, Nagler, and Rettberg. In his native city a late remorse awakened: a statue was erected to his memory: everything bearing his name, or to which his name could be attached, received a tender homage, and the discovery of some original sketches and writings in the dusty archives of a patrician house added to the enthusiasm with which he was and is regarded. Meanwhile the most ardent of his admirers, the late Mr. J. Heller, of Bamberg, determined to supply the defects of all former catalogues and annotators, and commenced a laborious account of the Works of Dürer. He did not live to complete this Magnum Opus, so that the second volume (in three parts) is all that we possess of it. But this volume is fortunately complete in itself; the author claims to have there left no picture, engraving, woodcut, etching, proof, or rare example of the master, unnoticed; he furnishes an account of the origin of all the best collections of Dürer's

drawings, and gives us, by his elaborate descriptions and researches, pleasant and touching glimpses into Dürer's life and studies. The task of supplying us with what Heller died too early to finish still remained ; a biography of Dürer, compiled from the best sources, and enriched by modern criticism, was until last year a desideratum in literature, when it was undertaken by Dr. Eye, whose volume well repays perusal, and who may be congratulated on the successful accomplishment of what has evidently been to him a labour of love. Thus far we have pursued the race of critics and biographers, but there yet remains, what is of far more real interest, the authentic notice of Dürer under his own hand ; it is this that Dr. Campe, the well known printer of Nüremberg, has given to the world in his *Remains of Albert Dürer*. Here we have Dürer's life by himself : quaint fragments of an autobiography never anything but fragmentary ; letters of business ; letters of friendship ; letters written in travel ; attempts at verse, as unhappy as those of our own Turner ; and last, not least, his diary in the Netherlands, kept with great regularity during the years 1520 and 1521.

Except in greatly abridged or garbled forms, these MSS. have never been made known to the English public.\* We therefore propose to follow Dr. Campe's arrangement, by introducing our readers at once to the short memoir Dürer wrote of his family in the year 1524. He prefaces it with these words :

“ I, Albert Dürer, the younger, have gathered from my father's writings and papers what was his parentage, from whence he came, how he lived, and how he drew to his end in peace. So may God have mercy on him and us. Amen.

\* Some use was made of them in Mr. Ottley's *History of Engraving*, and in Mr. Jackson's *History of Wood Engraving*, p. 314. The Diary was published by Murr in the seventh volume of his Journal.

“Albert Dürer, the elder, was by reason of his birth a native of the kingdom of Hungary, and of the village called Eytas, in which he was born. It is not far from the little town of Jula, or Kula, lying eight miles below Wardein. His family had maintained themselves by rearing horses and cattle ; but my grandfather, one Antony Dürer by name, came as a boy to the above-named town of Jula to a goldsmith’s, and there under him learnt his trade.”

Already we see in the bucolical mind some strugglings towards the exercise of the mechanical arts. This Antony Dürer had three sons, of whom the first-born was the father of the painter, “likewise a worker in gold and silver, and a blameless and ingenious man.”

“*Item.*—It was not till later than this my dear father, Albrecht Dürer, came into Germany. He had been for a long season in the Netherlands among the great masters there, and did not arrive in Nüremberg until the year, as reckoned from the birth of Christ, 1455 ; it was on St. Aloysius’ Day (25th of June), the same day that Philip Pirkheimer was married, and his wedding celebrated in the finest way, with a great dance under the lime-trees.”

The elder Dürer seems to have served for many years subsequent to his arrival in Nüremberg under old Jeremy Haller the goldsmith. In the year 1467, Haller gave him his daughter to wife. This was a step upwards on the social ladder for Dürer, as the Hallers were among the best burgher families of the town, while on the mother’s side, the bride could boast of something more than even burgher blood, and the marriage seems to have been a happy one, though there was a great disparity of years between the pair, for Barbara Haller had been only three years of age when the Hungarian apprentice came to her father’s house, and she was now, as her son informs us, “a tall fair girl, fifteen years of age.” “Let it be known,” he

goes on to say, "my father did with his spouse beget the following children;" and then follows a list of the eighteen children with which this union was blessed; but we will spare our readers the enumeration of their respective names, sponsors, and dates of birth. It was on St. Prudentia's Day, May 20th, 1471, that a second son was born to Albert and Barbara Dürer. He received his father's name at baptism, and received it from Antony Koberger, the great printer of the day. Of the other children Dürer writes:—

"Now, of this brotherhood, children of my dear father, all are dead: some in childhood, some as they grew up; but three brothers remain to live as long as God willeth—namely, I, Albert, Andreas, and Hans."

Both these brothers survived the great artist: Andreas to inherit his brother's property and works of art, and Hans or John Dürer to become court painter to the king of Poland: his name we are accustomed to hear attached (but erroneously so) to a portrait in the Pinacothek at Munich, painted by Albert. There is something of mournful interest in Dürer's reference to his parent's struggles, and his own early recollections, related in his own simple language:—

"*Item.*—The life of this Albert Dürer the elder was spent in great trouble and in hard labour; he had no other means of subsistence than that which he, his wife, and his children could gain by the work of their own hands, and in this way he had often little enough. He endured likewise much sorrow, many temptations, and manifold adversities. But he won also, from as many as were conversant with him, just praise and commendation, for he led an honoured and a Christian life, was a man patient of spirit, peaceable with his fellows, and thankful towards God. He drew to himself little of this world's joy, being of rare and unfrequent speech. He went little into company, and kept the fear of the Lord ever before his eyes.



This dear father used also great diligence with his children to rear them for the glory of God. His highest wish was, that they, being brought up in all discipline, might be in favour with God and man. On this wise came his word unto us daily, that we should love God, and deal fairly with our neighbours."

Albert goes on to say that in him more than in any other of his children the father took his delight: and no one seeing the portrait which the boy drew of himself at the age of thirteen, can wonder that the father should delight in the pale sweet face, of which the delicate oval is partly shaded, partly defined, by the long fair hair which falls on his shoulders. "Besides," says Albert, referring in his grave manhood to these early recollections, "my father saw that I learnt and practised eagerly; he allowed me to be placed at school, and as soon as I could read and write he took me home to himself again, and taught me the goldsmith's craft. But now, when I could work pretty fairly, my mind drew me far more to painting than to working in gold and silver. This I laid before my father. He was not well pleased at it, and for this cause, that it repented him of the time first lost by me in learning the goldsmith's trade; yet he yielded the point to me, and in the year 1486, on St. Andrew's day, he bound me apprentice to Meister Michael Wohlgemuth to serve him for the space of three years. In all that time God gave me diligence to learn well, but in the mean season I had much to suffer from his creatures."

Dürer is silent as to much of his education; the extent of his classical acquirements is a question we are no more able to solve than we are to define the amount of knowledge acquired at the grammar-school of Stratford-on-Avon by young William Shakspeare. Dürer's familiarity with mythology appears in his works and his many symbolical pieces. That he wrote Latin inscriptions and loved to Latinise his sentences, is equally

certain, but how or when the craftsman's son attained this knowledge he does not tell us, and he is equally uncommunicative as to his earliest artistic tuition: and this is a point on which doctors disagree. Scheurl and others contend that his father had selected Martin Schön for his first master, and that Albert was to have been sent to study under that veteran artist. Bayle, on the contrary, copying from Melchior Adam, says, "That having made some essays with the pencil in the shop of his father, he associated himself with a mediocre painter named Martin Hupse, who taught him to engrave on copper, and to handle the brush." However this may be, there is no doubt as to the term of his apprenticeship with Wohlgemuth, traces of whose style remained in Dürer's manner. Wohlgemuth was also an engraver on wood, and the principal illustrator of that extraordinary work, *The Nuremberg Chronicle*. Some of his detached wood engravings are now very rare. He died in 1516, and his portrait, the work of his great pupil, still adorns the walls of the Munich gallery.

In 1489 began for Dürer those "Wanderjähre," those years of travel, which form so important a part of the German student's life:—"My father sent me abroad," says Dürer, "and I remained four years absent, till he summoned me again. As I had gone forth at Easter 1489, so now at Whitsuntide 1494, I came back to my family, and found Hans Frey in treaty with my father, he giving me his daughter, Mistress Agnes, to wife, and with her 200 crowns."

For this sum Albert Dürer, the painter, was sold at the age of twenty-three; and this is the laconic record he has left of the transaction:—"Our wedding was held on the Monday falling before St. Margaret's Day, 1494." A novel of Scheffer's has, within the last few years, brought the temper and domestic arrangements of Agnes Dürer (geborne Freyin) into undesirable celebrity. She was "sulky, quarrelsome, avaricious,

domineering, stupid, and proud," says one of her husband's biographers. They seem hardly to have overcoloured the picture, and it was a subject of common remark at the time, not only among the intimate friends of the painter, but more widely, for Dr. John Valentin André, writing to Prince Anton Ulrich of Brunswick, says of Dürer, that he was very ill married, and always poor, in spite of living with the greatest frugality. Perhaps Agnes had not the generosity to forget that it was her money which first supplied the household wants. Her husband, in one of his letters, calls her his "account mistress," and complains in another place that she looked upon his art very much as she would on a milch cow, and prized it only for what it brought in. The numerous portraits and studies of her face to be found among Dürer's works, show that in her youth she undoubtedly possessed personal attractions. It is said that she repeatedly served as the model for his Madonnas: but another face had apparently, at some time, crossed the painter's dreams. There is extant a sketch of a woman's head and bust, the face slightly averted; and underneath it, with Dürer's monogram, the words, "My Augusta." Another sketch represents a woman in Nüremberg costume passing into a church; the inscription on the drawing, besides the painter's name, consisting of the words from Scripture,— "Remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." The date is 1508, after his return from Italy. Whose prayers did Albert ask with the dumb strength of his manhood? We cannot tell: for this is no hackneyed love story of a Fornarina, two brown leaves the sole record that remains of it, but we can fancy that face confronting Albert again on the confines of another world—its beauty grown awful, like the countenance of Beatrice, when she stood with outstretched hand upon the shining stairs, and Dante stammered his faint "Yes," in reply to her greeting.

We must now consider Dürer as a householder in Nürnberg : he had not yet brought himself into any great distinction by his works ; and one of the most remarkable pictures of this period may be considered to be the portrait of his father, painted in 1499, and in the seventieth year of the old man's life. It is now in Munich, having come into the possession of the Elector of Bavaria through the dishonesty of one Küffner, a painter, who, when employed to make a copy of it, sawed out the panel, sold the original, and left his own performance in the Castle of Nürnberg. There is reason to believe that a duplicate of this picture was in the collection of Charles I. at Whitehall. Kugler states that the oldest undoubted picture by Dürer known to us is his own portrait of the year 1498, to be seen in the Florentine collection of artists' portraits painted by themselves in the Uffizi, and he suggests that this is probably the portrait of Dürer which was presented to King Charles I. of England by the city of Nürnberg, and sold in the collection of that sovereign. But Kugler does not seem to have been aware that a *replica* of this portrait, with equal claims to originality, exists in the Royal Gallery at Madrid (No. 972 in the Catalogue). The treatment is almost identical with that of the Florentine picture, and it bears the following lines:—

Das mach ich nach meiner Gestalt,  
Ich war sechs und swanzig jahr Alt.

1498 A. D.

Philip IV. of Spain was one of the principal purchasers at the sale of the pictures of Charles I. It is, therefore, highly probable that the Albert Dürer portrait came into the Spanish royal galleries from London ; and that this, and not the Florentine picture, is the identical work presented by the city of Nürnberg to Charles I.

Dürer's portraits are always successful, and never fail to convey the most vivid impression of the persons they repre-

sent; whether the subject be his own melancholy face, so pensive in youth, and so stately in mature manhood, or the grave Pirkheimer, or the sturdy burgher Holzschüher, the intrepid Luther, the pensive Melanchthon, the wise Erasmus, or some beauty of the day, some Katerina Fürlegerin, smiling at us across three centuries through the tangles of her marvellous hair, we feel that in every case he has given us the whole truth concerning them. His genial sympathy was the gift that enabled him to divine it: his unselfish simplicity enabled him to set it forth: both these qualities endeared him to his fellow men, while with some the bonds of friendship were drawn very close.

No attachment of Dürer's life was more lasting than that which subsisted between himself and Wilibald Pirkheimer. The notice of Philip Pirkheimer's marriage, in a former page of the memoir, leads us to believe that the connection between the families was hereditary, but their personal acquaintance began in 1497. Dr. Campe has preserved for us some of the confidential letters which passed between them—one written by Dürer from Venice may serve as a specimen:—

“ My willing service to you, my dear sir, and I wish from all my heart that you were as I am. In the mean time, my mother has written to me, and scolds me for not writing to you. She gives me to understand that you have me in displeasure by reason of this my not writing. She bids me excuse myself to you, and is much troubled on your account. I know nothing in answer to this, but that I am lazy in writing, and knew that you were not at home. I beg you to forgive me, as I have no other friend on earth like yourself. I did not indeed believe that you were angry with me, for I look on you as nothing less than a father. I would that you were here in Venice. There are many pleasant fellows among these Italians, who the longer I am with them always please me more. It goes to one's

heart to hear how well they play the lute. There are many right noble and virtuous people who show me much friendship. To set against this, there are among them several of the most lying and thievish rogues: the like of them does not, I believe, exist any where else upon earth. I have sundry good friends, who warn me, that I among these artists have many enemies: men who say that mine is not 'antique art,' and therefore not good. But Gian Bellini has praised me before many gentlemen, saying that he would gladly have something of mine. Indeed, he came to me himself, and begged me to paint something for him, as he would pay me well for the same. Every one tells me here that he is a pious man, so I am equally friendly with him. He is very old, but still the best at painting."

The letter goes on to say, that the things which eleven years before had pleased Dürer now pleased him no longer. From this phrase we gather that Italy had been included in the countries he visited during his *Wanderjähre*. Here we see, too, the progress of the artist's mind. So it must always be—only the works of Nature bear the test of re-inspection after many years—those of art often cease to please when we have ceased to project upon them the light of our own passion, or the shadow of our own pain. There is a fine passage in one of Melanchthon's letters which is so strikingly characteristic of this progress in Albert Dürer's mind, that, although it has been quoted by Kugler and may therefore be familiar to the reader, we cannot forbear to give it a place here as a noble commentary on the highest principle of art:—

"I remember that Albert Dürer the painter, a man excelling in talent and virtue, used to say that when a youth he liked bright and florid paintings, and that he could not but rejoice in any work of his own when he contemplated the brilliancy and variety of the colouring. But that after he

began to view Nature as an old man, and endeavoured to look in upon her native face, then he understood that her simplicity was the greatest glory of art. The which, however, as he could not altogether attain to, he said that he was no longer an admirer of his own works as once he had been, but that he rather groaned on looking at his paintings, and thinking of his own infirmity."

Dürer's visit to Italy at this time gave him great satisfaction. Gian Bellini was not his only friend: he was able to add Titian and Andrea del Sarto to the number: and when he left Venice in the autumn of 1506, he did so at the request of Mantegna, who wrote beseeching Albert to visit him before he died. Mantegna was already on his death-bed, and when Dürer reached Padua it was unhappily just too late to gratify a wish, of which the expression must have been so flattering to him; the great Mantuan, whose influence may be traced in the works of his German disciple, had himself entered on a longer journey, and Dürer pursued his way to Bologna. Here he made some stay, forming an acquaintance with his future eulogist, Dr. Christopher Scheurl, and taking, he tells us, lessons in perspective. He intended to proceed to Rome, though, for some reason, this intention was never carried into effect. It is equally remarkable that he should not have visited Florence, where at that very time Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci were contending for the mastery. For some of the pictures he painted during his Italian tour he received considerable sums of money, and was everywhere praised; or, as he himself called it, "glorificirt." He writes thus to Pirkheimer:—"As thou writest to me that I should come home with speed, I am minded to leave this as soon as I can. But how I shall shiver after this sunshine! Here I am a gentleman—there, at home, I am only a hanger-on of gentlemen."

Dürer's family party was, after his return to Nüremberg, increased by his taking his mother and his youngest brother Hans to live with him. His own account of this arrangement, and of the death of the elder Dürer, in which it originated, is pathetic. Dürer laments that he was not present at the old man's departure, which he thus describes :—

“The old nurse helped him to rise, and put the close cap on his head, which had become quite damp from the great drops of sweat. He asked for something to drink, so she gave him some Rhine wine, of which he took a very little, and then asked to go back to bed. He thanked her ; but no sooner was he laid back upon his pillows than he fell into the last agonies. Then the old woman lit the lamp, and St. Bernard his Verses did she read out to him, when, as she had reached the third verse, his soul had departed ! God be gracious unto him ! Now, the little serving-maid, when she saw that he was a dying, ran swiftly to my chamber, and waked me up. I ran down stairs, but there he lay dead. It grieved me sorely that I had not been worthy to be with him at his end. This happened at midnight on the eve of St. Matthias, 1502. Then I took my brother Hans to live with us, but we let Andreas go. Later, and two years after my father's death, I took my mother home, for means of subsistence she had none. And there she abode with me till the year 1513, when early on the morning of one Tuesday she fell suddenly and mortally sick. And so she lay. And from that Tuesday when she was taken ill to the other Tuesday, May 17, 1514, when she died, was a year and one day. Then receiving the blessed sacraments, she died like a Christian, two hours before midnight, by whom, at her departing, I also prayed. May God have mercy upon her.”

“Tall, fair Barbara Hallerin” has grown a wrinkled, bed-ridden old woman : she has outlived the husband whose



manifold adversities she shared : she has covered the heads of fifteen children with the Nüremberg sods, and it is time she should go to join them all, though Andreas and Hans are gone out into the world, and Albert will be left alone with his wife. Alas ! poor Dürer ! He, who this year showed us how Faith rides as a good Knight, bravely between Death and the Devil, is to show us what he thinks of Knowledge, now that Love has just been carried out of his house, feet foremost, to a now nameless grave. Here is the "Melancholia" set down on his path, as a stone to mark the year 1514. There we may see how that student soul sits in listless sadness. He shows us how she, who was ever learning, never coming to the truth, has at last turned herself from the light, and, with averted face, droops heavily on her hand ; round her lie the emblems of her art—instructive, constructive, recreative. Here, at her feet, lies also the gold which it commands ; but her brow is contracted, and she will brood on. This print was, we find, a frequent present from Dürer to his friends. A strange gift, and a strange witness to the struggle he is going through in these years, when fresh knowledge lit up the world, bringing, like the comet that he has drawn sweeping across the sky, distress of nations, with perplexity. Patience, good artist ! let these dark hours pass ; you will live to paint better pictures out of a better mind. This composition has been the subject of infinite criticisms, but it would seem that a step towards the interpretation of it is made by the fact that its date is that of his mother's death.

Dürer, though he cried out of the depths, did not long sit with his own "Melancholia" on the ground, and the years which followed were those in which his genius began to take a wider and bolder sweep. His progress in his native country had hitherto been slow. In 1511, he had finished a large picture for the Elector Frederic of Saxony (that which now

adorns the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna), and in the following year he painted an Ascension of the Virgin, for J. Heller, of Frankfort: but Dürer did not always find this branch of art remunerative, and in 1509, he says, in a letter to the same J. Heller, "I paint, and paint with all diligence, but nothing comes of it. I mean, therefore, to fall back upon my engraving: had I done so sooner, I should have been richer by some 1,000 florins at this day."

His earliest wood-engravings were published at Nürnberg in 1498. They consist of sixteen cuts of folio size, representing subjects from the Apocalypse of St. John, and, although these works are coarser than his later productions, they unquestionably mark an important era in the history of wood-engraving. The two series of woodcuts, known as the Greater and Lesser Passion of Our Lord, he published in 1510-11:—the one contains thirteen pieces, the other, thirty-seven—of which the blocks are now in the British Museum. Some of these have all the faults of his manner: broken lines, ungainly attitudes, positive ugliness of feature, and overcrowding of the space, while one of them, the "Touch me not, Mary!" is a most beautiful composition—touching from its simplicity, and from the Easter freshness of the solitude, in which Mary sought and found her Lord, newly risen from his garden grave. The Life of the Virgin (1511) was a favourite series with the artist himself. It abounds with curious illustrations of homely life in the burgher houses of that time, and is full of domestic details, and while the most German and national of his works, as regards its spirit, the curious in wood engravings have assigned it a high place, on account of its execution. Several of Dürer's Madonnas belong to this date, as also three representations of St. Jerome, all well known to collectors.

The year 1512, was an eventful one in Albert's social life,

for he received from his admirer, the Emperor Maximilian, letters of nobility, and the promise of a pension: the latter was not, however, to be fulfilled till 1520, when Charles V., shortly after his coronation, confirmed the grant, and enjoined the magistrates of Nüremberg to pay annually to Dürer the sum of 100 florins. "Truly," comments the recipient of royal bounty, "it was not till after much labour and trouble that this was secured."

A new source of interest opened for Dürer in the autumn of 1514, in a correspondence between himself and Raphael. It is said that one of his drawings served as a guide to the painter of Urbino, in the well-known picture of "Lo Spasimo:" it is certain that it had already been Raphael's judgment on the works of the German, "truly this one would surpass us all had he, as we have, the masterpieces of art always under his eyes!" and the exchange of courtesies thus begun ended in Raphael's receiving the portrait of Dürer, painted by himself in water colours: a memorial which, on the early death of the former, came into the possession of Giulio Romano. The genial and mutual appreciation of these two artists is pleasant to contemplate, and in Albert's mind the interest did not wear out. Thus he writes in his diary:—

"*Item.*—Raphael of Urbino, his effects have been all scattered since his death, but one of his disciples, by name Thomas Polonius" (he means Tommaso Vincidore of Bologna), "a good painter, is here, and has desired to make himself known to me. To this Thomas Polonius I have entrusted a whole impression of my works, which he is to take to Rome, or send by another painter, so as to get things of Raphael of Urbino for me in exchange. This was on the Monday after St. Michael's Day. *Item.*—Polonius has finished a likeness of me, which he is going to take with him to Rome."

A sketch of this same Thomas Polonius, out of Dürer's

sketch-book in the Netherland's, is now preserved in the Print Room at Berlin.

In 1515 Dürer finished for his Imperial patron those mythological drawings which are known as the "Prayer Book of the Emperor Maximilian." The work consisted of forty-three borders, curiously and minutely drawn by hand, and nowhere has Dürer left such abundant traces of his imagination. A rich and tender fancy peeps through the quaint symbolism of his subjects; while to furnish these, both Scripture and mythology have been ransacked, and all are set off by the firm and delicate touch which distinguished every piece that came from his burin. In 1518, he visited Augsburg, where the diet of the Empire was being held, and he obtained the patronage and friendship of several of the men of note assembled by that circumstance in the city. Among these were Albert of Brandenburg, Cardinal Archbishop of Mentz, Ulrich von Hütten, Fugger the merchant, and others. The Emperor Maximilian, who had long been his most constant and powerful patron, again sat to him, and our artist began shortly after to prepare the designs for the well-known Triumph of Maximilian. Unluckily for Dürer that imperial friend died in the following year, and it became necessary for him to seek new patrons, and fresh employment in another country. We quote his own words, from the opening of the Diary of his Travels in the Netherlands, 1520-21:—

"It was on the Thursday after St. Chilian's Day that I, Albert Dürer, at my own costs and expense, did leave Nüremberg, in the company of my wife; and as we passed through Erlangen the same day that we started, so we lay that night at Baiersdorff. We came on the second day to Forchheim. From thence I journeyed to Bamberg, where I made a present to the bishop of a painting of Our Ladye, from the Life of the Virgin, one from the Apocalypse, and an engraving worth one gülden.

He invited me to be his guest, gave me a pass to clear the tolls, and two letters of introduction. He likewise delivered me of my charges at the hotel, where I had spent one gülden."

Dürer goes by water to Schweinfürt and Frankfort. The following extract may give an idea of the expenses of travelling in those days :—

" Spent 6 silver pence and some farthings ; to the boy, 2 silver pence.

" For a night's lodging, 6 pence.

" I have made a bargain to be taken from Frankfort to Mainz for the sum of 1 florin, 2 silver pence ; to the boy, 6 Frankfort farthings.

" For a night's expenses, 8 silver pence.

" For lading and unlading, 1 silver penny.

" For meat to put into the ship, 10 farthings.

" For eggs and pears, 9 farthings."

He makes a short stay at Mainz, (then the focus of bitter religious controversy,) and goes by Boppard on the Rhine to Cologne, where he visited his cousin, Nicholas Unger, or Dürer, and where, he tells us, that he was treated to a collation at the Convent of the Barefooted Friars. He passes into the diocese of Liege, crosses the Meuse, enters Antwerp, his destination, and there takes up his abode in the inn of one Job Planckfelt.

His time now sped merrily enough : one of the few entries in his diary, with which we are familiar, is the account of the banquet given him by the Painters' Guild, at which he tells us, that "they sat long and joyously together, till it was already late into the night : then we arose : and they accompanied us with torches and all honours home : praying me to have them all in friendship and fellowship." Unlike his father, Albert's disposition was eminently social : always sensitive to the amount of approbation he received, we have seen how grateful to him, in

Venice, had been the esteem in which his character and his works were held : now, as then, the artist appears to have been sought out and understood, both by the Flemish burghers and painters, and by those foreigners, whom the interests and occupations of commerce assembled in Antwerp : the consuls of Genoa and Portugal showed him constant kindness, at once appreciating his talents and seeking him for his society. "His conversation," says one of his contemporaries, "was charming : and he loved joy and diversions, albeit ever in a way that was not opposed to good manners." These banquets and meetings, when Felix Hüngersberg played on his lute, and Signor Ruderigo reasoned of Vasco di Gama, and of the Brazils, must have reminded Dürer of the bright days of 1506 : though a ramble with Vincenzo the Genoese, by the lazy margin of the Scheldt, or a row on the ferry, among the patient steers and the brown-eyed Flemish children, were, at best, but poor substitutes for a discussion on art, with Gian Bellini, in that other, and better, city by the Sea. We read in his Journal, "So often have I dined with Signor Ruderigo : . . ." Or, "So often did Thomasino bid me to his house to dinner ; . . ." And on these occasions, we fear, that Frau Agnes had reason to complain of a want of domesticity in his habits, for "my wife ate by herself at the inn, and changed a florin for her expenses." Albert also left her in Antwerp, when, on one occasion, he was advised to push his way to Brussels, and to present himself at the Court of the Governess of the Netherlands. He approached Margaret by a present of some of his beautiful etchings, and was at last admitted to an audience, in which she acquitted herself, he says, as one, "graciously and virtuously disposed towards him." She promised to be his patron, and from his sketch-book it appears that not only did she sit to him, but that he executed likenesses of several of her ladies and ministers of state, and presented them to her along

with a couple of drawings done on parchment, "with great pains and diligence:" and with a complete impression of his works (in all worth thirty florins). Unluckily for her royal reputation, there is an entry in the Diary to the effect, that for all the things he did for the Lady Margaret, he had received nothing. Thus the traveller, who in the Print Room at Berlin, should happen to admire the impression of her august features from the hand of Albert Dürer, will remember with annoyance that the poor draughtsman never was paid for his work. More pleasing will it be there to inspect the portraits of his Portuguese friends: or that of Jacob Bonysius, the head of a great mercantile firm in Brussels, from whom Dürer received no little kindness. "Dined with Herr Bonysius," he says; and a little later, he records of Bernhard von Orley, the court painter of the day:—

"Meister Bernhard invited me in the name of the painters, and had arranged for me so costly a meal, that I do not think ten florins would cover the expenses of it. There were invited to meet me the Lady Margaret, her treasurer (whose portrait I have taken), the master of her household, by name Meteni; the royal treasurer, by name Puffadès (to whom I gave a set of the 'Passion' in copper); also Erasmus, of Rotterdam: to him I gave a copy of the 'Passion,' engraved on copper."

One would willingly have sat at meat that day in Bernhard von Orley's house. Probably in the presence of Margaret's minister, Dürer and Erasmus would refrain from touching on the spread of the new opinions, or from commenting on the progress of that Lutheran heresy, which was watched both by the artist and by the theologian, with keenest interest, but the fresh discoveries on the new Continents, and their wonderful products, might, perhaps, form the staple of their conversation; for Dürer, who through the Portuguese consuls was already familiar with many curiosities brought from the settlements in

Southern India, had just seen in Brussels some of the spoils of the Mexican cities :—

“Rare things brought unto the king from the land of gold. A golden sun, six feet in width ; in like manner the moon, all in silver, and of the same size ; also two rooms full of arms, and of all kinds of weapons belonging to these people ; trappings for their horses, bows and arrows, all very wonderful ; with the strangest clothes, quilts for beds, and other curious things ; they are all so valuable that they are priced as worth many many 1,000 gülden. I do not know that I, in all the days of my life, have ever joyed in any sight so much as in this : and as I gazed on these marvellous things and wondered at the subtle intellects of men in a strange land, I cannot express all the thoughts that I had there.”

Here speaks the true artist. The man who painted so unflinchingly life as he saw it, who never tired of elaborating its simplest truths, or was ashamed of its homeliest details, was yet able to rise to the contemplation of the unapproachable splendours of Apocalyptic vision, and to transfer, by gift of imagination, his sympathy to the minds of men whose faces and tongues were to him unknown till his heart is moved within him, while thinking of the craftsman in lands that are very far away. Keen in his sorrow, he was not less keen in his joy. Kind, simple and unprejudiced, Albert's was a sound and a wholesome mind. Like his master Wohlgemuth, his artistic career was to the last one of improvement, because his mental life was progressive : ever open to fresh truths and to new impressions, he was one of the few who love the truth, without seeking to palliate it by any “admixture of the lie,” who speak as they “trow,” paint as they see : pray for what they need, and receive the things that they ask, even the peace that surpasses *thought*. His genius, like the Allegro of our poet, delighted alternately in the uplands and “the fallows grey,” and in



“towered cities ;” and the “busy hum of men” was as congenial to it as were the sylvan recesses of the Franconian valleys, and the rocky scenes to which his St. Eustatius and his St. Jerome introduce us. But beyond social and intellectual pleasures, Dürer reaped little profit from this stay in Brussels, and he returned to his humble life and to the details of his meagre housekeeping in Antwerp, more convinced than ever of the disheartening results of a trust in princes. He reckons with his wife on his return, and finds as follows :—

“My wife has paid away on her living, needments, and other expenses : four florins Rhenish.”

Frau Agnes does not seem to have been guilty of any great extravagance here, and one would have thought the items were hardly worth recording, but Dürer’s note-book served also for his account-book : and we have the result of all the experiences at once of his mind and of his purse, so that it is not uncommon to find the notice of a pamphlet, of a visit to court, or of a picture, side by side with the price of onions, chalk, and firewood. He kept also a register of all the dinners he gave and received ; as for example :—

“Dined eight times with the Portuguese gentlemen ; once with the Comptroller of the Exchequer ; with Thomasido ten times. Then gave four stivers as a fee to his servant ; with Lazarus Rasenspürger once ; with W. von Rogensdorff once ; with Bernard Stecher once ; with Hanolt Meyting once ; with Gaspar Leventer once ; dined in the house alone at my own charges, nine times. Did a likeness of Felix Hungersberg, in his book, kneeling. Paid upon St. Catherine’s Eve to Job Planckfelt, mine host, ten gold crowns, towards paying reckoning. Dined twice with the Portuguese ; gave nineteen stivers for parchment.”

Perhaps this last item of expenditure becomes more interesting when we remember that many of Dürer’s best studies

were done with the pen on vellum, and that there are three drawings now in the British Museum marked with the date 1520, and which may, for all we know, have been traced by the simple-hearted master upon this identical nineteen stivers' worth of "pergament."

From time to time we read of his sales:—"Item: I have already sold 3 thick books for an ounce of gold. Cleared 29 stivers by selling things of art." But he clearly gave away more than he could hope to sell: and though he received in his turn presents, as when he records that Erasmus, of Rotterdam, had given him a Spanish mantle, and that the Portuguese consuls had sent to his inn wines, both French and Portuguese, he was not slow in returning good offices: for instance:—

"I have packed up, and sent from Antwerp, by the hands of Herr Gilgen, a present to the sculptor named Meister Konrad, who lives at the Court of Kaiser Max's daughter, the Lady Margaret. His equal in the art I have never seen. I have given him my St. Jerome, an Anthony, a Veronica, a Melancholy, and two new Marys. To Meister Gilgen himself, a St. Eustatius and a Nemesis. I gave to the Portuguese factor a carved statuette of a child; moreover, I have given him an Adam and Eve, a St. Jerome, a Hercules, etc. . . . then the Life of the Virgin, the Apocalypse, the Great Passion; after these the Passion in copper, in all worth five florins. I gave exactly the same to Signor Ruderigo."

The prices given for works of art are remarkable—sometimes when he does a portrait, he gets nothing from the sitter but the chalks with which it was executed: sometimes an invitation to dinner is considered an equivalent: sometimes twelve stivers are paid for a set of the Lesser Passion, while sometimes a paroquet, some preserved sugar, "a great piece of fish scale, two pieces of white coral, a pocket of brown satin, or a box full of good electuary," are received as compensation for one of

those sketches, which any collector now would gladly cover with gülden could he obtain it for that sum. They are now very rare—and it has not always been possible to trace their fate.

About fifty years ago, in the archives of the now extinct patrician family of the Pfnzings, a sketch-book of Albert Dürer's was discovered at Nüremberg, containing the portraits of nearly all the persons he had found at Augsbürg in 1518, and those he took in the Netherlands—in all about seventy original sketches. M. de Derschau, a captain in the Prussian army, then residing in Nüremberg, became the proprietor of this book, which he added to a large and valuable collection, the result of a long life's labour. But these drawings were not all in the state in which Dürer left them: many of them were separated from each other, some had to be traced as far as Leipzig, while the greater part had been, by a person apparently suffering from a lack of better employment, carefully cut out by their outlines, and pasted down upon fresh sheets—such as they were, M. de Derschau sold about half of them to M. de Nagler, postmaster-general of Prussia. Upon the death of this gentleman, they were purchased, along with the rest of his collection, by the Prussian Government, and since 1829, have therefore reposed in the print rooms of Berlin—portraits of Margaret of the Netherlands, of "Thomas Polonius," and of the Portuguese Consuls being among the number. Nearly the other half of the Dürer drawings in M. de Derschau's possession he sold, at a later period, to the Mr. J. Heller, of Bamberg, whose labours we have already noticed: among them were thirty-one of the portraits mentioned in the diary. All that did not pass into Heller's hands were put up to public auction in 1825; and their fate has not been ascertained since that date. Wilibald Pirkheimer was the owner of a quantity of the productions of his friend's pencil, which he valued as much for their own as for the artist's sake. He had no son,

and Felicita, his daughter, transferred herself, her father's wealth, and his collection to the family of the Imhoffs, by whom the latter was treasured during many generations, until, like too many treasures in Nüremberg, it was broken up, and a portion of it became the property of Lord Arundel. The collections of the late Duke Albert of Sachsen Teschen, and that of J. Heller, as bequeathed by him to the town of Bamberg, afford perhaps, on the whole, the best examples of Dürer's varied studies, and of the peculiar and thoughtful treatment of his subjects. Nothing escaped his observation. Illuminations, copies from Paris Bordone, studies from the nude, skulls, armour and Madonnas, are mixed up with coats of arms, horoscopes, plans of fortifications, architectural designs, nameless faces of men and women, costumes, trees, wings of birds, sprays of forget-me-not, and bunches of violets, as blue and bright as if fresh picked in some Franconian field. Of his diligence we may form some idea, from the fact that shortly before his death his own list enumerated no less than 1254 pieces: in which he did not probably include those impressions which were ever and again taken from his engraved blocks.

In its mechanical turn, the genius of Dürer had something in common with that of Leonardo Da Vinci: both applied their attention to engineering, and as Nüremberg owed part of her fortifications to Albert, so did Urbino to Leonardo, who designed the fortress of that place in 1502. Leonardo was born twenty years before this painter, who in the study of anatomy and proportion trod so closely on his heels. Unlike Dürer, he had not been born in lawful wedlock, yet, compared with Dürer, the course of his life had run smoothly, and his gifts had been fostered under a kinder sky. We never read of Dürer that he charmed the leisure of princes by the music of his voice, and the smile that dimples round the lips of Mona Lisa was a thing undreamt of in the abiding sadness of the

German's mind. But the twenty years that separated the Florentine from the Teuton were as the great gulf fixed. Leonardo lived in the heyday of that pleasant indifference which distinguished the revival of letters under the Medici and the Medicean Pope; Dürer's manhood was absorbed in the sterner inquiry "what is truth?" That this had been so in Nüremberg, we have already shown, and in Antwerp his zeal was not likely to wax colder.

During his stay in the Netherlands he had enjoyed the society of Erasmus, who seems to have impressed Dürer with an idea of sincerity in the cause which the painter had so much at heart, and in which the astute philosopher managed so to trim as not to lose himself with either party. The monks had said of Luther that his pestilent seed had been gathered in Erasmus' garden—"You are our pride, upon whom we hope," wrote Luther to the author of the Notes on the New Testament, to whom as early as 1513, the Bohemian brethren had made many advances: but no sooner did the storm break than Erasmus betook himself to Basle—and the storm had broken in the spring of this eventful year, 1520. The Papal bull was launched on the 15th of June; by autumn it became apparent that the gauntlet thus flung down would soon be taken up by Luther, and the Church party in the Netherlands could only hope to achieve the ruin of his cause, by means of the new Emperor.

Charles V. was crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle, October 23rd. "I was there," says Dürer, "and saw all the splendours, the like of them no man alive at this day has ever beheld. How then is it to be described." But the plague was raging in Aix-la-Chapelle: the departure of Charles, of his court, and of the whole army of sightseers was hastened by this unexpected disaster, and they fell back upon Cologne, where a series of banquets awaited the Emperor, and where the Papal Nuncios

were then residing. The meeting of Charles and Alexander boded little good to the cause of Church Reform. Luther's books were now contraband. At the request of Hochstraten, the Universities of Cologne and Louvain had condemned them; in Ingolstadt they had been removed from the bookseller's stalls while in Mayence, the Dominicans had instigated the archbishop to imprison the printers. Yet here in Cologne Dürer managed to procure them: "Bought a treatise of Luther's for three silver pennies; I gave also one, to buy the *Condemnazione Lutheri*, that pious man!" Deep as was Albert's interest in the subject, bitter, as we shall soon hear, as were his invectives against priestcraft and superstition, he was as yet no dissenter from the received practices of the Church. In the same page of the diary, with this notice of Luther's tracts, we read how he bought and gave away rosaries, and how he paid certain sums to his confessor. We know that he continued to paint Madonnas with all the attributes assigned to them by tradition, and no master of the German school has left more, or more beautiful, representations of this attractive subject. All through the notes of this year, we read of his "two new Marys." Two years earlier he had brought out that beautiful etching, which represents the mother of Our Lord sitting in the fields, while angels, leaning across her, are about to crown her with a wreath. She comes to us from his pencil under many forms: now as the pensive Mother giving suck to the Divine Infant; now as Our Lady of Wisdom reading in the volume of Holy Writ; now sitting enclosed by palisades, she is the "Hortus Conclusus," the garden of the Lord; sometimes lilies spring at her feet, herself the symbolised lily of the valleys; sometimes borne in clouds, and holding the Child Jesus, cherubs surround her to adore the august "Queen of Heaven!" sometimes with clasped hands she kneels, "Ancilla Domini," to receive the salutation of Gabriel; or we behold her

the veriest "Lady of Sorrow," with the seven swords deep in her breast.

Such pictures continued to the last to mingle in the artist's thoughts, with his domestic cares, with the pageantry of living history, and the more awful realities of the struggle in which he was essentially, if not conspicuously, engaged. Had any part of his correspondence with Pirkheimer, bearing on this subject, been preserved, it would have been of no small value to us. His friend certainly entered into his views, and they both shared the ardent sympathy of Melanchthon, but none of their letters are extant: and for information we must depend solely on the diary, where we learn, that when the festivities at Cologne drew to a close, Dürer returned to Flanders by the Rhine and Waal, visiting Nimeguen and other towns, and reaching Antwerp a few days before the festival of St. Martin.

There closed for the painter the eventful year 1520, the first in which Europe became aware of those subterranean forces that were at work within her, and about to shake her solid foundations. The sun of that year had shone for a week in May on the tilting at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Nearly every great country had a new head; new politics were disclosing themselves; knowledge was abroad on the earth; new paths had been opened for commerce; the old Mexican dynasty had gone down before the arms of Cortez, and the monk who had troubled the convictions of Germany, now threatened the Chair of St. Peter—while, in England, a woman's beauty was slowly working the ruin of a queen, with whose fate the cause of Catholicism was closely, almost tenderly, united.

Early in February, 1521, we find Dürer starting for Zealand. We give the narrative of his adventures in his own words:—

"On St. Barbara's Eve I rode out of Antwerp to Bergen

op Zoom ; giving for the hire of the horse 12 stivers ; paying for our victuals 1 florin, 6 stivers. At Bergen op Zoom I bought piece of fine Flemish cloth for my wife : cost me 1 florin, 7 stivers ; also three pair of shoes, 6 stivers ; eye-glasses, 1 stiver, an ivory clasp, 6 stivers ; fees to servants, 2 stivers. I did likenesses of Jan de Haas, of his wife and two daughters, all in chalks ; they are in my little book. I made pencil sketches of their servant, and of an old woman. I see that in Bergen the houses are very fine, high and well built ; it is a pleasant place in summer, and hath annually two great fairs. On the eve of Lady Day I went with the students to Zealand, Sebastian Imhoff lending 5 florins for the journey. The first night we anchored at sea ; it was very cold, and we had nothing to eat or drink ; on the Saturday we landed at Grës ; there I made a girl sit to me for her attitude. From this we went to Erma : before sunset we proceeded a little way, and made for the isle of Walcheren ; as we went we could see the points of roofs and houses just above the water. We reached a little town, in another and adjacent island : there be seven isles, and Ernig, where we spent that night, is the largest. We went the next day to Middleburg ; in the abbey of that place Jan Mabuse has painted his great picture ; not so fine, it seems to me, in the drawing of the heads as in the colouring. To return to Middleburg : it is a fine city, with a superb town-house, and a beautiful spire. There are many more rare things of art in the place ; mighty fine are the seats in the abbey, with its stone porch ; there is also a good parish church, and much more besides in the town, which would do bravely for a sketch. Zealand itself is quaint and wonderful to behold, by reason of the waterline, which is everywhere higher than the ground one. Did a portrait of mine host at Ernii.

“ On the Monday morning early we again took ship. Arrived again at Bergen. Paid 2 florins for travelling and



living expenses ; gave 2 florins for a great overcoat ; 4 stivers for a fig-cheese, and lost 6 at play. Gave 10 for a comb.

“ Did a portrait of Schnabhannen ; likewise one of Claus, mine host’s son-in-law. *Item* : I have done likenesses of little Bernhard, of Bresslen, of G. Kötzer, and of the Frenchman ; they have each and all, here in Bergen, paid me 1 florin. Jan de Haas’ son-in-law gave me a crown, the chinks, and 1 florin, for having had his portrait done. Bought two drawings, paying 2 florins all but 10 stivers for the pair. Painted Nicholas Soiler. Dined nine times at Bergen since my return from Zealand, and spent 4 stivers. Gave the steersman 3 stivers, spent 8 more ; and on the Friday after Saint Lucia’s Day, I came again to Antwerp, and to lodge with Job Planckfelt.”

Though valuable in an artistic point of view, this journey seems to have been as unremunerative as its predecessors. It was destined, however, to leave lasting traces on Dürer, since then were sown the seeds of that Walcheren fever which was slowly but surely to sap his strength. After his return to Antwerp we read of bills paid to the apothecary and the barber, which must have had the same antiphlogistic effect on his purse that the barber’s lancet may be supposed to have had on his pulse.

In April a great blow fell on Dürer ; we give his own account of it :—

“ *Item*.—On the Friday before Whitsunday in 1521, the news reached Antwerp that Martin Luther had been traitorously imprisoned.

“ Thus have they led away captive this pious man, enlightened of the Holy Ghost, one who was the follower of the true faith as it is in Christ. Whether he still lives, or whether he is already slain by them, I know not. But this has he suffered for the sake of the Christian truth, and because he chastised that unchristian Papacy, which resists the freedom wherewith Christ has made us free, adding great burdens of

men's laws. That which is ours by our sweat and our blood, it steals and draws from us, spending the same shamefully on a lazy and worthless crew, while the thirsting and the sick among mankind perish for hunger. What is most grievous to me is, that God may perhaps leave us to this blind and false doctrine, which has been by those they call 'Fathers' invented and reared up; whereby that which is of greatest account to us is falsely dealt with, or not held in sincerity.

"Ah! God in heaven, have mercy upon us. Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, pray for Thy people; deliver us in due time; preserve us in the Christian verity. Gather Thy widely-scattered sheep by Thy voice, in Scripture called Thy Blessed Word. Help us to know this Thy voice, and not to follow any sound (piping) of human error. That we, oh Lord Jesus Christ, may not depart from Thee, call in the sheep of Thy pasture," of which a portion is yet to be found in the Romish Church; and gather the Indians and Muscovites, the Russian and the Greek churches together, which, by the greed and devices of the Pope, and by a hypocritical zeal, have been sundered.

"Ah! God, redeem Thy poor people, who through great pain and pressure are driven to that which none do willingly, and which every man sins against his conscience in embracing. Never, Oh God, didst Thou afflict any people as we Thy miserable ones are sorely burdened because of the Roman See, while we desire to be free Christians, daily redeemed by Thy blood. Oh! Highest, Heavenly Father, shed into our hearts, by Thy Son" (I.H.S.), "such light that we may perceive to what commandments we are bound, and may with a good conscience let the other burdens slip. Then to serve Thee, our Eternal Father in Heaven, with free and joyful hearts. And so for *this man*, who has more clearly written than any since 140 years, and upon whom Thou hast bestowed so evangelical a spirit, we pray that Thou wouldst give again Thy

Holy Spirit to some one, that Thy Holy Christian Church everywhere may be gathered together ; that we may live for Christ, and by Thee alone ; that our good works may draw to us all infidels, Turks, heathens, and Indians, and that they may embrace the Christian faith. But, Lord, if it be Thy will judge us, that, like as Thy Son Jesus Christ died at the hands of the priests, and rose again from the dead, so that in like manner this Thy disciple Martin Luther (whom the Pope by money has treacherously betrayed) should lose his life, and that as Jerusalem, (after my Lord was hanged on a tree,) was destroyed, so do Thou annihilate this self-arrogated power of the Roman See. Ah ! Lord, give us then that new adorned Jerusalem that descendeth from Heaven, as it is written in the Apocalypse even, Thy Holy Gospel undarkened by any teaching of man.

“ Ah ! God, if Luther be dead, indeed, what might not he have written for us in the next ten or twenty years ? Oh ! all ye pious Christian souls, help us to weep, and bitterly to lament this man endued with the Spirit of God, and to pray to Him to send us another light to lighten us. O Erasmus of Rotterdam ! where dost *thou* tarry ? See what unjust tyranny prevails to do, and what is the might in the world of this power of darkness.

“ Hear, thou knight of Christ ! ride forward beside thy Lord Christ, protect the truth, desire even the martyr's crown ; for thou art already an old man. I have heard this of thee, that thou hast given thyself yet two years to do and to be *something*. Lay these two out then for the good of the Evangel, and of the true Christian faith ; make thy voice to be heard, so that the gates of hell (the Roman See) may not (as saith the Lord) prevail against thee. And if then, being in this made like unto thy only Master, thou shouldst suffer shame from the false witnesses of these days, and shouldst die

for this one little day the sooner, thou shalt but pass in this way more quickly from death unto life, and be clarified through Christ; so thou having drank out of the cup of which He drank, mayest reign with him, and judge with equity those that have not done well.

“O Erasmus! quit thyself so as thou mayest have praise of God, as it was once said of David—that thou mayest dare and do, and, it may be, prevail to slay this Goliath—for God stands by His holy Christian Church, as he stands in the midst of the Roman Church. Now, according to His will, may He bring us into eternal bliss, who is God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, one everlasting God. Amen. Oh! all Christian souls, pray ye to God for help, that His sentence may come forth and His justice be revealed. Then shall we see the innocent blood avenged of those that Pope, priests, and monks have condemned. These are ‘the slain lying beneath the altar, and crying for vengeance; and the voice of God replies, ‘count up the fulness of the number of the innocents that are slain, and then I will judge.’”

We do not think that we need apologize to our readers for the length of the preceding extract. It is a noble passage; and in no other place has Dürer permitted himself such passionate expression of his thoughts. Did his Diary contain much like this, it would no doubt be better and more generally known; as it is, the public are often deterred by the quaint meagreness of the style, and by the troublesome uncouthness of the spelling, which is oftén phonetic, and sometimes has not even this quality to guide us. Artists perusing it may be disappointed to find its pages destitute of criticism, polemics, to find no dissertations on the points at issue between the priests and the reformers: historians may regret, in reading Dürer’s notices of contemporary history, that he has said so little when he might have told us so much:

those only who hold that the study of mankind is man, will find true pleasure in these glimpses into the past, in this the day-book of the artist whose business it was to depict the men of his time with the pencil rather than with the pen, whose life was too active to allow him to amplify in his account of facts; often too sad to tempt him to dwell upon feelings.

That life is now on the decline. It had been the prayer of Erasmus that his friend might, by reason of his merits, be exempt from the common lot, and "escape," said the scholar, "from the rigour of the Parcaë"—but the Fates press him hard: the "strange sickness, the like of which I never heard of any other man being afflicted with," drags on, and so do the months of the year 1521. With the exception of the brief patronage of the King of Denmark, at whose table he sat, along with the Emperor, and the whole Imperial court, no event of any importance occurred during the remainder of his stay in the Netherlands, and with his pecuniary affairs much embarrassed, he finally leaves Antwerp. Of all this the Diary continues to afford us a minute account, until he arrives at Cologne, when it abruptly ends. Dürer's object in his tour had been to make money, both as an artist and as a dealer in works of art: in that object he had failed. "I have lost upon all my sales, works, bargains, and savings in the Netherlands: in great things as well as in little," is the complaint that he gave vent to when he came finally to settle with Job Planckfelt, the landlord of the inn, where he and his wife had so long lodged, in Antwerp, and whose importunities for payment the artist often answered, as is the wont of genius in distress, by painting a sign, or taking, for the second time a portrait of his wife. That Albert's work was always, to our ideas, underpaid, often not paid at all, is true, but we must remember that he was at this time in receipt of an annual pension from the emperor, and truth compels us

to own, that bad management, rather than poverty, was the cause of his pecuniary embarrassments. A constant outlay on curiosities may be remarked in his accounts : and he had at different times, particularly when in Italy, *lent* large sums. It would appear that, generous by nature, and unsuspecting in his transactions, he was seldom so fortunate as to recover the money he was so ready to lend. Yet Fioravanti's statement that he died in want and was buried at the public expense, is wholly without foundation, and is as much a fable as the tale, once so common, that during his absence in Venice in 1506, his wife was reduced to begging her bread, and that he found her doing so at the city gates, on his return ; on the contrary, Dürer died worth 6,000 florins, and possessed of a large collection of valuables, by the sale of which Agnes Dürer, while she disobliged her husband's friends in general and his executors in particular, must have added largely to her widowed means. Her own fortune had been sunk immediately after their marriage, in the purchase of the house in the Zisselgasse (now A. Dürer's Strasse), which is shown as having been the scene of the artist's married life ; and not far from which now stands Rauch's statue, to the greatest of the painters of Germany. When Dürer returned to this abode and to Nüremberg, it was to sink, as far as regarded royal and foreign notice, into comparative neglect. Other towns had offered to confer their freedom upon him, and even more lucrative honours had been pressed upon his acceptance, but, proudly pathetic in his appeal to his native city, he assures her that he claims and values the privilege of sonship, and that he desires to hold the good things of this life as her gift, and hers only. Her spiritual interests lay close to his heart. His opinions, as well as those of Pirkheimer and Tscherte, were well known, and as heretical, they made the friends liable at any time to odium and inconvenience, if not to actual persecution, yet, nothing daunted,

the painter again set up his easel, and finished in 1526, the noblest of his works—the two panels representing St. Peter with St. John, St. Mark and St. Paul. This picture he bequeathed to Nüremberg, and it originally had an inscription affixed to it, containing a warning to all Christian kings, rulers, and princes, not to add to or take away from the blessed Word of God; nor yet to mistake for His decrees words of man's wisdom. This triumphant effort of his genius shows it to us in all its strength. In this his last masterpiece one can perceive the effects of his studies in the Low Countries, and the influence of Flemish masters on his style, for he has laid aside many of the peculiarities of his old method; his handling is bolder, his colouring deep and rich, the draperies fall in simple and majestic lines, and the accessories are kept more subordinate than was his wont, to the expression of the picture. Display of acquired knowledge, revellings of fancy in wild luxuriance, or colder symbolism, are no longer to be traced. Neither the attitudes nor the effects here are forced: he painted as he desired to teach, and to grasp truth as his own. St. Paul grasps the naked and two-edged sword. So, in after-days, he desired, being dead, still to speak to the Franconians.

The portraits of Dürer of this period represent a man broken in body and in spirit: we miss the falling hair, and the gentle expression in features which pain had sharpened. "His wife, too, gnawed into his heart," says Pirkheimer, referring to these years. Yet the intellectual force was unabated; and "had God," continues his friend, "granted him a little longer life, he would still have brought many rare things to light, and given much wonderful art to the world." He did produce in the last year of his existence two religious pieces—one a head of the Saviour; another a Christ bearing his cross, shaded with grey on grey paper; and this mournful subject is about

the latest that ever occupied his pencil. To the last he occupied himself in correcting and improving the new edition of his book on "Proportion," leaving it, however, so unfinished, that it was not ready for publication in Nüremberg, till 1532. Contrary to the advise of Erasmus, it had been written in the vulgar tongue; and the oldest Latin editions of it are from the translation of J. Camerarius, Paris, 1557, and Venice, 1591.

In the spring of 1528, Durer's fever again attacked him, and on the 6th of April he died. Travellers are familiar with his tomb in the burying-ground of St. John's, without the walls of his native city. Here then let us bid farewell to the diligence of the artist, and the labours of the man, who was to others so patient, to himself so severe: who had the hands of a craftsman, and the soul of a king; for, from the household jars and the narrow streets he has passed to the "many mansions;" from Nüremberg's stately castle, and from her blue horizon of Franconian hills, he has emigrated to the "beautiful mountains," and the vexed spirit of the painter has found the implored rest.



## ANJOU.\*

[*Edinburgh Review*, January, 1868.]

THE speed and monotony of railway travelling have effaced many of the old landmarks, so that we now pass from kingdom to kingdom with few signs of the change, and still more is this the case with the frontiers of provinces which once were kingdoms on a smaller scale. The town of Candés, in the department of Indre et Loire, is now-a-days of little importance, and yet it was the boundary town between Touraine and the ancient province of Anjou, once as much an appanage of the English crown as Wales. The hamlet has a quiet look: the Loire, just increased in volume by the water of the Vienne and the Indre, rolls heavily under its walls; yet St. Martin, the soldier-saint of France, was buried in its church, and the stones in its chapter-house were first worn by the mailed feet of the Plantagenets and their knights. About six miles up the valley Richard Cœur de Lion is buried: he did not, as M. Michelet says, leave only his heart to Fontevault in the hope that under the soft

1. \* *L'Anjou et ses Monuments*. Par V. GODARD-FAULTRIER. 2 tomes, 8vo. Anger: 1839.

2. *Maine et Anjou Historiques*. Par le Baron de VISMES. Fol. Paris: 1859.

3. *Notes d'un Voyage dans l'Ouest de la France*. Par PROSPER MÉRIMÉE. Paris: 1836.

4. *Nooks and Corners of Old France*. By the Rev. GEORGE MUSGRAVE, M.A. London: 1867.

hand of a woman its passionate pulses would at last cease to beat, but by his own desire his body was interred there, and it rested not far from the spot where tradition avers that his father's corpse bore witness against him as a parricide, when it bled and writhed at his approach. That father's effigy lies there also: Henry II. by his unloved Eleanor of Guienne, with the memory of Rosamond Clifford dividing them for ever; while near them is Isabel, the wife of that King John, who lacked land in his lifetime, and whose wife's ashes have since lacked rest in earth, for they were scattered with their compeers in the revolution of 1789. These and many other traditions may well attach English travellers and readers to the province of Anjou; yet the English occupation was but one short page of a history which is a harvest of great lessons and great events. Gauls, Druids, Romans, Franks, and Norsemen have all left their marks on her fields, and her chronicles have been recorded by one race on enduring monuments of stone, by others in the pages of Roman and mediæval history. It may be interesting to enumerate some of her masters, and to visit the shrines of her creeds, Pagan as well as Christian, Protestant as well as Catholic, and it may be useful to recall some of her vicissitudes in various forms, whether as a forest in which the noble savage ran, or as a Roman province, a feudal county, an English appanage, or a French department. Rich, beautiful, and accessible, Anjou was constantly a stage for great players, and no country has borne fuller testimony to the power of all the civil and religious systems which have obtained in Western Europe.

In becoming for a moment as it were her local historians we must, after their fashion, begin at the cloud-covered beginning; and if the first page seems to be of the fable, fabulous, the narrative soon becomes real, or of authority resting at least on the word of Cæsar. Again, if we seem to linger a little.

over the annals of the eighth and ninth centuries, this is from no mere antiquarianism or affected interest in the Merovingian and Carolingian kings, but because that then were laid the foundations of that feudalism of which the Crusades were so soon to be the glory, and the war of the Jacquerie the shame ; because deep in the half-Christianized hearts of those knights and lords struck the roots of the French feudal tree. How that tree grew, and how when it was overgrown, its shadow lay across the land, and how its last bitter fruits had to be eaten before the storm of '89 laid it low for ever, French history has shown, and the philosophical student may well pause as he recalls the first causes of such a prodigious event. Modern authors aspire to these thoughts and aims : the old chroniclers were assuredly not so philosophical, and innocent it may be of the meaning that often lay in their childish stories : and yet it is to their simple tales that we must refer when we seek to make the past live again on the pages of to-day. The task of effecting this is most difficult when there are few or no records ; when a whole house has to be built as it were of the few chance straws which, floating on the subterranean stream of prehistoric life, alone give us any idea of the course in which its current ran. A *dolmen*, a hatchet, a grey solitary stone, a coin, an arrow-head, and a few thin knives are the hieroglyphics of Gaulic France, as they are indeed of all our northern lands ; and they are also palimpsests, for where the Druid held his cruel rites, or chanted his warlike hymn, some mediæval saint prayed to a Christian God, and a mediæval people framed semi-Pagan, semi-Christian legends, and traced fresh characters over the runes of a still older past.

When these prehistoric ages closed what remained in *Egada* to testify of them ? The name of the province was its record ; for it is derived, like so many names in France, from the word "*Aiques*" or water ; surely no inappropriate appellation in this

instance, for the departments of Indre et Loire, and Maine et Loire, for the valleys of the Oudon and the Fare, the Eure, the Riverol, and the Aubance. Something too ethnology has to tell: for the Gauls survive, as it has been aptly said, as a race though they are extinct as a nation. Some of their virtues they have bequeathed to the French, making them eager, brave, and above measure intelligent: some inheritance of faults too they have left to a people which is more courageous than enduring, and which has so often had to pay the penalty of its restless vanity and caprice. Finally, there remain from these prehistoric centuries monuments, whose size and strength and number show that the country was inhabited by one or more races of barbarians whose names and story are unknown, but who though of pastoral habits were not wholly ignorant of some of the mechanical arts. From what Scythian plains did these nomads issue forth whose places of burial or of worship stud the soil of Western France, in common with that of India, the Crimea, and of the greater part of Northern Europe? No record of their exodus is preserved except in these forms of an old religion, and it is by induction only that we can arrive at any idea of their derivation or of their fate, while antiquarians still dispute as to the nature of the monuments they have left. What were these dolmen? Were they temples of the sun, or are they the graves of heroes long gone to their happy hunting grounds? They have clearly been used at some time as places of sepulture; but Captain Meadows Taylor, in a remarkable essay on what he calls the Scytho-Druidical remains of India,\* proves the identity of these dolmen with those of Europe, and claims them both for religious purposes. These

\* *Descriptions of the Cairns, Cromlechs, Kistvans, and other Scythian or Druidical Monuments in the Dekkan, &c.* By Capt. MEADOWS TAYLOR. (From the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*, vol. xxiv.) Dublin: 1865.

stones have a great interest for the modern mind, whether they speak of the common longing to be remembered after death, or of a nation's veneration for the chiefs and leaders of its tribe: or whether they were indeed raised as altars, since the almost intuitive idea of sacrifice meets us in every creed, and the Jewish code seems but to bridge over the gulf between its full development in the Christian Church, and its rudimentary existence in the superstitions of the remotest past. Assuredly the people who built and worshipped in these stone temples had undergone some change since they first emigrated from their Scythian boundaries. Life to the nomad races of mankind is a game of chance, and existence is as restless as it is insecure when each man trusts to himself or to a leader whose fortunes are better than his own; "avenge me upon my adversary" being at once the sum of his wishes and of his code. But the dwellers by the Loire when they raised these solemn stones must have passed into the second stage of social existence. The simplest form of polytheistic religion was replaced in them by a more steady reference to those spiritual powers which rule the course of this world: their personal liberty, the strongest of human needs, yielded a little to claims of order; and propitiation, also one of the deepest instincts among mankind, began to shape for itself a ritual as well as a creed. These workmen hardly seem to have built for time, and ages have no effect upon such a temple as the great dolmen of Bagneux. It stands near the wayside, about a mile and a half to the south of Saumur: solid and unshaken as on the day that it was constructed, though the gradual rising of the surrounding soil may now conceal something of its real height. Unlike Stonehenge or the Avebury circles, it is made of "covered" stones, of fifteen large slabs of sandstone (*grès*), which have a faintly reddish tinge. The sombre gloom of this vast enclosure (a rectangle of about seven mètres in

width) fills one with awe. It seems one of the greatest and also one of the sternest of human monuments, for no tracery relieves its portal, and no flower blooms on its walls, and no swallow has built her nest in the shadow of its eaves. If we regard it as a temple we can only fill it with a crowd of savage worshippers, and with the rites of a cruel priesthood, seeking some unseen, and it may be unsymbolised, but not the less terrible god. Against the single pillar which divides its area the human victims may have leaned, on its grey slabs the sacrifices may have bled, and within its shadowy recess the diviners and the soothsayers may have dwelt, who from its roof outwatched the stars, or signalled by fire to the neighbouring dolmen of Pontigny, which at a little distance still overlooks the valley of the Poué.

All along the left bank of the Loire as it traverses Anjou these dolmen are to be found. Nor are they the only vestiges of the prehistoric time. Solitary sepulchral pillars and cromlechs like those of Cornwall abound, and the *tombelles*, or grassy barrows, cover ashes that once were heroic, garnered in urns that occasionally surprise the peasant-tillers of the soil. The piety of the Middle Ages, while it often gave Christian names to these monuments (as in the case of the Pierre St. Julien, near Saumur), was not always proof against their mysterious attraction, and it was not an uncommon instance when St. Ouen, Bishop of Rouen, wrote to forbid the veneration of such stones, as well as of the holy wells and charmed trees which had, and to this day still have, such a hold on the Celtic mind. In France as in India the giants and elves that are supposed to haunt the dolmen and similar enclosures form the groundwork of legends and of midsummer nights' dreams that are associated now with what was once a stern and imposing reality; but it is a reality on which research and conjecture have alike busied themselves in vain. It has been

the fashion to identify these gigantic buildings with the Druids ; but setting aside the fact that the best authorities are now disposed to strip those mystic personages of the proportions assigned to them by Cæsar and by his Imperial biographer, there is no tangible evidence for connecting these monuments with that Druidical priesthood which remains a riddle in history, and which, in spite of its attempted resuscitation by the Emperor Napoleon III., must soon, we imagine, be consigned to the limbo of vulgar errors.

The prehistoric life of Anjou ends then, as it began, in obscurity and in darkness. The next phase is that of the Julian wars, when the Andegavi struggled to maintain their freedom, but struggled in vain in that too unequal conflict. The soldiers of Rome, who united the fire and the subtle genius of a southern race with all the courage and more than all the firmness of the Gauls, conquered in the right of a higher civilization, and walls, roads, baths, coins, and bridges show how the Romans effected the colonization of Egada. Cæsar, on his return to Italy, put his troops into quarters there : those of the seventh legion, under P. Crassus, passed the winter in a climate whose happy sky reminded them of their native Italy ; but it seems as if Crassus did not find the Andes, or Andegavi docile or faithful subjects, and the entrenched camps, of which the lines are still visible at Chénéhutte and Doué, are probably records of his first military occupation. As the Andes had sympathized with Dumnacus, so again in the reign of Tiberius (A.D. 21) were they ready to head a revolt : “*Sed erupere primi Andegavi e Turonii,*” says Tacitus ; and it seems not to have been till the time of Vespasian that the Roman conquest was complete, and that Angers, which under Julius had worn the name of Juliomagus, became a municipal town of the Roman Empire : while later, and in virtue of the decree of Caracalla, all its free men became citizens of the Empire.

Towards the end of the third century another element began to make itself felt in the West. Other voices were abroad in the world, and another decree began to be whispered which was to give to freedmen and to slaves, to Romans and to barbarians, like privileges and like hopes. The Roman Empire had prevailed in Gaul, as we have said, because it possessed the higher civilization; the bath, the arena, and the temple subduing a people who would long have continued to resist the sword; now the Empire was itself being leavened with the knowledge of One who when He is lifted up draws all men unto Him. Several Christian bishoprics had already arisen in the valley of the Rhone, and the blood of Blandina, of Pothius, and of Irenæus had been the seed of the Church in the southern provinces; but it was not till the year 299, that, just as the century expired, St. Florent, the apostle of Anjou, planted the cross on the banks of the Loire, hard by the belfry and the hill which are still called St. Florent le Viel—Constance Chlorus being then governor of Gaul.

The reign of Constantine the Great was an era of new life to the Empire and to Gaul. Born in Britain, the child of Helena and of Constance Chlorus never forgot that he was a nursling of the North, and his more equal laws came to the relief of the overtaxed provinces. But the course of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire was not to be so arrested. Powerful as its civilisation had been, it had come to be tried in the balance and to be found wanting; the long work of its foreign conquests was no sooner complete than it was ready to be destroyed: it seemed a fruit no sooner ripe than rotten. It was the Church triumphant under Constantine, though so long oppressed by his predecessors, which was to save and to remodel the Western world; and Rome, when she became again in the Middle Ages the mother of the nations, was to be great as a spiritual power, and as the centre of religious and



intellectual unity. Yet at first the new faith did not make much way. Not only did paganism defy it in Armorica and in all the most rural districts, but the nobles and magistrates long continued to repress its progress as that of a system too adverse to their interests ; thus not many of the wise or noble in Angers probably joined the congregations which first met by stealth outside its walls, and the period of Defensor, Prosper, and the earlier prelates of Anjou, was one of persecution. It was also one in which the religious element seemed uncertain what shape it was to take ; whether the life of the hermit and recluse, so congenial to the genius of eastern Christendom, was to become its model, or whether the parochial and monastic Christianity of the northern nations was to become the truest life of their life. In no part of the world was that question afterwards more fully answered than in the western provinces of France. Every yard of them is associated with St. Martin, the soldier-saint of Tours ; almost every valley had its monastery where, under the rule of St. Benedict, lived, studied, and wrote the great brotherhoods of the West ; there in their hands art grew out of religion, and there the very labours of the garden and field, once the portion of hirelings and slaves, acquired the dignity of free and honourable toil. There too rose the Abbey, where the ladies of Fontevrault vied with the state of princesses of the blood ; and there did Christianity achieve its highest conquest over the Gallic mind when it elevated the female character, and idealised it with a pious chivalry in a land where the very Roman soldiery had been struck by the debased position of the women. It would seem too as if in these old-world saints and heroes one recognised also the germs of that peculiar type which has ever distinguished French piety. The courage of St. Martin repeats itself in Louis IX. ; his charity and endurance in St. Vincent de Paul ; in Hilary of Poitiers, whom St. Jerome called the "*Rhone of*

*Latin eloquence,*" we see a predecessor of Bossuet; and in the Benedictines a foretaste of the erudition, the scholarship, and the moral influence possessed by the Port-Royalists of a later day. Letters and politics have in both ages been affected by the great French churchmen, and the prelates of the Merovingian and Carolingian times were also no strangers to the sword. St. Martin cannot be justly called the patron saint of Anjou, since Tours claims him for her own, and by birth he was a Pannonian, yet he was in a manner the father of the Angevine Church, since from him Florent and Maurille received their ordination, and if the cell of Marmoutiers in Touraine can boast of having been the scene of his vigils and of his prayers, the *côteaux* of Anjou were no strangers to his footsteps, and six feet of pavement in the church of Candes long covered the place of his rest. When he died he left the Church which he had planted comparatively flourishing and well established. But darker days were in store. The Arian heresy was powerful, and Anjou was ravaged by one horde of barbarians after another. Visigoths and Franks disputed the possession of Angers, till the victories of Chilperic the Frank gave the last blow to the Roman rule. The Church alone was not to perish with it, and Syagrius, the last governor of Gaul, was beheaded by Clovis who was the first Christian king of the Franks.

Anjou passed successively under the hands of Clodomir, Thierry, Théodobert, Childebert, and Clotaire, and to the wasting of hostile tribes succeeded the jealousies of hostile houses and of rival princes.

It is very difficult to realise the state of France under her short-lived Merovingian kings, with all the mixture of barbarous life and of Roman laws with a Frank king on the throne, but with officers in the state and in the city whose names and titles were purely Roman. No true out-

line of the whole can now be recovered ; only here and there a fragment appears to indicate a detail. Sometimes we owe this to the labours of a writer on jurisprudence, who, in investigating old municipal rights, finds by an act of the reign of Chilperic (515), that the city of Angers possessed *curiæ*, a *defensor*, a public *code*, and above all a *magister militum*, or master of the soldiers, afterwards called the *count*. Sometimes it is the antiquarian who assists us, and we have along with the common bronze coinage of the Romans,\* which so long continued current in France, some gold pieces of Caribert, or Siegebert, struck in the Gevaudan (Gevaletano) of purely Merovingian style ; or there is a *tiers de sol d'or* of Angers, which shows that the towns continued to enjoy their Roman privilege of the mint under the Merovingian kings. Very few architectural remains preserve any memorial of these times, and perhaps if we discard some portion of churches of disputable date, the arena at Doué, where mystery plays were acted, is the most important Angevine monument of the eighth century.

A more distinct figure is that of Charlemagne, who gave Anjou as a dowry to his sister Bertha on her marriage with Milon, Count of Le Mans. The only child of this marriage was Roland, who died at Roncevalles ; and with him we seem to pass from the dark and barbarous past into the most chivalrous period of the Middle Ages. Courage and strength were not the only attributes of its paladins : gallantry and religion were among their passions, and when the soldier did homage to

\* It is said that till the reign of Francis I. no copper or bronze coins were struck in France ; and small payments when not made in kind were paid with Roman pieces ; they long continued in use, and the cabinet of the antiquarian is still replenished from the hoards of small tradesmen in remote districts. Within the last thirty years a collector of these things saw a peasant pay the toll on the bridge of Lyons with two so-called *liards* of Constantine the Great.

the priest the helmet was apt to be replaced by the shadow of the cowl. The Carlovingian kings were ever lavish of their gifts to the Church. Thus they hoped to buy the pardon of Heaven for their vices ; thus might they avoid many onerous duties for themselves, and devolve on holy hands the task of reclaiming broad lands from the curse of hunger and barrenness ; thus too they could augment a power which, as it had not yet begun to threaten their own, might be made useful as a counterpoise to the always increasing importance of the nobles. Feudality was organizing itself, and that not entirely with the approbation of the Crown. Charles the Bald had forbidden his lords to build and fortify castles ; he was jealous of their petty fortresses and armies of retainers, and he was fully aware that hereditary *countships* would be a great and alarming addition to such hereditary fiefs as already existed. But it was in vain for him to contend against the tide ; and in the year of his death he had to sign the decree which empowered every count to dispose of his fief to his children and other heirs. Two reasons may have driven the king to this step. The first was the complete breaking up of the empire of Charlemagne into separate branches, and even into many separate kingdoms and duchies, till there was no real reason why the division should stop there, or why such subdivisions as countships and lordships should not also become permanent. The second and the truest cause lay in the incursions of the Norsemen and Saracens, for the only efficient way to defend the provinces was to entrust them to nobles whose personal interest it was to preserve them for themselves and their children. Thus the great feudal fiefs were established in France : Counts of Burgundy and of Hainault arose who could contest their frontiers with the Germans : Counts of Provence, whose enemies were the Saracens and the rovers of Barbary and Sallee, and Counts of Brittany and of Anjou, who had to defend tower and town

against the Norsemen, as they watched for the black and high-prowed galleys that too often swept the waters of the Loire and of the Maine.

Under the earlier Carolingian reigns the Norsemen had already begun to harry the West and spoil the land, and in the ninth century they had established themselves as something more than mere pirates. Bordeaux and Bayonne they had sacked and burnt; Toulouse had trembled as they ravaged the basins of the Tarn and Garonne; but in 843, they wasted Aquitaine, took Nantes, massacred its archbishop at the altar, and seizing on one of the islands in the river built some houses, and settled there for the winter. They did not pursue their way farther; and it was not till 853, that the sails of their augmented fleet began to appear off the rock of La Baumette, on a curve of the stream below the town of Angers, which, though protected by some remains of its Roman walls could not resist them for more than a few days. Reinforced and determined, these "fair tall Norsemen with the noble faces," as the chronicler describes them, always renewed the attack, and they finally carried the place. Angers was at their disposal, and its flying population took refuge in the churches, soon to be dislodged by the fires which the victors lighted. Thierry, the aged Count of Anjou, died among the flames, and the defence of the county was entrusted to Robert (called *Le Fort*), who waged a ceaseless war with these pirates on the banks of the Seine as well as on the Loire. Brave as he was, and bravely seconded by the Count of Brittany, he could not always make head against the invaders, so that the triumphant Normans actually remained master of Angers for six years. They expelled the principal inhabitants, and might have become the lawgivers of the surrounding districts, had not the King, and Solomon Count of Brittany, come to the relief of the place. A stratagem reduced the invaders to sue for terms. Solomon seeing that force was vain

against their entrenchments, began to dig a deep canal, which by diverting the waters of the Maine would certainly leave the ships of the Norsemen high and dry under the walls of Angers. The ships were more precious than the town. To them these pirates could always retreat if they were worsted: with them they could hope to make other conquests, and their galleys might carry them to other shores, if never again to their own. Thus they declared themselves ready to evacuate Angers if only the canal were stopped and the ships saved. Only a portion of them however ever left the place. Making terms with the Angevines, they formed a settlement on the islands and banks, were baptized, and adopted, as was the Norman custom, the language and manners of the people upon whom they had forced themselves. Thus a Norman colony was founded in Anjou, and the race of the "faciles Andegavi" mixed in a small proportion with that of the sterner Scandinavians. Possibly some inheritance of Northern beauty was bequeathed by these Berserkers to the blonde and Angevine mistresses of Ronsard and de Bellay; and possibly some Norman blood still flows in the veins of citizens who preserve in their museum Norman hatchets and horseshoes as relics of the siege of 873.

It was after this reverse that Charles the Bald accepted, as has been said, the condition of his inability to defend all his dominions in person, by committing them to hereditary holders of these great fiefs; thus surrounding himself by men devoted to his cause, but who by the habits of sovereignty they thus acquired were destined to become dangerous to the throne. Such were the great dukes, descendants of Robert Le Fort, whom the chroniclers specify as "Counts of Anjou beyond the Maine," and who afterwards forgot their Angevine boundaries for the crowns of France and of Sicily. Less illustrious, but of longer connection with the province, was the second hereditary house, one which has left more traditions of itself and more

monuments of its piety and pride than even the first Roman conquerors, the race of the Ingelgerian Counts "of Anjou within the Maine." To recapitulate their names would be to make a roll of styles and titles, recalling the veriest tediousness of the herald's office, to relate their *faits et gestes* would be to write what might well pass for a page in the *Romance of the Rose*, to enumerate their castles and churches would be to prepare a handbook to the towns of Angers and Saumur. Suffice it to say that the first Ingelger received his investiture about 892, and that he warred so successfully against both Bretons and Normans that prosperity and the arts of peace were again the portion of his province. Still more was this the case during the life of Foulques II., whose reign was employed in fostering agriculture and letters, and as his piety led him to build and embellish churches, religious art, both in Anjou and in Touraine, received a new development. Though the names and the foundations of his churches remain, little can be now really identified with Foulques the Good, and it is rather from the reign of Foulques Nerra that we date the vast quantity of buildings which make Anjou such a fertile field for the curious in civil and religious architecture. Then rose St. Jacques of Angers and the monastery of Loches: only two, it is true, of the fifteen churches and chapels built by Foulques the Crusader and Châteaugontier, still a typical town of the Middle Ages, then began to see its shadow in the Maine. Foulques Nerra built many castles—such as the princely towers of Chaumont but he overawed all the lesser nobles, and the number of fortified dwellings which covered Anjou, and commanded every bend and reach of its rivers did not rise till after his death, when the country was rent by divisions and when every man's hand was against his neighbour, if not absolutely engaged in the plunder of his neighbour's fields. Foulques' wars were on a great scale: his object was less personal aggrandizement

than the consolidation of his county and the increase of its government ; as, for example, when he wrested Saumur from the Counts of Blois, and made it instead of the rival of Angers the second Angevine town for size and strength. Thrice did the feet of this restless paladin tread the stones of Jerusalem, and twice was Foulques' return the signal for a bolder policy abroad and for high-handed measures at home. On his second expedition to the Holy Land he had a singular companion : at Constantinople he met the celebrated Robert le Diable, and these two strange pilgrims, protected by an Imperial convoy, travelled together to Palestine. From his third journey Foulques Nerra never returned to Anjou, for he died at Metz, on the Feast of St. John, 1040. He believed that at the shrine of the holy sepulchre he had expiated the guilt of some treachery and of much cruelty, and Anjou, while she keeps his remains in the vaults of Beaulieu, is grateful to his memory, and still tender of his fame.

A character like that of Foulques Nerra lends itself with great propriety to the scenery and manners of the Middle Ages : he was the child of his century, its standard was that of his merits and of his defects, and he would gladly have accepted its judgment. His successor, Geoffrey-Martel, yielded even further to its prejudices, and weary of the cares of the executive he resigned his estates in 1060, in favour of his nephew, Foulques Réchin, to assume the habit of Saint Benedict in a monastery of Angers. The cell of the noble recluse was not long tenanted, since he died the day after he had taken the vows, but his example, along with the extension given by the Crusades to the influence of the Church, greatly increased the wealth and number of the religious houses. Few of the Angevine nobles fastened the cross on their shoulders, or went to the Holy Land, but many of them endowed churches and convents ; and monasteries now studded the landscape, occupying



all its greenest and most favoured spots. Granges and dove-cotes soon gathered round their towers, and the bells that rang out the *Angelus* summoned peasants from their labours to homes built for protection near the priory and the shrine. Thus many a monastery became the nucleus of a village, less likely to be disturbed than if it had been overshadowed by some feudal donjon the object of attack and defence to rival lords.

The brotherhoods were supposed to enjoy the peculiar favour of the Holy See ; and they probably did so, because, as the Bishops of the Gallican Church were from the first national and independent in spirit, and rather feudal princes and *leudes* of the French kings than humble suffragans of Rome, the Popes were doubly anxious to maintain a hold on the monasteries. Hence accrued results both evil and good ; evil in the indulgences and thickly-strewn superstitions which they imported from Rome, but good as regarded the efficient protection given in those troubled times to the homes of learning and of art. Of all the religious orders of the West none have so truly earned the gratitude of the world as the Benedictines. In Monte Cassino were stored all the most precious remnants of classical antiquity, in Monte Cassino lived students whose wit elucidated what the care of their brethren had preserved, and from Monte Cassino there went forth monks who, when Europe was most barbarous and chaotic, planted schools, not unworthy of their *Alma Mater* among the Apennines.

Anjou had been the first province of Gaul which received such angels unawares, and it owes the distinction of having done so during the lifetime of St. Benedict to something very like an accident—to the unexpected death of Bertrand, Count and Bishop of Le Mans. Anxious to establish a Benedictine monastery in his diocese, Bertrand sent two clerks to Monte Cassino to ask its abbot for instructions and for a teacher ; and St. Benedict, glad of this opportunity of establishing his rule

in one of the remotest parts of France, immediately deputed Maur, his most loved disciple, to answer the request of the Bishop of Le Mans, whose emissaries Frodigare and Harderade wended their way home with zealous alacrity. The black dress of the Benedictine who accompanied them covered one of the most important persons who ever wore that garb: the father of the monastic life of France for thirteen centuries. When the reformed Benedictines of 1621, called themselves the Congregation of St. Maur, they acknowledged him as their pattern, and such men as Mabillon, Martenné, Montfaucon, Ruinart, inherited and preserved his fame; yet on his first arrival he had begged his way from village to village, and could repay alms only with his prayers. When he reached Orleans he heard that Bertrand was dead, and that the successor of that pious bishop had neither the means nor the wish to found a Benedictine abbey. At the same time he was advised to follow the Loire into Anjou, where Florus, a rich Angevine, received him at Glanfeuil, and built a church and a cell for his use. There, in the sixth century, did the walls of the first Benedictine convent arise between the currents of the Loire and of the Vienne, and the rule, though it did not become universal in France, had no rival and no reverses, till in the eleventh and twelfth centuries a reform gave rise to the orders of the Chartreuse and of Citeaux. The monks of St. Maur by their relations with Italy kept up a literary intercourse with that country; their favourite studies were the laws of Theodosius and the poems of Virgil, whose idyllic pages they loved to peruse by the streams of Anjou, and a semi-Italian tinge may thus have been given by them to the manners of its inhabitants, whose gentle breeding and slow soft patois had already earned for them the name of "molles et faciles Andegavi."

The only other ecclesiastical event which can vie in

importance with the rise of the Benedictines is the foundation of Fontevrault by Robert d'Abrissel, in 1099, and its consecration by Calixtus II., in August 1119. Its first Abbess was Pétronilla de Chémille ; its second was Matilda of Anjou, the widow of that young William Adelin, Prince of England, who was lost in the *White Ship*, between Barfleur and the Sussex coast.

Fontevrault, as a monument of the twelfth century is so closely identified with the English rule in Anjou, that it is necessary to revert to the succession of Angevine counts, and to the alliance which made three English kings lords of the province, and at once vassals and rivals of the French crown. Foulques V., when he succeeded to the kingdom of Jerusalem, on the death of his father-in-law, Baldwin II., bequeathed his estates to his son Geoffrey, and passed the rest of his life in Palestine. Geoffrey, full of ambitious hopes, determined to strengthen his position at home by a union with Matilda, daughter of Henry I. of England, and widow of the Emperor Henry V., and no more splendid alliance could well have been contracted had Geoffrey been one of the greatest crowned heads of Europe. His wife had learned from her first husband those sentiments of independence from Rome which some of the Emperors knew so well how to maintain. She was a woman of wit and accomplishments, and the loss of the *White Ship* had made her heiress-apparent to the English throne. Through how many years she was obliged to contest her rights with Stephen of Blois is a matter of English history, but though she established herself at Winchester and with difficulty made her way to the capital, she never made herself popular in England. The treaty of 1153, which continued the name of King to Stephen during his lifetime, only secured the inheritance for her son Henry II., the first of our Plantagenet kings, and the first who by marriage and by birthright possessed the provinces of Normandy,

Brittany, Maine, Anjou, Touraine, Poitou, Saintonge, the Limousin, Auvergne, Guienne, and Gascony; in short, two-thirds of the French soil, and all that France contains of beauty and of richness, from the grey headlands of Normandy that the sea surrounds, to the basaltic peaks of central Auvergne, and to that sweeter south where summer makes her home, and where the plain that is watered by the Garonne is closed by the Gascon Gulf and the Pyrenean chain. The Loire with all its affluents, the port of Nantes, the richest abbeys and the most beautiful churches of Neustria and of Aquitaine were Henry's, who was not only King of England, but also of the newly-conquered Ireland. He had a love of letters by which the poets of his day profited, for his court was frequented by all the learned and gifted men of Europe, and he had a taste in art which has left its mark on the churches of Anjou, as well as on his great convent in Sherwood. No Plantagenet is so thoroughly identified with the history of the province as Henry. By him (and in expiation of the murder of Becket) were laid the foundations of the superb Hôtel Dieu of Angers, whose halls and granaries still testify to the magnificence of his charity and penitence; through his encouragement the hands of the burghers were strengthened in all the municipal towns, he diminished some of the most onerous imposts, and protected the navigation of the Loire, being at once the King and the guardian of the country to which he owed his birth. But fortune, which had given him so much, denied him happiness. He was outraged in all his affections, his prime minister was turbulent, and the King, weary of strife, had, in committing the crime of murder, rid himself of a priest, but provided himself with a martyr and a remorse. His sons were disloyal, and his wife was jealous; though it is true that by any infidelities to Eleanor, Henry only repaid those which had occasioned her divorce from her first

husband, Louis VII. Between these jealous couples history does not pretend to judge, though romance has ever lent her countenance to that young mistress whom Henry met by stealth in the bowers of Woodstock. Eleanor, living to the great age of eighty-one, long survived her lord, and was buried beside him at Fontevrault, where the sculptors of 1189, and 1207, have lent to their features in death a harmony and repose to which the royal pair were sadly strangers in their divided lives. On the plinth of the tomb of Henry II., when it was first constructed, these words were engraved :—

“Sufficit huic tumulus cui non sufficerat orbis.”

But even of this modest sufficiency the once ambitious King was not always allowed the possession. Princess Jeanne de Bourbon, (one of the many Bourbon ladies, Mesdames de Fontevrault) first caused his body to be exhumed and sealed down in a common grave with those of the other Plantagenets; at the French Revolution this grave was rifled, and the four original effigies were somewhat broken and damaged. Mr. Musgrave says that the monuments were actually taken to Paris, where they remained through the reign of Louis-Philippe; under the Republic they were restored to the abbey, and in the course of 1866 they were offered by the Emperor to Queen Victoria. That offer, made probably in ignorance of the history and the archæological passions of Anjou, roused a storm in the old province, and the English Government, with good taste, declined to deprive Fontevrault of her most precious relic, and Anjou of these memorials of four of her sovereigns. The dust of the English kings is long since scattered, and the felons of one of the great central prisons of France now hear mass a few yards from the marble feet of the proud Plantagenets. It is to be hoped that the restoration of the Abbey of Fontevrault, which has long been talked of, will speedily be undertaken, and that

the monuments will be restored to their original position in front of the high altar of that time-honoured pile.

Richard Cœur de Lion signed himself Count of Anjou ;\* an Angevine knight of the house of Du Bellay, shared his captivity in Germany, and is buried at Fontevrault ; but his life was too much occupied by wars and tumults abroad to allow him to administer the province in person, albeit the code of laws was revised by him, and that several provincial statutes date from his reign. Some fiefs in Anjou he left on his demise to Berengaria of Navarre, but it was with difficulty that they were secured to her, for John was disposed to contest this small bequest to his brother's widow, as basely as he did the whole royal inheritance with his nephew Arthur. Des Roches, the seneschal of Anjou, was guardian to the young prince, but he was as unable to preserve his ward, as to defend the province from the exactions of one of the cruellest and most unconstitutional of sovereigns. The siege of Angers is rendered familiar to the English reader by Shakspeare's play of *King John*. The "Angers" which he describes as surrounded by a plain and by strong walls—"the flinty ribs of this contemptuous city"—"the sleeping stones that as a waist" girdled about the citizens, all had and have their existence but the Angers of that day, the "black Angers" of Péan de la Tuilerie, was not then crowned by the castle, of which a modern traveller has well said, that "in all the universe there is no parallel to this stupendous fabric." It was the work of a later date, was added to by two queens, Yolande of Arragon, and Louisa of Savoy, and was dismantled in 1589 ; but it still shows a mass of black masonry of extraordinary size and strength,

\* The Dauphin of Avergne, a brother poet, thus addressed the "Rei Richart :"—

" Mas vos, cui li Turc felon  
Temion mais q'un leon,  
Reis e ducs, e coms d'Angiens."

though the battlements and machicolations which once crowned its towers have unfortunately been removed. As long as it stands it will identify Angers with the memory of its founder Philip Augustus, whose treacherous partisanship forms part of the plot of Shakspeare's play.

Plans for the consolidation of the French monarchy had long occupied that eager brain, and Philip Augustus not unnaturally coveted for his own crown appanages which conferred so much wealth and lustre on English kings. Many causes combined to further his schemes, and when the English dominion in western France ceased, (as it virtually did with the last of the Plantagenets) Philip was able to devolve on his son (instead of the meagre inheritance of Louis le Gros) six important provinces.

With the next reign we enter on another stage of French history, affected by two opposing systems—by Feudalism as the isolating principle, and by Monarchy as the means of national unity. The struggle between these two tendencies was to last till the close of the Middle Ages, yet from the reign of Philip Augustus to that of Francis I. the increase of the royal ascendancy was very perceptible and sure, and it hardly seemed to receive any abatement when St. Louis bestowed Anjou on his brother Charles as a fief of the crown. With Charles the scene changed, and was shifted to Sicily, or rather to the Two Sicilies, with their capitals of Naples and Palermo. Manfred, an illegitimate son of the Emperor Frederic II., possessed, it is true, both kingdoms, but the Popes and the Guelph princes loudly proclaimed the illegality of his title, and his crown was successively offered to Charles of Anjou by Innocent IV. and Urban IV. Charles was willing to accept it on terms prescribed by the Pontiff, and accordingly took an oath of fidelity as King of Sicily at the Lateran in 1266.

The conquest of both provinces had still to be made, but in the hands of Charles that work was as rapid as it was brilliant, for it seemed as if to Charles had descended all the fire and energy of his mother's Castilian blood, endowing the younger son with rare qualities of determination and ability, while the saintly cheek of St. Louis was left pale. Charles was, says a contemporary, the most princely among princes, and he desired a crown and kingdom for himself that his brother would in all probability have neither sought nor won. Not only did the excommunicated Manfred succumb before him, but Conradin, the next nominee of the Ghibelline party, lost his life on a scaffold at Naples, and the conqueror added daily to his resources and to the terror of his name. The episode of the Sicilian Vespers shows that after twenty years of government he was an object of hatred to his new subjects, but he was perhaps indifferent alike to their love and to their hate, content to be able to say of himself that he "had never waited and never despaired," and to record on his tomb that he was the "*Grant Roy Charles, qui conquit Sicile.*"

It would be foreign to our purpose to follow all the vicissitudes of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, but it is curious to notice the number of royal and noble lines which sprang from this house of Anjou-Sicily. The grandchildren of the "*Grant Roy Charles*" were, Charles-Martel, King of Hungary; Philip, Prince of Tarento, and titular Emperor of Constantinople; Tristan, Prince of Salerno; John and Louis, Dukes of Duras; Margaret, wife of Charles of Valois; Blanche, Queen of Arragon; Eleanor, wife of Frederic, King of Sicily; Marie, wife of Sancho, King of Majorca; and Beatrix, wife of Azzo VIII., Marquis of Este and Ferrara. So numerous a posterity seemed to promise a long race of direct descendants, yet it is a curious thing that at the end of a hundred years there did not remain a single prince of the blood of Charles II. : while it is equally



certain that never was there in the history of all the families of Europe any similar example of one house holding so many sovereignties in so short a space of time.

“The first house of Anjou-Sicily possessed seventeen foreign kingdoms; and the second house took the place of the earlier one on the greater number of these thrones. It would seem as if fortune led the princes of this name; and when besides these examples I recall the old *counts* of Anjou, who, from simple lords of almost unknown derivation, saw themselves raised to the thrones of England, Jerusalem, and Cyprus; when I remember that Robert-le-Fort was the father of so many French kings; that the Valois branch held the crown almost immediately after acquiring Anjou; that Henry, Duke of Anjou, afterwards King of France, also received a Polish sceptre, and that later Philip V., who began a third house of Anjou, became the heir of the immense Spanish monarchy and of all the states of which it is composed: then, I say, that collecting all these examples from all ages, I cannot hide from myself that some fatality, or rather the Providence which disposes of crowns, is pleased to place them upon the heads of princes who bear the name of Anjou.”\*

These foreign glories were not always for the happiness of the French province, not even when they took an ecclesiastical shape, and when Pierre Roger, an Angevine priest of the house of Beaufort, better known as Gregory XI., had the honour of restoring the Papal See from Avignon to Rome. So many turns of fortune were fatal to the peace of Anjou, once more restored to the crown, and once again raised to be a ducal fief in favour of Louis the brother of the sovereign: it was also invaded by the English, and it mourned with the rest of France when King John was carried a prisoner to London. Every element of disorder seemed to be let loose within the

\* Des Noulis, p. 352.

limits over which the celebrated Duke René was called to reign in 1434; the power of the crown was weakened by wars, invasions, crusades, and minorities; and the Council of Bâle occupied the minds of all men who were intelligent enough to see in its decisions, as the people did in the first signs of feudal decadence, a foretaste of the civil and religious enfranchisement they were to acquire in the next century. René of Anjou was however a knight of the truly mediæval type. His tutor was the Cardinal Louis de Bar, his enemy was the English invader, his companion in arms was Arnold de Barbezan, his military school was that of Du Guesclin, and his bride was Isabella of Lorraine, with whom he acquired Bar and Lorraine, as his father had again added Provence and Naples to his realm. The life of René seems a long romance: first a prisoner at Dijon; then made Count of Guise; a bridegroom at twelve years of age, and a soldier very little later. We find him assisting at the coronation of Charles VII. at Rheims; at war first with the English, and then with the Dukes of Burgundy; next transporting the scene to Italy; making a campaign in the Abruzzi; flying from the town of Naples; jousting at Saumur and Tarascon; and finally giving his daughter Margaret in marriage to the English king Henry VI.: thus allying the blood of the second house of Anjou-Sicily to the older stock of Anjou-Plantagenet. King René died robbed of all his estates; so rewarded by his astute sovereign Louis XI. for the generous loyalty with which, against the league called "of the public weal," René had declared himself to be on the monarchical side. His policy at home had been eminently liberal. He had given municipal charters to his towns, and ennobled their most noteworthy burgesses; he had regulated wages, encouraged the poorer nobles to enrich themselves by trade rather than by rapine; he had visited the sick and needy, protected orphans,

and diminished taxation ; in all this his spirit was opposed to the license of feudality ; and as he had encouraged Charles VII. in the plan of a regular army which would make the crown independent of its feudatories, so he was ready to support Louis against their league, and thus to pave the way to national unity. In return he was expelled from Anjou, and Louis obtained from his daughter a cession of all her rights, though they must have been doubly dear to her and to her father since the tragic close of the war of the Roses. René died at Aix in Provence in 1480, and Margaret at Dampierre in the Saumurois ; widowed, childless, broken-hearted, and bereaved of her children, she dragged out her last years in what was as much a prison as a castle, and told "sad stories of the deaths of kings" near what had been the cradle of her own and of her husband's race.

No figure in the history of Anjou is more gracious and pathetic than that of René, surnamed the Good. The poorest hamlets of his province preserve his effigy, and in the diocese of Aix psalms are still sung to chaunts composed by him. The King who beggared him was the slave of superstition, of base-born favourites and of still baser fears, but the leisure of René was that of a Christian and a poet. He sang of profane love in his romance of *Très-doulce Mercy* as any troubadour might have done, and like King Theobald of Navarre he could tell of that diviner flame which purifies while it burns. His *Mortification de vaine plaisance* is a strange book, partly written in verse, and part in prose, full of tenderness and imagination, though conceived in an allegorical style, which was in vogue in our own country when Spenser wrote the *Fairie Queen*, and which is only popular now in the undying personages of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

The history of the fief of Anjou is ended. It is true that some of the princes of the blood royal called themselves Dukes

of Anjou, and that the name was borne among others by Henry III., and by Philip, grandson of Louis XIV., who became King of Spain in 1700, and for the last time by Louis Stanislaus Xavier, afterwards Louis XVIII. ; but with their appanage these only enjoyed certain limited rights and a limited revenue. All the power and privileges of importance remained with the king, and when Louis XI. made Anjou his own, Angevine nationality practically ceased to exist. It is true that many of the institutions of the Middle Ages lingered in the land ; some of their most picturesque features often recurring, as when Louise de Savoie held a tournament at Angers, at which her son presided in all the spirit of the old courts of love, or when Francis I. visited with great pomp Rénée, the richest and haughtiest of the abbesses of Fontevrault. The same strange hazard which gave in the second decade of the sixteenth century a great emperor to Germany and king to Spain, great rulers to France and England, a powerful family to Florence, a succession of remarkable pontiffs to Rome, also gave then to Fontevrault this abbess of fortune and spirit. Rénée de Bourbon might have been glad had she known that long after Valois kings became extinct, Bourbon ladies in an almost unbroken succession were to preside in the courts and cloisters which in memory of her royal guest she had adorned not so much with her own initials as with the Salamander of Francis and with the Valois crown. In spite however of such recollections of a mediæval past the spirit of the times underwent a remarkable alteration. The municipal life of the cities, especially of Saumur, grew strong, commerce increased, and the growing intelligence and freedom of the people kindled the prolonged struggle which, under the general name of the wars of religion, desolated France, and inflicted on Anjou her full share of suffering.

When the last additions were made to the Cathedral of

Angers, this legend was carved below the eight warlike statues which still guard its western portal :—

Da pacem, Domine, in diebus nostris,  
et dissipa potentes qui bella volunt. 1540.

That prayer was for centuries to remain unanswered ; and if any calm at all was enjoyed by the province, it was only during such lulls as proceeded from the exhaustion, and not from the reconciliation, of parties.

The history of the French Reformation is throughout a curious and complex tale. How far it succeeded and how far it failed are problems which have had no precedent, and which have never been repeated in any other country. Protestantism was as much a moral revolution in France as it was in England, Germany, or Holland ; it was a deeply religious movement, but it fell to the ground because it had no sustained political life, and above all because it became unnational, not perhaps in its origin, but by civil and by foreign war ; and while it never appealed to the national vanity or to any of the instincts of the race, it was rejected because it ultimately failed to represent the aspirations of any of the political parties of France. The position of the French bishops was eminently national and independent, and their traditions were splendid. The piety, courage, and learning of saints and doctors still invested the Gallican priesthood as with a halo ; and it was in vain for Calvinism to hope to make head against a church so strong, so gifted, and so pregnant with life as to produce a race of such patriots as Bossuet, and such teachers as Fénelon, about the same time that St. Vincent de Paul sent forth to the sick beds and hospitals of France and of the world an army of white-hooded sisters, brave as the most gallant defenders of Rochelle, devoted as the most suffering Camisards of the Cevennes.

Yet not the less when that Reformation began, might an observer well have been pardoned had he augured for it a splendid and powerful future. It first took root among the highest and the most cultivated classes; it was a deeply religious movement bred of conviction and education, and as such it commended itself in several ways to the French intellect, while it touched as with coals of fire many noble hearts and lips. It was also soon to be tested by persecution. "Da pacem Domine," men had prayed in Anjou in 1540; twelve years afterwards the son of the Chancellor Poyat was burnt in the streets of Saumur as a confessor of the new faith, and seven years later an edict of Henry II. against heresy kindled many a pyre. Still so far no admixture of political hatred: no war of public interests: no pitting of class against class. But with the short reign of Francis II. a change was to come. Catherine de Medicis and the Guises were Catholics and in power, the princes of the blood and their sympathisers were Protestants, and hard-pressed by the Queen-Mother and her cabinet. The conspiracy of Amboise followed on the execution of Du Bourg, and then Protestantism organizing itself through two reigns became an estate in the kingdom—a world within the world of France. It had its ambitions and its victims, its camps and fortified cities, its revenues and its reverses; alas! also its excesses. Terrible were all those years of internecine strife; hamlet making war on hamlet, until every town had its tale of slaughter or some other hideous distinction: and the Huguenots so long forbidden to have any places of worship of their own, revenged themselves by destroying the churches. They stripped the Cathedral of Angers, and many a ruined gable and solitary tower still attests their fury in the fields and townships of Anjou. Its castles recall to us even more vividly the worst incidents of the wars of religion, and the great crime of Charles IX. Not Chinon, where the Maid of Orleans first

saw and recognized her king ; not Bourgeoil, where tradition asserts that the massacre of St. Bartholomew was planned ; not Baugé, whose good king René last dwelt in his own province ; not Aubigné, which is the hereditary home of Madame de Maintenon ; not Brissac, where Claire Clémence de Condé spent her too brief youth ; not all or any of the houses in a district rich beyond measure in fortified, seigneurial and beautiful dwellings, has a fairer situation or a darker name than Monsoreau. Standing close above the river, its walls are often eight or ten feet deep in the floods of the Loire : it is now inhabited only by families of the poorest peasants but its towers and bartizans frown defiantly as of old ; and below the vine tendrils that creep round its exquisite porch are the arms of some of the proudest of the Angevine families. Long the stronghold of the Craons, it was celebrated for the light loves of Françoise de Mirador, and on a scroll the visitor may still read "*Chambes crie !*" the motto of the governor who was the tool of the Guises, and the hero of the St. Bartholomew in the West. In the pause which followed the murder of Coligny and preceded the massacre, a messenger was despatched by the Duke of Guise to Anjou : and speeding through the night, he first conveyed to Louis Thomasseau de Cursay, governor of Angers, an order to exterminate heresy and heretics within his jurisdiction. The answer of de Cursay is historical ; the King, he said, might believe that every citizen would give his life for his sovereign, but he did not believe that his Majesty would find one executioner. But an executioner was ready ; Jean de Chambes, Count of Monsoreau, and governor of Saumur, did not shrink from obeying the royal behests, and he inaugurated the massacre by slaying seven persons with his own hand.

It is pleasant to turn from so odious a spectacle of venality and cruelty to the home of Du Plessis-Mornay, the wise friend

and adviser of Henry IV., the husband of the heroic Charlotte Arbaleste, the founder of the Academy of Saumur, and the owner of a name as pure and as illustrious as any in the annals of French Protestantism. Philip de Mornay never changed his faith, and he probably felt how fatal to the Huguenot cause was the policy which made his master join the Romish communion, as if he acknowledged the Reformed doctrines to be incompatible with that spirit of national unity and absolute monarchy then and long afterwards so popular with French rulers and subjects, and so hostile to the Protestants. He had the further annoyance of seeing a Jesuit College founded at La Flèche as a rival to his Calvinistic Academy, a blow which also came from the hand of the King. The Jesuits, banished from France after the regicide of Jacques Clement, were anxious to return, and Henry, who had long had some such wish with regard to La Flèche, established them there; because, as he wrote to Cardinal d'Ossat, he considered "them to be the persons most capable and proper for the instruction of youth." To that occupation the reverend fathers applied themselves, and with such success that their school, becoming one of the most celebrated in Europe, boasted of pupils like Descartes, the Chancellor Voysin, Louis Gresset, Michel Letellier, and Prince Eugene. Converted into a military college in 1764, it sent out La Tour d'Auvergne, Hédouville, and Dupetit-Thouars, and later the Dukes of Feltre and Cadore, and as it still serves as a school for the sons of officers, it cannot be said to have entirely lost its grade. Happier in this than the nursling of Duplessis-Mornay. No vestige of his foundation is to be seen in Saumur; after eighty years of life it ceased to exist, and its very memory has now slipped from the minds of the townspeople, who only commemorate in the name of the Rue du Temple the assemblies of the Protestants in the days when, first under the wing of the Huguenot governor, and



then during the prosperous calm that followed on the edict of Nantes, they formed a fifth of the population. On the revocation of the edict two thousand persons left the place, and at the present day the proportion is of about two hundred Protestants in fifteen thousand inhabitants. The last years of Duplessis-Mornay were embittered less by political regrets than by petty quarrels with certain pasteurs and leaders of his own sect ; and the memoir of his last days, still so popular among French Calvinists, is painful from the witness it bears to the narrowness and ill-feeling that then disfigured his church.

The hundred years of toleration naturally furnish no features for the religious history of Anjou. A royal visit, or a princely marriage, conferred a passing distinction on some of its towns ; and even the wars of the Fronde, though they inflicted much suffering and privation on the provinces, did not deeply affect this district, or disturb the balance between monarchy, Catholicism, and liberty of conscience, which was so well arranged by Henry IV., and which continued through the reign of his son. Louis XIV. however brooked no power or principle in the kingdom which was not perfectly subservient to his own autocracy. Richelieu's policy had greatly broken the spirit of the nobles, and Louis resolved to break that of the religionists, in spite of the fact that, as Mazarin had observed, "the little colony though it browsed on weeds never went astray."

The edict was revoked in 1685, and the Protestants of Anjou and Poitou recognized with especial bitterness the influence of Madame de Maintenon in the cruel orders of the King. Esther, they observed, had forgotten her people, and had abjured the faith for which her grandfather had died, and to which her father only had been a renegade. It was assuredly infinitely more shocking that the descendant of Agrippa de Coligny should write thus to her brother :—"Employ liberally the money you are about to get ; the lands in Poitou are now

selling for nothing, and the desolation of the Huguenots will soon bring more into the market: you may be able to settle yourself on a great scale." And again:—"If God preserves the King, in twenty years there will be no Huguenots left." In less than the time Madame de Maintenon named, dragonnades, martyrdom, and exile had robbed France of thousands of her best subjects; recantations both willing and unwilling thinned the remaining ranks, and freedom of conscience was crushed in a country whose life seemed paralysed by the power and will of one great King. But the two principles of toleration and justice thus violated were not dead: they only slept. In the reign of Louis XV. liberty of conscience turned in the hands of the Encyclopedists to license of thought, and in the next generation the voice of Rousseau served to swell that exceedingly fierce and bitter cry for liberty and equality which terrified Europe, and destroyed the monarchy under Louis XVI. Although less ardently republican than Nantes in her sympathies, Anjou embraced the new ideas, and thus exposed herself to the loyal wrath of the Vendean bands, which broke over her like a wave in 1792, when Saumur and Angers were captured after little resistance, and were both lost and won with less effusion of blood than took place when the Reign of Terror was organized in the west. Events followed quickly in those days; and when Anjou had to send out her contingents to the fields of Flanders, Egypt, Italy, she had, by the subdivision of France into departments, ceased to exist as a province. "This," says M. Faultrier, "is an arrangement favourable to administration and to national unity, but fatal to the spirit of locality; for it places France in Paris." It did so: we have seen the provinces which were absorbed into the monarchy afterwards brought by revolutions wholly under the influence of the capital: till once again the will of an able but autocratic ruler dominates Paris and the departments alike.

With this phase the task of the historian is brought to a close ; but the country we have called Anjou has a future, and we would hope a prosperous future, in store. Her children, wisely deprecating the evils of a system of extreme centralization, have begun to live on their lands and to develop her resources. Among so many who have benefited their departments, it may perhaps not be invidious to mention the efforts of M. de Falloux to improve the breeds of cattle by introducing that of Durham : the attention of M. de Quartresbarbes to the system of irrigation by water meadows : and the recent extension of the wine trade, especially of the white and sparkling wines of Saumur. The land is generally rich, and districts less favourable for culture have valuable quarries of slate and granite, or of the beautiful white limestone so abundant on the banks of the Loire. In all these branches of commerce, and in measures for the protection of the valleys against the terrible floods of the Loire, Angevine nationality has free scope. Literature and travel are paths always open to the countrymen and women of Ménage, Volney, and Madame Dacier : Chevreul's chemical researches may be followed up or superseded by those of younger students, and if the French legislative bodies in their present condition would not welcome members as independent as Duplessis-Mornay, the French navy will hold many sailors like Dupetit-Thouars. The graceful restoration of the Hôtel de Ville at Saumur, and the collection of the works of the celebrated David of Angers, are all good auguries for the arts ; schools of design receive every assistance that a profuse Government can afford ; and books like those of the Baron de Vismes and M. Godard-Faultrier, show that the love of one's country not only consecrates her past but strives to benefit her future. Unless, too, the late additions to the powers of the General Councils (which meet in the departments in the month of September) be a delusion, and that

their deliberations are intended to be crushed by imperial vetoes, in the shape of over-interference by the prefects, the gentlemen of Anjou, in common with those of the rest of France, are greatly called to self-government in provincial affairs. Much has been done ; much more remains yet to do. "*La France, et mon Anjou, dont le désir me point,*" were the watchwords of the Angevine poet Joachim du Bellay, and his device is applicable still. In serving one's province one truly serves one's country, and many noble traditions ought to excite all classes to individual and collective exertion, even while men pray in the spirit of their pious ancestors of the sixteenth century, "GIVE US PEACE."

*FRENCH ANTI-CLERICAL NOVELS.\**[*Edinburgh Review*, October, 1866.]

THE principal characters in these novels are interdicted priests, and the lives of two men at variance with the hierarchy to which they belonged, and finally proscribed by its power, have furnished the Abbé — with many scenes and combinations new as yet in fiction. In presenting these views of French society and French clerical life, he necessarily dwells more on the dark than on the bright side of his subject. No class of men are more miserable than interdicted priests, and were a new Dante to describe the circles of our social Inferno, a special place must be reserved in it for the outcasts of the Church. With sorrow be it said that their number is considerable in every Catholic country, though the Abbé — naturally confines his observations to the French priesthood, whose ruined members congregate for the most part in Paris. These men, deprived of their spiritual functions by absolute authority, are incapacitated from resuming their civil character and existence, and they have to seek in the capital for the bare means of subsistence which are too often denied to them. They are pariahs even in French society. The descent to this Limbo may be rapid, but many paths lead to the edge of the abyss. Some priests are ruined by flagrant acts of misconduct, some by breaches of ecclesiastical discipline; some have despised

\* 1. *Le Maudit*. Par l'ABBÉ —. 3 vols. 8vo. Paris : 1863.

2. *La Religieuse*. Par l'ABBÉ —. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris : 1864.

things which the Church delights to honour, others have held opinions which the Church has agreed to condemn. But if the guilty suffer thus for their misdeeds, innocent victims are also to be found who can blame others and not themselves for their reverses, and say that "an enemy hath done this." For them, however, as for their compeers, it would seem that there is no redress; their persons are insignificant, their means slender, their position equivocal, and their advocates few, and it may easily be imagined with what concentrated hatred men so circumstanced will regard the power which has thrust them out into the wilderness.

That hatred has at last found a tongue, those wrongs have at last found an expositor, that class has at last found an apologist, and one so ardent that it is almost impossible not to believe that he has himself come into the same condemnation. Men learn in suffering what they teach in song, and it appeared as if it were "out of the depths" that this voice cried, so loud and so strident, so wild in its cadences, as hoarse with anger and with pain, it has stirred the whole of Catholic Europe. The name of the author of *Le Maudit* was instantly in demand, but that name has been as studiously withheld: neither taunts nor sympathy, neither praise nor blame, having as yet tempted him to reveal it. How long will the mystery last? Literary secrets are seldom well kept. The author of the Waverley novels did not even wait till all his tales were told, before he ceased to be to the public *vox et præterea nihil*; the pseudonyms of Curren, Ellis, and Acton Bell did not long conceal the three daughters of the rector of Haworth; "Owen Meredith" can hardly be said to be a *nom de plume*, so flimsy is the mask its owner wears; that of "George Eliot" ceased to be impenetrable when "Adam Bede" had made another lady-novelist famous; and Junius alone remains, the riddle of our century as of his own. The Abbé — can hardly flatter

himself that he is to be a second Junius ; the singularity of that very exception, the narrow limits within which the doubt lies, the near certainty which was arrived at in that solitary instance, ought not to encourage any satirist to hope that notoriety and secrecy can at once be his portion ; and if the system of religious *espionnage* be as perfect in France as the Abbé represents it to be, it is almost incredible that such a book should have been written by a priest still in the exercise of his charge.

That it is not the work of a layman we think we may take on us to aver, for its merits and still more its faults would seem to show that it has not a lay origin. Its enemies themselves found their position untenable when they at first contended that only a secular person could and would have written it, and in the preface to the *Réligieuse* the "orders" of the writer are placed beyond a doubt. The next resource was to declare that it was written by a "Maudit," and that its doctrines were only less scandalous than the life of the writer ; prelates and presbyters darkly hinting as they thus spoke that they could, if they would, supply the name which the Abbé had left blank. Here the Ultramontane party had the public with them, at least in some degree ; but in this country, while we read and wondered, we also applauded, in some measure, the nameless Abbé, settling in our minds that he was indeed some priest under the ban, whose life might have been blameless, but whose opinions and fate corresponded with those of the Abbé Julio. But what are we to think of his distinct denial given to this hypothesis in the preface to *La Réligieuse* ; a hastily written sequel to the first book, in which he declares not only that he is not an interdicted priest, but that no such person has had anything to do with *Le Maudit* ? In what diocese, then, does he reside this bold, this over-bold Abbé, who has employed his leisure in the composition of such pages—or

rather where has he suffered who has so suddenly begun to complain? Who have been his associates? Has he never espoused, in deed as well as word, the cause of those who were ready to perish? Has no hint escaped him till now of the opinions he entertains, of the love he bears to his Church, of the scorn with which he regards the tools, and the pity with which he yearns over the victims, of spiritual tyranny? He must have lived with men and for men to have already learned so much, and he is a Jesuit of the Jesuits if no sign of passion or of power has escaped him till now. Is he not an object of suspicion to his superiors? Has he never whispered ere this in the ear of bishops, vicars-general and preaching-friars, "*e pur si muove!*"? Does he preach down the Immaculate Conception and the intercession of the saints, and exalt faith, hope, and charity, sobriety and order, as virtues transcending the macerations and ecstatic visions of the cloister? Does he confess his penitents as Julio confessed Thérèse? Does he feed his flock as Julio led his at St. Aventin, and is he not thus known to many, at once hated and beloved? In short, if *Le Maudit* and *La Religieuse* are truly the work of a priest as yet unsuspected, it is by something little short of a miracle that he has not been identified long ago. It is almost incredible that he should not have been betrayed by accident or by surprise, or have been discovered by a servant, and denounced by a petty official, a jealous neighbour, a suspicious diocesan, or a watchful spy.

But while he preserves his incognito, his books obtain a daily increasing celebrity, and his crime assumes, we may be sure, an ever deeper dye in the eyes of an offended hierarchy. The three volumes of *Le Maudit*, with their unusual bulk, their ill-omened name, and *san-bénito* binding, seemed an insulting satire on the whole spiritual machinery of France. Ultramontanism, monachism, and sacerdotalism, all have been



attacked, and the gauntlet thus thrown down was taken up without delay.

While the literary world exhausted itself in conjectures as to the authorship of the book, and it was ascribed, now to M. Renan, now to the Abbé Guetté, and then to M. Louis Ulbach, only to be disclaimed by them all, the Church proceeded to angry and spasmodic action. *Le Maudit* (become, as its compiler ironically observes, far more obnoxious than Renan's *Vie de Jésus*,) was denounced from a thousand pulpits; a bishop threatened to suspend every one of his clergy who read it, reserving the intellectual feast for his own stronger digestion; and a cardinal archbishop stigmatized it in the French Senate as one of the most fearful scandals of our age. The civil authorities were requested to take cognizance of an outrage upon laws imperial and divine, while the spiritual directors of families strove to banish it from the libraries of the faithful, and absolution was refused in one diocese to all who should open its polluted and polluting pages.

Yet the thunders and anathemas of priests have not diminished the sale of *Le Maudit*; on the contrary, as in the case of some recent theological works in our own country, a different result has been attained, and for the last ten months the interest excited in France by the sufferings of a freethinking Abbé is scarcely inferior to that which M. Victor Hugo kindled in behalf of his philanthropic felons.

The unknown author assures the public in a pithy preface that he expected such a reception. This tale was not written, he says, *not* to be read; and he adds that though he is aware that a fanatical camarilla will be horrified by his book, which is neither a history, nor yet a political thesis, and which lays no claims to being a work of art, yet he believes that religious and impartial men will have the courage to admit that he

serves, rather than injures, that holy cause which is already compromised by too many pens. So true is this assertion, that its truth is the main cause of the present excitement. *Le Maudit*, unlike M. Eugène Sue's voluminous novel, *Le Juif Errant*, is not a profane work: on the contrary, its spirit is religious, and its language is always deeply respectful towards the essentials of revealed religion, the true province of faith, and the characters of single-minded and pious persons. But, on the other hand, the writer has spared no class, and favours no denomination. He has traced with an unflinching hand the workings of the whole system. He has not only stigmatized the Jesuits, but he has shown us an inferior clergy illiterate and prejudiced, an unhappy order of men without liberty and without independence of thought, abjectly subject to the civil power whose stipendiaries they are, and unprotected from the tyranny or obsessions of their spiritual chiefs. The higher orders in the Church do not come out of the picture in more favourable colours. Vicars-general are seen intriguing with the Jesuits against their diocesans, bishops swayed between fear and hatred of the Company of Jesus, along with prelates whose eyes turn to Rome, and who buy the good offices of the Reverend Fathers, as a means of procuring the hat, and the additional 1,600*l.* a year, which is due to a cardinal and an *ex-officio* senator of France. Add to this a sketch of the preaching friars, as personified by the Père Basile, and the glimpse at the interior of the *Gesù* in *Le Maudit*, with the more disgusting episode of the "Carmelite Confessor," in *La Religieuse*, and it is not difficult to realize the effect of these books on the clerical party. The unknown Abbé holds the mirror up to all abuses, and by unmasking hypocrisy has made as many enemies as there are hypocrites in the Church.

As they accuse him of having written for a speculation, it is

interesting to hear the reasons he gives for having chosen the novel as his vehicle. Had he written a treatise, it might have made an ecclesiastical scandal, though not one of any extent. This reformer wished to popularize his subject, almost to dramatize it, and to make the truth live before the eyes of multitudes. He had another object besides publicity or literary success. In advocating reform he pleads that it is the interest of the laity as much as of the clergy; that Christianity, as distinct from theology, mysticism, or formalism, must leaven the laity, if it is to maintain its hold on society; and he demonstrates that a superstitious, greedy, narrow-minded clergy, by their ignorant teaching and ignoble lives, have done and are doing more harm to the faith, than a whole century of infidelity, be its teachers Voltaire, Comte, Renan, or About.

A new world without religion will, he believes, be the result, if religious liberty is to be long sacrificed to sacerdotal power, and Christianity kept in the swaddling bands of mediæval Catholicism, too mystical and unreal to meet the exigencies of an age which must be fed with more real food, if faith is to be preserved in the earth. Religious decline will be inseparable, he shows, from moral and social ruin; and "with such a prospect before us, others may allow theories the most fatal to humanity and the Church to be propagated in the world, and be unable, through indifference or weariness of spirit, to meet them with one vigorous protest; but I have not this failing of silence. Had I only faith as a grain of mustard seed in humanity and in the Church, two things which I love with the like love (unless indeed it would be better to say at once, with St. Augustine, that they are one and the same thing), that faith, I say, would oblige me again to take my post as an observant sentinel, and again to sound that cry of alarm which has startled so many noble minds."

Just such a watchman was Julio de la Clavière, the curé

of St. Aventin, whose career we must follow from his ordination to his death, for some knowledge of the story is requisite before we can appreciate the argument of this curious book.

The scene is laid in Southern France, in the archiepiscopal city of T—— (evidently Toulouse), where an elderly lady, Madame de la Clavière, drags out her days, the victim rather than the dupe of the Jesuits, who have persuaded her to bequeath her money and estates to their Society instead of to the Abbé Julio, her nephew, and to his sister Louise, her niece and ward. Julio has just taken orders, but he is already suspected by the reverend fathers, as his character is frank and independent, and so impatient of deception in all its shapes, that they have failed in their endeavours to win him to their order. He becomes more and more unpopular, as it appears that he is a man unlikely to allow himself and his sister to be robbed with impunity. His manners are so pleasing, and his talents so remarkable, that he is soon recommended to the notice of his metropolitan; he becomes private secretary to the prelate, and would soon have been one of the leading men of T—— had not a stroke of apoplexy removed a patron whose opinion of the Jesuits coincided with his own. The dying archbishop made Julio the depository not only of his confession of sins, but of his confession of faith, and the young Abbé, by publishing this document and becoming, so to say, its sponsor, ruined himself for ever in the estimation of the Company of Jesus. He refuses to withdraw the book; it is published and has an extraordinary circulation, and the Jesuits can only revenge themselves by banishing the editor from the household of the new archbishop, and by causing him to be appointed to a very unimportant cure. But here Julio shines as a preacher, and dissuades a young heiress from taking the veil, against the wishes of her parents, and at the instigation of the priests. Emboldened by this step, he holds conferences

and preaches animated sermons, not only against monastic life, but against the celibacy of the clergy; he denounces the vices of a licentious youth, but proclaims that their correctives are not the vows of the cloister, but the claims of women to be loved and respected as the friends, the partners, and the civiliser's of man's life. For promulgating such doctrine as this he is reprimanded, and being translated to a distant living in the Pyrenees, spends some years at St. Aventin. There his troubles soon recommence. The young parish priest has not been long settled in his new charge before an accident makes him privy to a liaison between a neighbouring curate and a beautiful parishioner. Julio's intervention prevents the ruin of Thérèse and the fall of Loubaire; he makes two fast friends for himself, but also lays the foundation of many scandalous reports, and of a disagreeable "inquiry" which the Jesuits oblige his metropolitan to institute into the circumstances of Thérèse's flight and appearance at St. Aventin. This first disaster had some tragical elements in it, and we shall see that it exercised a permanent result not only on Julio's life, but upon the religious interests he had at heart.

His next adventure had a comical aspect. A Capuchin friar arrives to preach the month of Mary, and to warm the hearts of the villagers towards the saints, and other intercessors acknowledged by the Church. Julio cannot conceal his amusement at the sermons of the monk, and the père Basile is equally scandalized at the tone of Julio's teaching, which savoured at once of common sense and of the essential truths of revealed religion. The père Basile, once on the scent, discovers much amiss in the parish, and a devout but ill-natured old lady of the flock has very curious tales to tell him of Julio's life, pursuits, and opinions. To crown all, the friar and this Mère Judas proclaim a miracle, and Julio endeavours from the first to hush up the affair. St. Joseph is supposed to have

appeared to a pretty hysterical *protégée* of this over-pious pair. Père Basile maintains that St. Aventin is as likely as La Salette to be the scene of such a manifestation. Julio, apprehending that St. Joseph was as unlikely to appear in the one place as the Madonna in the other, declares that it is a case for exhibiting the mineral tonics, and prescribes quiet for a mind in great danger of becoming permanently diseased. The matter is carried before the higher powers, and Julio's diocesan is worked on by the Jesuits to acknowledge the miracle, and to reprimand the incredulous priest.

Meantime Julio has other occupation for his thoughts. His aunt Madame de la Clavière is dead, and he finds, as he had already suspected, that he and Louise are to inherit nothing but a small annuity out of her fortune; M. Tournichon, a notary of the town, being her sole legatee. This man is a creature of the Jesuits, and is to hand over to them a property which could not have been left to them as a religious corporation; thus the worldly goods of the dowager de la Clavière assist in building a new college for the Society in the city of T——.

Julio determines to dispute the will, and his counsel is no less a person than M. Auguste Verdalon, once a seminarist, now a rising barrister, and an attached friend of his family. M. Verdalon had found, before taking orders, that the yoke of the Church was too heavy, both in matters practical and theoretical, and he had slipped the burden from his neck before it was too late. Had he not done so, he would have found his way into the ranks of the "*Maudits*" in far less time than the Abbé Julio, since he had less faith, less patience, less unselfishness, and more ambition. He is attached to Louise de la Clavière, but, being poor himself, he cannot marry her unless she can recover the inheritance due to her from her late aunt. Any reader of novels will understand how exciting

is this *cause célèbre*; Julio de la Clavière, for himself and sister, against the Company of Jesus, and their stalking horse the legate Tournichon. The whole town is in a ferment. A friendly manager fans the flame by putting the play of the *Juif Errant* on the boards of his theatre. Rodin, the arch-schemer of that piece is hissed; the robbed and maltreated heroines are applauded—the papers both of T—— and of the provinces are full of the cause, and on the following day the trial opens. Verdalon delivers an able and pointed address; but the Jesuits are too strong for the orphans of la Clavière; they have suborned the old servant Madelette, the most important of the witnesses; the case is lost, and the verdict given against Julio. The père Briffard, confessor to the deceased lady of La Clavière, receives the thanks and congratulations of his Society, and Julio returns to the tears of Louise and the silence of his parsonage. Verdalon soon afterwards marries a richer wife.

Julio determines, however, not to let the matter drop, and he is meditating fresh steps when his sister is spirited away from St. Aventin by the machinations of a lady devotee. This friend is a tool of the Jesuits, and has been sent by them to convince Louise that it is for her sake alone that Julio ruins himself in body, soul, and estate. Louise, convinced that if her interests were no longer at stake her brother's litigation with the reverend fathers would cease, is weak enough to fall into the trap, and disappearing from St. Aventin, she leaves Julio no clue to her fate. He pursues her from town to town, from convent to convent; he appeals to the civil power, consults the police, and is angry, anxious, but helpless. At last he hears of her being in Italy, and goes to Rome, seeking her through every hamlet and cloister of the Papal States. His footsteps are dogged by a Jesuit spy, who often succeeds in putting him off the scent, and whom Julio, by some unaccountable stupidity,

never suspects. But Louise is at last discovered. Her shrill and sweet soprano is heard rising above the choir of nuns in the convent of Notre Dame de Forcassi, and Julio, maddened with joy, affection, and surprise, rushes at the *grille*, tears it open, and carries off his sister.

It may be imagined that this is the crowning point of his misdeeds. To have violated the sanctuary, to have abducted a bride of Heaven, to have interfered with her vocation, and to have terrified her companions, are crimes not to be forgiven, least of all in the States of the Church, and in the neighbourhood of the *Gesù*. Julio is sent to expiate his offence in the dungeons of the Inquisition, where his adventures are less thrilling than the lovers of the horrible might expect, and he is liberated by the stratagem of a friend and the courage of an obliging bandit. It is one of Julio's misfortunes not only to have his good deeds evil spoken of, but also to get into questionable company, to have more than a fair share of the strange bed-fellows of adversity, and to perform acts of justice and mercy under circumstances to which his enemies could, without difficulty, give a very odious colour.

After this his downward career is rapid. He goes to Paris with Louise, takes the low place of a "*diacre de l'office*," for he is not yet suspended, preaches at St. Eustache, again becomes popular, and is again persecuted by the Jesuits. He retaliates by the allusions and disclosures which appear in the *Catholique Libéral*, a paper of which he obtains the direction, and in this way is able to give a wider notoriety to his religious and polemical opinions. It may be asked how Julio obtained a subsistence during these months of his life. He worked as a journeyman printer in the Pignal printing-house, where interdicted priests earn their bread, and receive half the wages of ordinary artisans. His companions are other outlaws of the Church; among them, Loubaire reappears, and



there follow in this sacerdotal Bohemia many scenes—strange in themselves, strange in their antecedents, and strange in the tone in which they are set forth. At last Julio is appointed to another cure; but as parish priest of Melles fresh troubles await him. Louise lived with him, but he discovers in some old family papers that she is not his sister. Julio feels their position to have become equivocal, but he conceals his own struggles, and Louise opportunely dies. He next appears before the public as the author of a pamphlet against the temporal power of the popes, and the cup of his iniquity is full. He is interdicted, and denounced by a diocesan Synod in the following terms:—

“Cursed is the priest who from the pulpit of truth has taught scandalous doctrines!

“Cursed is he who attacks the temporal power of the Popes of Rome, without which their spiritual power would not be free!

“Cursed is the proud, the heretic, the innovator, the fabricator of scandalous books, the profane person!

“Cursed is he who shall approve the doctrines of Julio, curate of Melles in the diocese of T——!”

The interdicted Abbé is now alone in the world, and at last his strength gives way. The constant intellectual effort, the moral anguish, the harassing thoughts and the bitter experience of the last years of his life, exhaust his frame, and *Le Maudit* dies, breathing less of anger towards his enemies than of gratitude to his Maker, and of aspiration for *that* abiding City, where there is no temple made with hands, but where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

Here the story of *Le Maudit*, properly speaking, ended; but the narrative is now continued through the pages of *La Religieuse*, where Loubaire and Thérèse succeed to the places

which Julio and Louise have left vacant. At the instance of the Jesuits, Christian burial is refused to Julio in the cemetery of Bigorre, and he has to be interred by his two friends, who select a peak of the Pyrenean chain as a resting-place for this pioneer of the Church of the future. Loubaire, softened by Julio's presence and example, is also deeply affected by his death, and when he returns to Paris, his associates are no longer the printers of the priestly Bohemia, but the Bishop Laurent and the Abbé Cambiac. Both these men have experiences of their own which made Julio dear to them. The Bishop had so far allowed this tenderness towards the *Maudit* to appear that it had cost him his bishopric, and the Abbé Cambiac had left the ranks of the Jesuits because, like Passaglia, his righteous soul was vexed by them day by day. Loubaire is cherished by them for Julio's sake, and they devise together plans for diffusing his principles and vindicating his fame.

It is decided that the Bishop should write a book, and spread it anonymously over the length and breadth of the land. Under cover of the history of *L'Eglise Nouvelle* the Abbé — gives an account of the publication and reception of *Le Maudit*; and takes occasion to satirize the insolent bigotry of his own Ultramontane critics.

One of the subjects especially urged by these reformers was the training of women in France. They objected to conventual education as unfitted for forming the minds of intelligent wives and mothers; and to secure a change in this respect the Bishop, the Abbé, and Loubaire open a normal school for governesses. Their co-operator in this work was to be Thérèse.

At the time of Julio's death we saw Thérèse in the garb of a sister of charity, and left her determined to continue in a life of separation from a world she had found too full of snares.

She sees an amount of variety in convent life, such as must rarely, we should think, fall to the lot of any postulant, and her vicissitudes are certainly invented (like the misfortunes of Julio) less with a view of forming an interesting or harmonious narrative, than to show the workings of the system. From having been a sister of charity, Thérèse enters a convent of St. Agnes. Here her life is embittered by the evil reports which have been circulated about her former life and her friendship with Julio. She has so little aptitude either for flattering her abbess or for mystical devotion, that she leaves Bigorre without regret, and goes as a postulant to a Carmelite house, where she hopes to find peace in a life of greater austerity, and oblivion of the past in more complete seclusion. The Carmelite nuns aim at perfection, and endeavour to attain to it by a discipline as severe as that of the sisterhood in the "Rue Petit Picpus," which afforded Victor Hugo a theme for his striking interlude on the monastic life. But Thérèse has been accustomed to mountain air, to cleanliness, and to exercise. The monotony of Carmelite rule is maddening, and the enforced filthiness of dress and person so great that her health gives way. Nor are her distresses all of a bodily nature. The Abbess looks on her with an unsympathetic eye, and she falls into disgrace with her confessor, after a series of conversations which are represented as occurring during confession, and which we would fain believe to be over-coloured, if not impossible. A doctor whom she consults advises her to leave without waiting for the expiration of her noviciate; and after quitting this den of moral and physical nastiness, she returns to her father's house to recruit her strength and to watch over his last days. All these details we gather from Thérèse's letters to Loubaire; and they are the great blemish of the book. In both these novels there are passages open to criticism, but none that warrant such condemnation as Thérèse's

letters. Surely the narrative might have been cast in some other than the epistolary form. The gross incidents, and still grosser innuendoes which Thérèse repeats, should hardly under any provocation have occupied a woman's pen; but is it conceivable that any woman with a particle of delicacy, we had almost said decency, should have written these details to a man who had once been her lover, and with whom her own relations had been so compromising, so dangerous, and so sad? When our author argues, when he pleads, and when he protests he never offends; he can sometimes handle an equivocal relation, and does handle many a delicate subject, with firmness as well as with modesty; but in inventing situations his taste is far more questionable. He has either graduated in the worst class of French novels, or we must suppose that in constantly touching pitch his own mind has not escaped defilement. The objectionable vulgarity of too many of his pages is a powerful weapon in the hands of his enemies, and it is strange that he does not perceive how it perverts the better tendencies of his book.

In spite of our sympathy for these novels and their author, we feel that he knows nothing of the reserve and sanctity of domestic life; and though the character of Julio is one of angelic purity and spotless virtue, it must be said that those who espoused his cause and opinions fell far short of that standard of moral dignity of which he set so bright an example. Thérèse is not an interesting heroine; she is too dogmatical and too unblushing for our taste, and most alarmingly ready to be a law unto herself. Sometimes, however, she allowed herself to be guided by others. Her father's death left her a wealthy heiress as well as an orphan, and though her first impulse was to go to Paris, and to put her fortune at Loubaire's disposal for pious and polemical purposes, common sense and a friend whisper that she is too young and too beautiful to

make such a step reputable or wise. This friend prevails on her to try another religious house where the sisters, instead of living like Trappistes, are devoted to tuition and the care of the poor. The Convent of the Sisters of the Nativity promised well; it was newly established, and was under the care of a parish priest, distinguished by the absence of religious extravagance. But extravagance soon made its appearance, and Thérèse found that works of practical piety were less grateful to Marie de Saint Trélody, her superior, than works of supererogation and *neuvaines* of prayers to the Immaculate Virgin and St. Agnes. The offices of the ordinary confessor were at a discount, and a monk of Ultramontane and ascetic tendencies preferred before him. Under his auspices the nuns became daily more quarrelsome, and also less edifying in the eyes of a novice so deeply read in convent life and manners. Innumerable petty jealousies appeared, and all the intrigues consequent on the election of a superior convinced Thérèse that she must abandon her hope of finding a religious house in which, as a sensible woman, she would not be made ultimately both wretched and ashamed. That these and other evils exist in conventual life no person will deny, but the Abbé — cannot expect these details to pass for the whole truth. Women have ere this, and will after this, find it possible to lead active, useful, and comparatively happy lives in religious retreats, and some of the best, if not the wisest, of their sex, have obtained very different results from the experiment which answered so ill in the case of Thérèse. Paris was her next point, and there the triumvirate of reformers employed her money and her talents in furthering their schemes. Her especial province as a nursing-mother of “La Nouvelle Eglise” was to canvass the women of the upper and middle classes, and to engage them to renounce the old plan of a conventual education for their daughters, in favour of the governesses and

the normal school to which we have before alluded. Fresh instances come daily under Thérèse's notice of the bad effects of consigning the youth of France almost entirely to the charge of Jesuits and nuns, and she works assiduously in the path which Loubaire had marked out for her. Thus as a bitter opponent of nuns, nunneries, and all their works, ends the career of *La Religieuse* in these two volumes, which are in truth only a continuation of *Le Maudit*. Through all these incidents the Jesuits play their part. Infuriated by the sympathy which the new sect inspires, they writhe under the sense of the intellectual inferiority of their own arguments, and they take counsel together how they may suppress a book which they cannot answer or refute.

The actions and devices of the two parties are woven together, as in the first part of the story, with a slender thread of romance, and the catastrophe is brought about by the murder of Loubaire in a street of the Faubourg St. Germain. His assassin is the Comte de Saint-Hermenegilde, a *roué*, whose madness is partly caused by love for Thérèse, partly by the wish to revenge the Company of Jesus, to which he is devoted, on the man whom he considers to be his and their arch-enemy.

Loubaire is buried beside Julio on the Pyrenean mount, where after life's fitful fever, both sleep well; where the evening sunbeams still linger long after the valley is grey with the shadows of the coming night, and where they again strike in the early morning as heralds of the approaching dawn:—

Hic furor, hic mala, schismata, scandala, pax sine pace;  
Pax sine litibus, et sine luctibus, in Syon arce.

So sang Bernard the Cluniac seven hundred years ago, and as painting their portion in life, and their hope in death, his lines might serve as a device for these two martyrs of the Company of Jesus, slain in the nineteenth century.

To give a rapid and perspicuous *précis* of five large octavo volumes is not an easy task; but we have attempted such a sketch of their contents as might enable our readers to apprehend the plan of these curious books. Their composition has, we believe, been a work of conviction, but it has sometimes been one of temper and of haste; and characters have been sacrificed throughout to situations upon which a demonstration could be made or an argument founded.

Some of the *dramatis personæ*—and here perhaps the Abbé's work resembles real life—are singularly uninteresting. Louise, for example, abuses the privilege of a heroine to be insipid, and the Archbishop of T——, M. Le Crie, is so faintly pourtrayed that, unless we were carefully told of all his feelings and peculiarities, his identity would hardly be palpable to the reader. Some of the slighter sketches, on the other hand, are very successful. Mademoiselle de Flamarens, upon whom probably very little pains was bestowed, is thoroughly lifelike, and Madame de Saint-Trélogy, the Mother Superior of the Ladies of the Nativity, disagreeably so; her narrow-minded, obstinate, cold temper being as oppressive as the bad air of a Carmelite cell. In short, *Le Maudit* and *La Religieuse* are two portfolios of powerful sketches—their enemies say of caricatures—of all the possible trials and situations of a typical curate and of a typical novice, whose principles and opinions run counter to the received order of things, and who find little sympathy and much ill will in the sacerdotal class. Agreeing, as we must do in the main, with the author's views as to monachism and the abuse of clerical power, it is also necessary to receive his statements with allowance if not with some measure of distrust. He would have better served the cause he has at heart did he not show so much of a vindictive temper, and thus lay himself open to the charge of exaggeration. Having said this, and having admitted that as these are

not mere sensation novels by an author who has had the luck to hit upon fresh fields and pastures which are new, not to say rank, it is only fair that they should stand or fall by other claims, and be judged by other standards than that of mere literary taste.

The style throughout is very unequal, often nervous and excellent, seldom careful, but never spasmodic. Thus we have to thank the Abbé — for sparing us five volumes of periods copied from the fatiguing and melodramatic manner of M. Sue, or inflated with all the bombast of M. Victor Hugo, when French prose *faisait décadence* in his last epic. The conversational parts are, perhaps, those in which the want of finish is the most felt; they sometimes have great merit, and at others they sink below the level which we could have thought possible in an author of so much power. His matter is so varied and so profound, that no extracts would do it justice, but they may give some notion of his manner: we have selected them without any view to dramatic value, and have rather taken passages which, while they give a fair idea of his opinions, also do justice to his capacity as an author at once satirical and grave.

The day before Julio de la Clavière received his ordination he learnt from his friend Auguste Verdelon the reasons which had determined him not to take orders. Verdelon concluded his argument with these words:—

“‘The bare idea of finding myself engaged by solemn ties to a corporation which openly declares itself as the antagonist of: all forms of social emancipation is unendurable by me. From the day in which I said to myself, let us leave those honest but blinded men who preach about the light and make the extinguishers under which the light and they are, both dying out;—from that day I have been free and happy.’

“Julio listened to his friend with the greatest attention. Many a time had he asked himself what was the explanation:



of this grave problem of the flagrant contradiction between the social theories of Christianity so wide and so emancipative, and the domineering spirit of the clergy. His nature was a liberal one, but it was as gentle as it was intelligent, and he believed that he had found a solution for the problem, by blaming men only for the ambitious tendencies of the clergy ever since the irruption of the barbarians had made them the only intellectual guides of the western world. Less rigorously logical than the inflexible Verdelon, he had said to himself that there was much good to be done inside the limits of the priesthood, and that he might take its vows on himself without abjuring his warm sympathy for the social progress of mankind. He interrupted Verdelon. 'Are you not making a confusion here? Why blame the whole clerical body for the ambition of some men, whom history shows us in all ages as aspiring to theocratic rule? One must look on the Church in its human aspect, and its divine. The first I give over to your anathemas, for *man* defiles everything he touches; but the second is noble, great, and will never perish. . . . It appears to me that it would be better to make haste to enter the priesthood, and to carry back to it much of the spirit it has lost. Our task would be all the greater.'

"'My friend, the time for that is not come.' Every earnest man who, like you, may wish to effect a reconciliation between modern society and the clergy will break down in the struggle. I love you for your noble aspirations, but I see all the sorrows which they prepare for your future. Your nature is too elevated to allow you to cast in your lot with the violent party which now governs the clergy; and from the day in which you do not join these men in hurling maledictions against the age, and in singing the old anthem of praise of the good old days of the middle ages, you will be looked upon with suspicion and thrust out as a pariah.'

“ ‘My dear Verdelon, I deplore as you do the fatal antagonism to their times in which part of the clergy have placed themselves, but I do not believe that this is the case with the whole ecclesiastical body. There is an intelligent minority which, faithful to old teaching, has known how to escape the hurtful animus of which you speak. This minority preserves the sacred spark in the Church, and constitutes with all faithful men who daily realise with more and more distinctness the grand doctrine of the Gospel, what we may call the *soul* of the Church. . . . I regret that you have not my courage, Verdelon.’

“ ‘It is too painful to be a part of the official Church, and to have to condemn at every moment the spirit by which it is directed. I hope that the mildness of your character, your moderation and conciliatory temper, may render a position more easy for you of which it is impossible not to foresee the risks. If you succeed you will be a hero. If you fail you will be a martyr.’

“ Already the shadows were deepening in the plain, and a beautiful setting sun presented to the two friends one of those spectacles before which few remain impassive, which the inhabitants of countries not too inland can behold in all their magnificence. The vast and serrated chain of the Pyrenees stretched across the south, like a curtain barred with purple and with gold. T—— lay in the middle distance between the spectators and the sun, which lit up the edges of the clouds by which it was half enveloped, the confused mass of the town being crowned by the spires of St. Séverin, and by the high naves of its churches. A whole creation of the fancy might be seen in the fleecy clouds which covered the sky, and the eye might wander for ever over the panorama which nature, so prodigal of her wealth, unrolled at the horizon. . . . As they reached the town the different groups of seminarists drew together,

and it would have been imprudent to have continued their conversation.

“After retiring to his cell, Julio turned over again in his mind the discussion he had had with his friend. How often had he said all this to himself! But the young priest had received from his Maker an almost angelic mind, and if he understood the dangers he also had a presentiment of triumph. ‘What,’ he would say, ‘is virtue if she does not strive? This sacerdotal world upon which I am entering is retrograde and unintelligent. But what then? I may do some good to the poor, the weak, and the neglected of this world. I may be as a Providence for some years to any hamlet in which I am settled. No doubt I shall have troubles, contradictions, and trials, but I shall finish my course on earth—and it seems to promise me a noble future.’”

We have said that Julio was sent to just such a humble cure when, after the death of M. de Flamarens, he was appointed to St. Aventin. Thus he carried out his ideal:—

“‘I have been installed for a month in my little parsonage. It is small and very poor, but I feel already that I shall soon get accustomed to it. I have simple tastes, and shall be always happy, while a good old woman comes every day to prepare my food, and put my humble housekeeping in order. ‘These things settled, I am free. What a strange fate has transported me, as by the swirl of a hurricane, from the active intelligent life of a large town to the humble existence of a poor highland village! But I shall not find fault with Providence. Has not God got a design in everything He does? How stupid of us to forget that He knows best by what paths, steep or easy, our pilgrimage is to be accomplished. I bless Thee, oh, my God! . . . Then my mountain home is a very beautiful one! I shall like it—I can follow my tastes for natural science, and very interesting studies I shall make. Before two years are

over, I shall have a splendid herbal. . . . My first visit has been to the curé of Luchon. I found him horribly prejudiced, for in our clerical world it is not enough if victims are stricken, they must also be aspersed. Our archbishop must have been writing to him in his finest style about the tainted sheep on whom he is recommended to keep an eye, lest it should infect the rest of the flock. . . . It is evident that my smallest actions are watched, and that I am placed under the surveillance of the high archiepiscopal police. . . . My life as a pastor has its consolations. I found ignorance, superstition, and routine among these poor people, but I feel that I may uproot some of it. I am accustoming my poor highlanders to understand me, and they are grateful for the pains I take to speak to them in the plainest words. I only propound one thing to them at a time, and I present that idea over and over again. I teach these men as one would teach children, and I see the advantage of this method. . . . Last Thursday there was an official dinner at Luchon. I was there, and so were the whole of the clergy of the canton, and I observed that I was the object of a general and lively curiosity. These reunions are very gay; the jokes have nothing very commendable in them, but they excite plenty of laughter, all vulgar as they are. The dinner lasted three hours, so did the hilarity of my companions, who ate much, drank much, and made noise enough. As the youngest and latest arrival, I was placed at the bottom of the table near the curé of the Valley of the Lys, a little parish like my own. I talked to him, and he struck me as more simple, more true, and less vulgar than the rest of them. Yet, like me, he is a proscribed person. After dinner we met in the garden, and he made me understand that he was the object of an unenviable supervision. We promised to see each other from time to time. . . . In my botanising rambles the distance will not seem inconvenient.

Besides, I feel that this solitude is killing me, and that I must have a friend.' ”

This curé of the valley of the Lys is the Loubaire who afterwards plays so important a part in Julio's history both for evil and for good. Is this picture of the country clergy of southern France overdrawn? We fear that there are some districts of the Welsh and Scotch Highlands where a gathering of the local incumbents, or of a presbytery, would exhibit similar peculiarities, and if we consider the position of the inferior clergy in France, we can hardly think that Julio's neighbours at St. Aventin were very unlike what he describes them. Their incomes, or rather their stipends—since a French bishop receives his pay like an admiral, and a French priest receives his like a petty officer—is slender. The stipends of some incumbents vary from 48*l.* to 62*l.*; while those of the *desservants* range from 36*l.* to 48*l.* These sums are eked out by the parsonage and garden, but they are not likely to tempt any man of birth and education to enter the ministry. It follows, then, that the priesthood must be constantly recruited from the peasant population, and the result upon the moral and intellectual tone of the clergy is what might be expected. It is an object for a peasant proprietor to get his son into the Church. The future *séminariste* is not liable to be drawn for the conscription, and a father who objects to sending his children to be made “chair à poudre” can put him into a profession which is respectable in all eyes, and which ensures him the lifelong possession of a house, a garden, and the 40*l.* a-year which has become proverbial in our country. We said that the calling and status of a curé ensured, or rather promised, the lifelong enjoyment of these things, but it is not always so. Not only must the recipient stand well with his spiritual pastors and masters, avoiding the hidden reefs on which Julio and Loubaire struck, besides the more patent rock

of offence which laxity of morals throws in his way, but he is answerable for his conduct to the temporal power also. He must stand well with the local police, with the mayors, and with the heads of the *gensd'armerie* of the district, and he must make himself in all political questions as subservient and unobtrusive as possible. In short, his life is a negation of everything which a gentleman prizes, and an outrage on many of the feelings which a gentleman possesses. Such is the situation (since the Revolution destroyed the revenues, and the Concordat sold the liberties of the Gallican Church) of the humble men who, in Chateaubriand's touching words, have "to console the afflicted, share their mite with the poor, comfort the sick, exhort the dying, bury the dead, and pray for France." It is almost well for them that their antecedents are equally humble, and that their education is of a kind little calculated to turn out a race of Galileos. A lower depth is reached by the friars, and the better are they fitted to act the spy at the bidding of the Jesuits. Thus the preaching friar Don Basile came down to St. Aventin less to edify the parishioners than to report on the young heretic. A scene between Julio and the Capuchin is a good specimen of the Abbé ——'s satirical vein:—

"Julio showed him the chamber which awaited him, and there the friar deposited a cargo of consecrated articles which he had brought with him; he was then offered some refreshments, but excused himself by reason of that breakfast at Luchon which he had not yet digested—adding that he should keep his appetite for dinner. . . . After all arrangements for the friar and his mission had been made, Julio drew into the middle of the room the small table at which he worked, and taking his microscope from a drawer, began to examine the specimens he had just brought home, with a view to classifying them.

“ ‘ We are very rich here, *mon père*, in mineralogy. The Pyrenees having only risen, like the Apennines, towards the end of the cretaceous period, are found to contain nearly all the rocks of the igneous and sedimentary formations. These mountains, therefore, furnish me with well nigh the whole history of the successive ages of the earth’s crust. I am all the more favourably placed here at St. Aventin, because I am at the centre of the chain. I have only to follow the torrent of l’Arboust, to go up to the lake of Seculejo, and to reach the peak of Espingo, less distant but more dangerous in their ascent than my mountain, although they have no glaciers, and I find myself on the ridge between France and Spain. . . . This explains to you how we have rocks of all kinds; the beautiful granites of which the monumental baths of Luchon have been built, with syenites, porphyries, and marbles of all colours. I will show you the result of to-day’s exploration,’—and passing each specimen under his lens he showed them to the monk. ‘ Here is a granite of a very fine grain. . . . Here a piece of eruptive quartz of the greatest purity—it is from a thick seam which traverses one ridge of the mountain in all its length. Remark, *mon père*, by the aid of this glass these little black crystals—this is peroxide of manganese in a crystallized form. I have one bit of red porphyry as fine as that which the Egyptians used for their sepulchral edifices, their sphinxes, and the statues of their gods. . . . The infiltration of springs charged with carbonates of chalk and the presence of different acids have occasioned stalagmites in thick masses, which are quarried under the name of marbles; they are all the more remarkable because they are of the richest hues, and very transparent; but I perhaps weary you, *mon père*, with twaddling in this way.’

“ ‘ Not at all, not at all,’ replied the Capuchin, in whose ears these words, orthose, quartz, oxyde, carbonates, and

stalagmites, sounded like so many words out of the Babylonian inscriptions. Afterwards he muttered to himself, 'Well, is it astonishing, after this, that these young people who poke their noses into science should become, as St. Augustine says, beasts of pride, and in their pride wish to reform the Church? Oh! blessed and holy ignorance, thou art a far better thing!'

"But the monk did not wish to be obliged to preserve a silence which might be mistaken for a modest but humiliating avowal that he knew nothing. A Capuchin ought to know everything. He proceeded, therefore, to seek in the remotest lobes of his brain for some faint traces of his studies in Dom Calmet's lectures on the Deluge and the age of the world.

"'Do you then,' he said to Julio, 'believe in these successive ages, ascribed by modern science to our globe?'

"'Yes,' replied Julio, 'because I handle and see them.'

"'All these are systems, M. le Curé, nothing but systems.'

"'Systems I admit, but if founded on facts from henceforth realities in science.'

"'But you see all this has been invented by atheists; it is against religion.'

"'Not at all, *mon père*, religion is a very different affair, and far beyond all this. What relation is there between religion and the study of all the phenomena which may have arisen during the cooling of the globe, when it passed from its incandescent state to a temperature suited to the existence of plants and living organisms?'

"'But still, why not stick to what Moses says? He ascribes all this to the Divine Power in six days. You don't doubt that God could have created all this in the space of one second?'

"'Most certainly He could—no doubt of that, but that is not the question. The matter in hand is, to discover if God was pleased to organise the world, with its mineral crust, its



vegetables, and its living creatures, in a few days, or through several millions of centuries. . . . The order and province of scientific truths is one thing, and the order of revealed Verities is something very distinct from it. The Bible is divine in the matter of revelation, it was not necessary that it should be so in regard to science. . . . Oh ! *mon père*, you and I may believe or not believe in the teaching of modern science, as we think best, but we cannot change by one iota the valuable attainments of science, or deprive it of a step that it has gained.' ”

The curate of St. Aventin could find both labour and amusement in his solitary home, and his days alternated between pastoral labours and such researches as drew upon him the censures of Father Basile. But his mind was too eager, and his necessity for sympathy as well as occupation too great, to make rural life ever truly acceptable to him. For him the life of a great capital, and the intercourse of men of education, was almost a necessity, if his mind was to preserve its sanity and to be saved from preying on itself. Paris was his real home, for the place of preacher at St. Eustache, and the labours of editing his journal, had made life busy and almost hopeful to a priest who desired to labour more abundantly, and to mediate, if possible, between modern society and the sacerdotal party. He wrote thus to a friend, and the letter is characteristic at once of the Frenchman and of the man :—

“ I thought I heard the voice of God bidding me leave the field of religious controversy, where I felt that I had suffered loss in defending His cause. Yet it has cost me much, and how poignant are my regrets ! I fancied myself settled for ever in Paris, in the middle of that phalanx of men whose opinions often clashed, but who were all seekers after truth, all honest and loyal-hearted amid the flux and reflux of human thoughts. They were noble brothers to me. Graciously did they open their ranks to receive the priest who could and would not yield,

one of his Christian convictions, but whose words were never bitter against any doctrines, not even against those which ran counter to his belief.

“ ‘ Men bigoted with Catholicism murmured at my adoption into this great world of European publicity. I was a living protest against their system of polemical hatred, and their appetite for anathemas and persecutions. They have been powerful against me. I was, humanly speaking, the weakest, and between them and me who cared for truth. Now the sacrifice is accomplished. *Consummatum est!* Oh! Paris! Paris! land of liberty and life. Paris! the new Rome, conquering the nations not by armed legions, but by the peaceful phalanxes of thinkers, artists, and men of letters. Paris! receive in this letter, which one friend will read and then give to the winds, the last farewell of one who has loved thee so well, of one who was once obscure and unknown, and whom thou hast received as one of thy men of mark and might. I preserve for thee the imperishable love of a son! In the wild, restless motion of our age, which carries away men and things as the tides of ocean roll up the weeds that once lay heaped in her quiet caves, names are soon forgotten. I do not seek for myself any glory which might be won from others who in their search after truth have laboured with as much ardour and as much love; but leave me this illusion, that in the day when this life goes out in solitude, those who once grasped me by the hand, as a pioneer of the future, will sometimes recall my name to the intellectual world which I loved.’ ”

A chapter of the second volume gives a sketch of the ecclesiastical world which Julio did not love:—

“ The college of the Jesuits was built on the southern side of the town of T——, where, being a vast and imposing structure, it towered as a citadel above the aristocratic quarters of the old capital of Southern France. Its white mass caught the

eye as much as the splendid choir of the Cathedral of St. Etienne, with its high roofs and its numberless buttresses. The reverend fathers had had great success, the gifts and subscriptions had amounted to a large sum, and none of the hoped for successions had slipped past them. They had had the pleasure of seeing expire (duly and fully prepared by the sacraments of the Church) both M. Cayron, Madame de Vateil, and M. Legros; and so wise were the precautions they had taken, that in all these instances few people in T—— (with the exception of those inquisitive persons who always scent out the most secret transactions), were aware that four or five families had been pillaged, and old relatives in their second childhood robbed, that this luxurious palace might be built for the Jesuits. M. Tournichon had, with equal despatch and method, arranged everything regarding the succession of Madame de la Clavière, and as he had found by experience that religious bodies never err on the side of generosity, he armed himself with his ledger before he presented himself to reckon, as it would be vulgarly called, with the reverend *Père Provincial*.

“The porter, well knowing the consideration with which the good fathers regarded the old man, announced him to the *Père Provincial* with that smooth obsequious tone of voice which is peculiar to such pious servitors.

“‘M. Tournichon, if you please, my reverend father.’

“‘You are welcome, M. Tournichon. Well! you have had a great success here! All the better—we are very much pleased.’

“‘Yes, reverend father. She made a very holy ending, did this good Madame de la Clavière. She had all proper honours, and I have even ordered a tomb.’

“‘Ah! very right. Yes, a tomb . . . it was not very expensive?’

“ ‘I ask your pardon, *mon père*, it was dear ; but I made a bargain, and I think I may say that we are out of it for 500 francs.’

“ ‘Very good.’

“ ‘Then, reverend father, I bring you my little account. As I daresay you do not care to fatigue yourself with all the details of this reckoning, you have the sum total at the end of the columns. I have done as for myself, and as a good administrator for the Church, in the matter of a pious legacy.’

“ ‘Oh ! the worthy man ! We are very grateful to you ; what a pity it is that such good Christians as yourself are rare.’

“ ‘I do not deny that I have had some trouble. No less than ten years have I been about this business ; and for ten years to play a hand at cards with an old lady whose wits were not the cause of her death, and who often played very ill——

“ ‘—Was not amusing, I grant it ; but then how meritorious before God ?’

“ ‘So much pains and perseverance could hardly fail. Shortly before her death she all but changed her mind.’

“ ‘Indeed !’

“ ‘I was obliged to speak very sharply, and the old thing was frightened. I reminded her of her engagements, and threatened her with the vengeance of God which overtakes those who, having got upon the right path, dare to turn back ; and I secured everything at last.’

“ ‘What a worthy man ! God will assuredly recompense the energy with which you have defended His cause.’

“ ‘Well, by the help of time, and Monsieur the doctor with his perpetual prescriptions all has come right ; but that rogue of a doctor ! he has sent in a horrible bill.’

“ ‘That bill must be disputed.’

“ ‘I have done so. I also made him perceive that if he was so exacting it might bring him into trouble with his supporters, and his long bill of 3,000 francs ——’

“ ‘Three thousand francs ! Horrible !’

“ ‘—Has been tidily reduced by two-thirds, and that third demanded with very many excuses.’

“ ‘Admirable ! You are really adroit, M. Tournichon !’

“ The old man having then unrolled the valuation of the Clavière succession, pointed meekly and as to a trifle, at the sum of 50,276 francs standing among the expenses, and representing at five per cent. the honorariums, journeys, and other outlays of all sorts of the abovenamed Tournichon, *minus* which the all and whole of the above succession was handed over by him in its integrity, to be disposed of by the reverend *Père Provincial* at his good pleasure.

“ Though this reverend personage had long known how to estimate the disinterestedness of Tournichon, he could not refrain from exclaiming ‘ 50,276 francs ! that is rather strong, M. Tournichon.’

“ ‘Only five per cent., my reverend father.’

“ ‘But we are so poor, my dear M. Tournichon.’

“ ‘Five per cent., reverend father.’

“ ‘You should do something for our labours of piety, M. Tournichon.’

“ ‘I have remembered you in my will, reverend father. I owe too much to the Church and the religious orders not to minister to them after my death with a portion of my modest competency ; but, you understand that I have a daughter.’

“ ‘Come ! come ! this must be arranged ! We will look at this bill another day, you will then be more accommodating.’

“ ‘Reverend father, at my age one ought to put one’s affairs into order. I require tranquillity of mind. I have

done, believe me, more than I would ever do for any but for the men of God.'

"Then pointing out the total again to the Jesuit, he made him read—

"Accepted and verified by us, adding, 'you will have the goodness to accept and sign this now.'

"It is dear, very dear. You will not make it less?'

"No; it is impossible, reverend father. It is not five per cent.; and then playing cards for ten years with an old woman for nothing!'

"The reverend father took up a pen, hesitated, looked at it, and then signed. Then putting the voluminous memorandum among his papers, he murmured to himself, 'that good man has fleeced us.'

"God be with you, reverend father!' answered Tournichon, as, thankful to have had his account settled, he made a profound obeisance to the priest, and departed."

In this way the Jesuits of T—— secured money and dealt with a usurer. Equally pungent are the paragraphs in which the Abbé —— describes the Jesuits of the capital, when they wanted a review of *L'Eglise Nouvelle*, and hired a journalist named Pantaléon Laboue. The reverend father prescribes the matter, the manner, and the price of this critique, which is evidently the counterpart of some of the Ultramontane reviews with which the author and his publisher have been favoured. Characteristic as the passages are, our space does not allow us to copy them, and many others which would seem to ask for admission. We have given, however, extracts enough to show the style and temper of the Abbé ——, and of the novels in which he has popularised the subject of clerical life and clerical reform in France. The strife between the two parties, between the Absolutists and those who, by timely reforms, wish to make the Catholic Church free, useful, and respected, is patent to the

world. Nor is the French empire the only field on which the same battle is likely to be fought. There are those who think that what is passing in the whole religious world of to-day is but the harbinger of a great approaching change; of the dissolution of that system of mediæval theocracy, which has exercised for a thousand years so great a power over the minds and consciences of men and the fate of nations. Many of the most enlightened minds of this age are filled with a presentiment of an approaching storm; and though we are unable at present to foresee the results of a great ecclesiastical revolution (of which the fall of the temporal power of the Papacy would probably be the signal), yet it is impossible for the most sanguine or the most indifferent to ignore that in every European country a strong religious movement is taking place. It occurs in Protestant kingdoms as well as under Catholic rule, and it assumes different shapes according to the complexion of the established faiths, the temper of parties, and the attitude which the hierarchy assumes towards the educated laity. In Italy the impetus is at once religious and political. In Belgium, politics rather than controversies seem to deepen a feeling which is directed less against creeds and dogmas than against measures and men. Not only was the priestly party defeated in the late elections, but it is believed that no cabinet formed on an Ultramontane basis could at this moment command the confidence of the nation. In England the situation is not complicated with any political bias whatever, and the present phase of religious thought appears as a reaction from the two last movements in the Anglican Church against the Evangelical and Tractarian schools. In Scotland the Established Church, placed between the great seceding party of 1843, and the Scottish Episcopal body, must consider her interests, and is awakening to the necessity of a liturgical reform. In short, the controversy is world-wide, though it is in Italy chiefly that men see the day

approaching. Thus it is that the praise or blame of originality in his views cannot be awarded to the author of *Le Maudit*. If M. Michelet has for years been the terror of the Jesuits, who wince under that fierce and well-applied lash, the anti-papal movement in Italy has assumed great proportions, and the names of Passaglia and of Liverani are as unwelcome to ecclesiastical ears as the author of the *Maudit* could ever wish to become. In that mass of Italian reactionary literature, priestly pens are mostly employed. Mongini is in orders, Monsignore Tiboni pleads for the secularization of the Bible, Reali is a canon, and the disclosures as well as the sentiments of these men are all inimical to priestcraft, if not actually to the priests. This Free Church party has its newspapers, the *Colonna di Fuoco*, edited by Don L. Zuccaro, which might vie with the imaginary journal of Julio; and they have their cheaper publications, which, in the shape of pamphlets and almanacs, command an enormous sale. The *Almanacco Popolare* is most vigorous against the Jesuits, and, though it is a contraband article in pious families, 80,000 copies of this book alone were sold in the year 1862.

Having thrown in his lot with the thinkers and politicians of this school, the Abbé — has the satisfaction of feeling that in his work of Reformation in the Gallican Church he is not without examples or without sympathisers. While an angry camarilla classes him with Renan, men of cool judgment see that his place is with Cavour and with Azeglio, with Passaglia, if not with the earlier reformers. But, as the Free Church of Italy has refused to sympathise with the Waldensian communities, so the Abbé — shows no leaning to any Protestant Church, and, indeed, he seems inclined to do Protestantism less than justice where he says:—"The Reformation has been barren of religious results. By it old Catholicism was overthrown, but it has not made one Christian the more ;



and, in the Reformed churches, quite as much as in the lands of prelates and monks, life is dying out in that state of atonic scepticism which has become the complaint of souls disgusted with the old forms in which the Gospel was wrapped during the Middle Ages." A better acquaintance with the shape which religious controversy has assumed in our country would, we think, induce the Abbé — to alter this sentence, which, however much or little it may apply to the Protestant schools of Germany, is wholly inappropriate to the freedom of inquiry and earnestness of thought which will make this epoch memorable in our own Church. There is no doubt but that the long-existing antagonism between the Church of Rome and the Reformed bodies, as well as the narrow peculiarities which sectarians exhibit in every country, have indisposed men like this unknown Abbé to claim religious kinship with Protestants, however much they may be satisfied with the intellectual results of our reformation.

A review of the books before us would be incomplete unless we gave our readers a precise account of the direction which this movement has taken in France, and of the hopes and dreams of its directors. We give the author's own words, where he describes his ideal Church of the future prepared for no separation and no schism, but desiring the work to be begun and carried out by every hearth, as loyally and as effectually as in the temples and by the altar. He has spoken of the contradictions and sufferings experienced by enlightened Catholics, of Lacordaire, of M. de Lammenais, of the brothers Allignol, of the curate Dagomer, and of others who have combated the Ultramontane and perverse tyranny of the day (contradictions which are not wholly unknown, we may believe, to such men as Count Montalembert, the Prince de Broglie, and Sir John Acton), and yet he encourages Catholics of this calibre to hope :—

“The salvation of the Church must come from this party, which, being moderate and full of faith, wise, and intelligent, knows that it must not follow in the path of folly, theocracy, and mysticism. . . . These are the believers of the Church of the future ; they are its embryos. They form the elementary Church, as the grain of mustard seed has in it the life of the tree which is to come from it, complete in roots, trunk, and branches.

“These are the peaceful initiators of a new order.

“But these are the hard conditions of their apostleship :—

“To remain in the visible Church ; to belong to her soul, to the best part of her, to her real life. To accept of her worship as it is at present (since worship is transformable in its nature, and may be modified by time, till it returns to the simplicity of primitive ages).

“Never to break with Rome or with episcopacy. This is the capital point. Popes and bishops sit in the chair of Peter, as the princes among priests sat in the days of the synagogue in the chair of Moses. They must be loved and respected, for an immense number of these men of the old Church are men of virtue, and it is among them that the new Church must find her apostles.

“To separate ourselves plainly and openly from the fanatical Ultramontane sect ; to unmask its dangerous anti-evangelical spirit ; to break formally with these Pharisees of the latter days, who are the curse of Christian society, because they discredit Christianity, and render it odious to simple people who are not hostile, but indifferent to the grand doctrines of the Gospel.

“To stigmatise these hypocrites of the new Law, to show them like their fathers of the old Law, paying their tithe of mint and cumin, and pursuing with implacable hatred the

true worshippers of God; whited sepulchres wearing their rosaries to be seen of men, and to pass for saints.

“This is the new work. It is great and bold, but it is lawful.

“We will have no schism; for schism is isolation, and a loss of strength.

“No heresies . . . the one which has to be combated is the substitution of *man* for *God*; when we exaggerate the rights granted by Christ to the head of His Church.

“To remain invincible in the orthodox Catholic faith; there lies our strength, and we will dogmatize in nothing. . . . We must be impassible and patient.

“We must disabuse the minds of women. . . . Let them know that religion is great, but that the systems of the men who direct them are narrow and dangerous. Let them be saved from a mysticism which is their death, from puerile practices which take up their time, and from the servile submission which tortures their conscience. Much harm has been unwittingly done in the Church by women, and they ought to repair it.”

Such is the programme of the Abbé ——. Is it practicable? and if practicable, what would be its results? Assuredly the influence of such reforms would not be religious only. Were such a transformation to become general, it would make a great political movement again imminent in France. The first effect of such teaching and belief would be to convince every Frenchman and woman that he and she are responsible agents; and the first claim of every responsible being is liberty. The French nation has gone through such singular and repeated changes, and has alternated so between tyranny and license, that it is impossible to say whether, in appreciating this first truth, it would also lay hold of the greater truth by which it is followed, namely, that a sense of

collective responsibility is the surest guarantee of order and support of the laws. Our author has observed a more than marked reticence on this head, as if the political liberties of his country were wholly out of his thoughts. He is discreet, but we cannot believe him to be indifferent or ignorant of the civil and social result if his religious hopes should be realized. To what extent he is ever to be gratified is a grave as well as a curious question, and being himself without data, he must be content to wait for the answer. *That* is hid, he says, and "is the secret of God"—"but *this*," he adds, "is no secret—that the human mind will conquer, for it will not let itself be taken in the webs of theocracy; and that *caste* must give way which is now so powerful, and which, with a cunning long unperceived by the masses, has interwoven its personal interests with those of religion. It must perish, but this shall endure, even the truth as revealed in the Gospel, which fadeth not away."

*MEMOIRS OF MADAME DU PLESSIS-MORNAY.\**[*Edinburgh Review*, April, 1871.]

WHILE the events of the late war still echo in our ears, we know not whether any apology be needed for reverting to a page of long past French history. Yet the book before us is so full of genuine interest, is so personal, and so pathetic, and turns so much on those feelings by which, as a French poet has assured us, the heart of humanity is kept ever young, that it will prove, as we believe, its own apologist. If it be true that history repeats itself, then assuredly a narrative of domestic trials, of political emergencies, and of religious animosities can never be out of date, since men and women still bear in their hearts passions as vindictive, a patriotism as ardent, and, let us hope, a piety as sincere as distinguished, in the sixteenth century, Philip and Charlotte du Plessis de Mornay.

Monsieur du Plessis, best known to fame as having been the confidential secretary of Henry .IV., married Madame de

\* 1. *Mémoires de Madame de Mornay*; édition revue sur les manuscrits, publiée avec les variantes et accompagnée de lettres inédites de M. et Mme. du Plessis-Mornay et de leurs enfants. Pour la Société de l'Histoire de France. Par Mme. DE WITT, née GUIZOT. Deux tomes. 8vo. Paris : 1869.

2. *Les dernières Heures de Mornay du Plessis, Gigord, Rivet, Du Moulin, Drelincourt et Fabri*. Par JEAN-JACOB SALCHI. Publié par la Société de Livres religieux de Toulouse. Valence : 1847.

3. *Les Fondateurs de l'Unité Française. Etudes historiques*. Par M. le Comte LOUIS DE CARNE. Paris : 1868.

Feuquères, *née* Arbaleste de la Borde, in 1575, when he was twenty-three, and his bride twenty-two years of age, while yet, to use M. Guizot's striking words, they were of the number of those in whom the sight of crimes and the prospect of danger only serves to arouse indignation, and a more obstinate persistence in virtue. How they did persist, and what of rewards or penalties their conduct entailed on them, this history of their joint lives will show, which was written by the wife and originally intended for the use of their son. We extract from the author's preface—

“Now that I behold you ready to start off into the world, to see it, and to study in it the manners of men and the state of nations, not being able to follow you with my eyes, I will follow you however with the same care, and pray God that you may increase in the fear and love of God. . . . He has made you to be born of a father of whom in these days He has made use (and who will again serve to His glory), and who has since your infancy dedicated you to His service. . . . But to the intent that you should never want a guide, here is one under warranty of my own hand to go with you: this is the example of your father, which I adjure you to have ever before your eyes, to the which end I have taken the trouble to discourse to you what I have been able to know of his life. Albeit that our companionship was often interrupted by the troubles of the time, you have enough here to know what graces God has given him, as well as the zeal and affection with which he has ever used them; and you may hope for the like help whenever you too are resolved to serve Him with all your heart. I am sickening and failing, so much so that I am led to think that my God will not leave me long in this world. You will keep this writing in memory of me. . . . In whatever place you are serve God, and follow your father. I shall go to my burial content, at whatever hour I am summoned, if I see

you in the way to advance His honour. . . . For the rest, I commend your sisters to you : love them, and let them see by your loving them that you would perhaps also have loved your mother. . . . Written at Saumur this 25th April, 1595. Your very fond mother,

“ CHARLOTTE ARBALESTE.”

The truth and simplicity of these memoirs make them valuable materials for history, and they are well worthy of the care which Madame de Witt, on behalf of the Société de l'Histoire de France, has bestowed upon this new edition. Of their authenticity there has never been a doubt, two manuscript copies of the work having been preserved, one in the Bibliothèque Impériale, and another in the Bibliothèque de l'Université. The variations between these copies are neither many nor important, but such as they are, Madame de Witt has compared them and given both the readings in her pages, enriching the book at the same time with a collection of letters, and with a few pertinent notes. M. Guizot's introduction to the book is a piece of finished and beautiful writing. The idiom is delicate, the style all that we could expect from the historian of Civilisation, and the temper of it is worthy of Madame du Plessis' own.

It is surely no small praise to give to an author of the period of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, who was a woman, a personal sufferer, and who lived in an age when religious toleration was not to be found in either theory or practice, that her memoirs are devoid of passion. Nay, more than that, they frequently record the good offices of Catholics with gratitude, but at the same time with a simplicity which shows that the writer herself would have been quite ready to render like offices in her turn. Tranquil, equable, and pious, her mind as it has imaged itself in these pages, affords a pleasant relief

from too many of the heroines of that day. Though a warm politician, Madame du Plessis was not an intriguer or a bigot ; she had a fine intellect, but she lived in her affections of wife and mother ; it was through these affections that she was wounded, until after the disgrace of her husband, the desertion of their royal master, and the death of her eldest son, she went, as she expressed it, " to her burial," more full of sorrows than of years.

The historical narrative in these memoirs first becomes important in 1572, at the date of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, but their domestic interest only begins in 1575, when Philip du Plessis made the acquaintance of the young widow, Madame de Feuquères. Both had incurred the dangers of Paris during that terrible crisis, and both were not only Protestants in spirit, but Philip had lived in intimacy with the leaders of the proscribed party, while Madame de Feuquères was the widow of a man known to be " well affectioned towards the cause." The future secretary of Henri IV. had his share of dangers, and his future wife ran, if possible, greater risks. She describes them thus :—

" As I was to have left Paris on the Monday after St. Bartholomew, I meant on Sunday to have gone to the Louvre to take leave of the Princesse de Conti, Madame de Bouillon, Madame de Rothelin, and Madame de Dampierre ; but before I had risen, a kitchen-maid of mine, who was of the religion, came flying in to me with great fear, telling me that they were all being killed. I am not easily astonished, but getting up and throwing a garment over me, I went to the window, and there saw in the great Rue St. Anthoine, where I lodged, every thing in commotion, and several corps de garde, and every one with a white cross in his hat. Then I saw it was serious, and fled to my mother, where my brothers were, to know what had happened. Then I found much hampered, because my



brothers were all professors of the religion. M. Pierre Chevalier, Bishop of Senlis, my maternal uncle, told me to put up all my valuables, and that he would come presently to fetch me; but as he was about to do so, he found M. Charles Chevalier, Seigneur d'Esprunes, his brother, had been murdered, in the Rue Bétisy, where he lodged to be near the admiral."

Having waited for him half an hour, and seeing that the tumult increased in the street, the young widow then decided to send her only child, a girl of three years old, to the house of M. de Perrenge, *maître des requêtes*, a faithful relative and friend, who not only protected the infant, but afforded a shelter to the mother. There she heard of the murder of Coligny, and was beginning to realise the magnitude of the destruction which awaited the Huguenots and their cause, when a domiciliary visit was made in M. de Perrenge's house by the servants of the Duke of Guise. The object of this search was herself. Being carefully hidden, she escaped with her life, and remained in safety till the Tuesday, when orders were given for a fresh inspection of her host's house. In a hollow space under the roof of an outhouse young Madame de Feuquères passed the next hours, hearing in the streets below "strange cries of men, women, and children who were being massacred, and, not having my child with me, I fell into such a perplexity of spirit that I had rather have thrown myself from the roof of the house than have fallen alive into the hands of such a populace, or have seen my child massacred, which I feared more than death."

It next became necessary to disguise this poor lady, and to send her to some other hiding-place. She took refuge with a blacksmith who had married a waiting-maid of her mother's, and there on Tuesday night her mother came to see her, "more dead than alive, and more shaken than I was myself." On that mother's house a guard was set, and it was no place

for Madame de Feuquères, who on Wednesday morning left the blacksmith's with a little boy for her guide, and made her way through the streets to the cloisters of St. Denis, to a family of the name of Morin, with whom she stayed till midnight of Thursday. A threatened visitation of their quarters forced her again into the streets, and thence to the stores of a corn-merchant, where she lay for five days. None of these vicissitudes seem to have shaken the courage of the lady, but there was a ruder trial in store for her faith. Her mother sent to tell her that all her brothers were safe because they had attended mass, and in the name of the child her mother now implored Charlotte to do the same. Lacking linen, light, and almost food, the fugitive returned for answer that to the mass she neither could nor would go, and she began to cast in her mind the plan which she ultimately carried out, for escaping from Paris in a boat. On the eleventh day after the massacre, disguised, but horribly afraid lest a chemise trimmed round the throat with "*point coupé*" should lead to her recognition as a Protestant lady of rank, she embarked in a boat bound for Sens. Professing to be a peasant going to the vintage, she had to sleep between two women, one of whom had already suggested that she might be "a Huguenot whom they ought to drown," and her companions by day were monks and soldiers, who boastfully recounted to her the massacres of the last week. She had however one ally on board, a man named Minier, deputed by her friends of the Cloître St. Denis to protect and assist her. Acting on his advice, she landed at Yuri, near Corbeil, walked five leagues to the château of the Chancellor de l'Hôpital, and there hid in the cottage of his vinedresser. Fifteen weary and uneventful days she passed in that place, uncertain what step to take next, and hearing from her humble entertainer sad stories of the deaths of neighbouring lords, all Huguenots, but

of whom the peasants said, "that there were no such alms-givers left." At the end of these fifteen days, borrowing an ass from the vinedresser, Madame de Feuquères crossed the river, and arrived at Esprunes, a house belonging to her grandfather. There first, from the reception of the servants, the vinedresser became aware of the rank of the refugee to whom he had given shelter, and he broke forth in excuses for not having given the *damozselle* the best bed in his cottage. He apparently let his illustrious visitor have the donkey for her future use, for a fortnight afterwards, she made another march with the same animal to her brother's house, where she arrived with only fifteen *testons* in her pocket, and from whence, having changed her dress, and collected a small sum of money, she started in a cart for Sedan. The journey was a long one, and her brother was of opinion that it would be hazardous; but apparently to her it seemed tame after so many hair-breadth escapes, for the biographer contents herself with saying that she entered Sedan on All Saints' Day, and that she found many friends there, who placed their means at her disposal.

It was at Sedan that she saw and married Philip du Plessis-Mornay. He too had been among the tumult and the bloodshed of that terrible day in the Paris streets, and escaping thence to the coast had taken refuge for some months in England. He was by this time twenty-three years of age, well-educated, formed by travel, and the author of some political pamphlets. "I took pleasure," says the young widow, when recording the frequency of his visits to herself through one winter at Sedan, "I took pleasure in his good and polite converse." With a gentle decorum, not devoid either of humour or of some self-satisfaction, she goes on to say that, it having been her intention to remain a widow, she determined to fathom his intentions and his character. Their tastes suited admirably. Arithmetic, painting, and other studies, she

tells us (with a *naïveté* worthy of Lucy Hutchinson's sweet and studious youth) that they shared in common, and the result was that she liked him better than any brother, but had no thoughts of marriage! M. du Plessis had, however, and as this lady was emphatically a *château qui parle*, so she proved a woman to be won as well as wooed, and just as she had made up her mind to a journey that was to break off their habits of intimacy, he told her boldly of his wish to marry her. "Ce que je reçeus à honneur," continues the biographer. The family of M. du Plessis joined their solicitations to his, the family of the lady gave their consent, and by June, 1575, she was convinced "that God had ordered this union for her great good." The nuptials did not take place immediately, and other and richer brides, as she mentions with pardonable pride, were offered to her lover, but he remained faithful to his choice, and at her request wrote during these months his treatise *De la Vie et de la Mort*. A curious wedding gift, but not inappropriate to a woman whose first husband had died of a wound, and who had barely escaped with her own life in the massacre of her co-religionists in Paris.

This bride and bridegroom may have been still young in years, but they had already obtained by experience a curious acquaintance both with life and death; and they were as likely as any couple in France not to regard "life as a toil or a pleasure, but as a serious duty, to be carried through with honour." To understand aright the career on which they had entered by this marriage, it will be necessary to give a glance at the state of politics and of the Huguenot cause in France. It had just undergone a crucial trial, and it had also entered on a period of change the magnitude of which it was left to the next two centuries to exhibit. What this change was will appear if we compare the Protestantism of 1575 with the state of the Reformed party thirty years before.

When the treaty of Crespy had put an end, in 1544, to the fourth war of Francis I. with the Emperor Charles V., a new prospect opened for France, one of intellectual progress, internal measures, and doctrinal changes. During ten years the tenets of Calvin had been increasing in popularity among the greatest families of the court and country, and the Vau-  
dois heresy had gained such a head as to provoke the intervention of the State, but still the Reformed doctrines were interesting only as doctrines; the movement was intellectual and moral, not, as in other countries, political or national in its spirit; social reforms, when attempted, were in France only demanded in the interests of morality, and the new studies were felt to be in harmony with the increasing intelligence of the country and of its upper and middle classes when they emerged from the darkness of mediæval ignorance. In France, then, Protestantism might long have continued to wear this peaceable aspect, and to have led only to the formation of a purer and more intellectual type of national character, had not the numbers, as well as the merits of its disciples, attracted to them the attention of both the parties in the State. Catharine de Medicis at one time decidedly affected the Huguenots; she discovered, or thought that she discovered in them an engine of power and of political support, and when she made Anne de Bourbon lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and released the Prince of Conde from prison, she seemed at once to favour the cause of Protestantism and that of the princes of the blood. To the Guises fell the charge of upholding Catholicism, and it was easy for them to make the feeble princes who, from 1559 to 1589, filled the French throne, see in the adherents of the new faith a source of political weakness, a danger threatening at once the prerogatives of the Church and of the crown.

The first measures taken against Protestants did not come

from a religious so much as from a political animus, but by an irony of fate not unexampled in history, these very persecutions drove the Huguenots into exasperated opposition, and gave them at the same time a sense of their own importance. The best, the noblest, the wisest, and the bravest men in the France of that day were Protestants, and revolt and rebellion had been far from their thoughts till persecution taught them fatal lessons at once of vengeance and of their power. Calvinism, when it first penetrated France, had not that democratic character which it assumed in Scotland and in Switzerland; but the Guises, pointing to the rebellious and stubborn insurgents of the Low Countries, argued with the sovereign that all Protestant heretics were enemies of monarchy as well as of order. Thus vexatious decrees came to be fulminated at the Huguenots, and French Protestantism acquired the formidable proportions and was driven into the formidable political attitude which it afterwards assumed. It formed at last a State within the State; it came to have its courts and its camps, and three civil wars had already been the consequence, first of the fickle advances, and then of the cruel prosecutions, of an intriguing court.

Of these wars the last had been but indifferently patched up by the peace of St. Germain en Laye (1570), the one which in that age of nicknames was ironically called "*la paix boiteuse et malassise*." An amnesty, which granted free exercise of religion, exemption from civil disabilities, and the possession of the four cities of La Rochelle, Montauban, Cognac, and La Charité to the Huguenots, as well the marriage of Henry of Navarre to the Princess Marguerite of Valois, then came to promise better things. It seemed as if the breach between the two religions was not yet irreparable—as if the estrangement of so large and valuable a body of the king's subjects was not intended by him, and men of peace hoped that a new and

perhaps a happier day had dawned for their country. That day closed, and it closed in the lurid darkness of St. Bartholomew. From that hour all possibility of union was at an end. Henceforward the Huguenots would respond to no royal caresses, and trust to no royal promises; all murdered, outraged, and betrayed as they were, they yet formed a compact and powerful body of men: they would try their strength: and absolved now from any sense of loyalty to a monarch who had plotted their ruin in a wholesale massacre, they were ready for any foreign alliance that might offer itself.

For two hundred years the gulf that opened on that day between the two religions continued to yawn, and the hatred that was fixed between them then has burst out repeatedly into outrages now on this side and now on that. It sent Catholic dragoons to carry fire and sword into Protestant villages and homesteads; it nerved, on the other hand, the fierce insurgents of the Cevennes, and it made the Camisards hail the idea of an English landing at Maguelonne, when they came to prefer treason to their sovereign to treason to their faith, and finally in the massacre of September 1794, it pointed many a sword at many a priestly throat.

It was in the very first heat and flush of the hatred thus engendered (and of which we have here ventured to trace some of the later results), that Philip and Charlotte du Plessis-Mornay married. A fifth civil war broke out after the accession of Henry III., and it may well be believed that the lover-author and his bride ceased not to find and to see around them ample food for reflection on many varieties and emergencies both *de la vie et de la mort*. It is not our intention here to follow their biography through all the military and political alternations of that war, closed as it was by the peace called *la paix de monsieur* in 1576. Suffice it to say that while the power of the league increased daily, while the estates were

convoked at Blois, while the arms of Henry of Navarre were suffering those vicissitudes of good fortune and of ill, which Sully describes with such interest and vivacity, while to the war called *des amoureux* succeeded an eighth outbreak of hostilities known as the *guerre de trois Henris*, while the gallant Béarnais was victorious at Coutras, while the Guises were filling the capital with barricades and bloodshed (1588), and while Henry III. and his cousin were besieging Paris from the height of Montretout, Du Plessis-Mornay shared the anxieties and often the dangers of his Huguenot master.

We do not always behold him, it is true, spurring after the white plumes on fields of battle, or even falling like Sully, hard pressed among the javelins in the ditch of Villefranche of Perigord, but we do see him hurry across hostile provinces to meet his patron at Agen—"where he abode some days," says Madame Charlotte, "and where the king desired that henceforth M. du Plessis should assist at his councils, and help in all his affairs." His journey to England, and a later mission to Antwerp, show that he was entrusted with the most confidential secrets, and that he was respected by foreigners as the emissary of a great and hopeful prince is evident from the fact that James VI. of Scotland addressed an autograph letter to him from Stirling, and that Maurice, one of the sons of the Prince of Orange, stood god-father to the child that was born to him in Flanders. It must not be thought, however, that the profession of arms was wholly foreign to the secretary; he had his share of it as well as of the forced marches, ambuscades, and the other concomitants of war. Here is the account of an attempt to surprise Toulouse:—

"M. du Plessis had formed (*basty*) a design upon Toulouse, and before he would say anything of it to the King of Navarre he would go himself to reconnoitre; wherein he met with many contrary accidents. Arriving in the evening at about a league



from the city, and being unarmed, a hamlet through which he passed, called St. Geniz, took alarm, and arming against him made it difficult for him to reach its gate. The house to which he was to repair he found held by the Sieur de Verdall, colonel of the infantry of M. de Joyeuse: so he had to go further. The signal too had been given from St. Geniz, where a flaming barrel had been set up in the belfry, so that the whole district was up, horns sounding in every direction, and all the roads blocked. As he could not make any reconnaissance that night, he went on to Foix, where, at the house of M. de Benergue he was well received . . . . The next day, crossing the Garonne above Toulouse; he pushed on horseback beyond the islands, to the spots which he wished to examine; and he saw these from so near, and by so beautiful a moonlight, that he was able to report the matter to the king as highly feasible."

The lady who drew this picturesque sketch of the bold rider threading his way through the banks and islands of the moonlit river in the neighbourhood of hostile bands, had herself led a wandering and uneasy life, too often divided, as she complained, from the companionship of her husband by the troubles of the times; now giving birth to a son in Flanders, now burying a babe of three months at Nérac, in Gascony. She kept up her courage, however, and made for herself friends wherever she went out of all who were noblest either in birth or in manners; she seems to have been as fond of society as she was of letters, and she never omits to tell us, when she enumerates the godparents of her children, that such a one was "*un grand de Hespagne,*" or that another was, better still, "*une femme de grande vertu, et qui mesmes a escrit quelques choses.*"

We now come to the events of 1588. By the death of the Queen Mother, and still more by the murder of the Guises, the complexion of public affairs was greatly altered, but the rigid virtue of Philip du Plessis forbade him to rejoice in any

advantage gained by a crime. His master could not take so purely ethical a view of the case ; “ *c'est trop de sens froid sur une telle nouvelle,*” he exclaimed, when Mornay's letter reached him, and yet so entirely did he trust the devotion of his secretary, that in the following April he bestowed on him the governorship of Saumur. To that town on the banks of the Loire, Monsieur and Madame du Plessis accordingly repaired in 1589, and there they established themselves, to connect henceforward the city, the square fortress, and the abounding river with the memory of their joint lives, of their great bereavement, and of their still greater reverses. So closely connected did he become with that great Protestant city, that Sully (who never liked him) speaks of him as the “ *Roi de Saumur,*” and hints that he aspired in his government to a complete independence of the King's authority.

As every tide now seemed to float Henry of Navarre nearer to the hour of his triumphant success, and to the possession of the French throne, so it might have been thought that each trouble shared, each danger passed, was but the more likely to strengthen the bond between him and his faithful secretary. “ I could sooner do without my shirt than without Du Plessis,” declared the King. “ Religion too,” he said, “ was, for those who had known what it was, not to be put off like a shirt. It is within the heart.” Brave words : and when the future sovereign of France first wrote from the camp before Paris to tell the governor of Saumur of the crime of Jacques Clément and of the death of Henry III., no doubt but he would then have sworn to make them good against all comers and all turns of fortune. Apart, however, from the inconstancy of human friendships, and from the too frequent ingratitude of royal masters, there was a cause at work which was ultimately to break the tie to Du Plessis-Mornay in a way which he would have been the very last to suspect.

That new development of French Protestantism to which we have just drawn attention, its double kingdom, and the indomitable spirit which ever since the St. Bartholomew the Huguenots had begun to exhibit, were manifestations which, perhaps because he had himself stood in the vanguard of the movement, had not escaped the sagacity of the Béarnais.

He saw the road open before him now to the throne of a kingdom for which compactness and unity were essentials. He had experienced in his own person how over-ready were foreign powers to make a tool of the Huguenot cause for the disturbance or dismemberment of France, and laying his experience to heart, he determined never to be the stipendiary or auxiliary of any foreign sovereign. Brought up a Protestant, he had also been brought up a student of that ancient history which at once inculcates patriotism as a virtue, and treats it as in itself a worship.\* What Philip Augustus, what Louis IX., and what Louis XI. had done towards the foundation of French unity, Henri Quatre would outdo. He would be the king of the hearts of his people, and such a kingdom he said to himself was surely worth more than a mass. Thus sceptical, or indifferent, or only perhaps very wise in his generation, this prince, though living in an age of controversy, piety, and persecution, believed only in the influences of moderation, popularity, and prudence. If he had found his kingdom torn and divided, he had no less a mind to leave this beautiful but distracted France consolidated, peaceful, and great; and if with a view to such an aim he cast a glance on the position of the Gallican Church, that glance sufficed to show him that he must choose to have her either as a friend

\* A very curious autograph letter of Henry's to Jeanne d'Albret is preserved in the collection of M. Feuillet de Conches. In it he tells her of his studies in Plutarch, and thanks her for having so early and so steadily directed his attention to the *Lives*.

or as a most formidable foe. Now that Church held in her possession 40,000 fiefs or arrière-fiefs of the kingdom. She was a great territorial, aristocratic, and feudal power; but she was more—she was a thoroughly national institution (how national the attitude of Bossuet towards the Holy See was yet to exhibit); she was no effete, or worn out body, but pregnant even then with statesmen like Richelieu, prelates like Fénelon, orators like Bossuet, scholars like Pascal, philosophers like Descartes and Malebranche, almoners like St. Vincent de Paul, and saints like the ladies of Port Royal. Such and so many children were yet to spring from her mighty side. A shortsighted politician might have misinterpreted the signs of the times, and augured from them falsely of her future; he might have deemed that the great movement of the Reformation, so widespread and so respectable, would sooner or later sap the strength of this Gallican Church; but Henri IV. read with greater discernment; he saw that in a trial of strength between the two elements Catholicism would win, and he determined to reign, to marry, and to die only as a most Catholic king. The decision may have been a politic one, and, as far as the king personally was concerned, it was a successful one, but looking back to it across the experience of two centuries and a half, it is difficult to compute the cost of that sacrifice of principle to the permanent interests of France.

Du Plessis-Mornay could not view the subject in the light in which it appeared to his master. To him it was just such a crime as the "*gran rifiuto*" appeared to Dante: it was a preferring of darkness to light; it was treason to the Gospel, and to the manes of thousands of Huguenots dead already in the profession, and for the profession of the Reformed faith. It was the eclipse of all his hopes that one day Protestant principles would be as supreme in France as they already were in Holland, Switzerland, and England; and it soon began to appear

to him as being, what it indeed was, so far as he was concerned, the beginning of the end.

Yet the rupture between the king and his former secretary did not come all at once. In all the arrangements for the Edict called of Nantes, by which religious toleration was secured to the Huguenots, Du Plessis was consulted. His biographer says :—

“ The journey which M. du Plessis made in the end of April was by express command of the king, who after several delays having decided on a visit to Lyons, and going by way of Dijon and Troyes, he desired to meet with M. du Plessis before going farther. . . . His majesty received him with more demonstrations of goodwill and private intimacy than ever ; the gentlemen of the court likewise.”

But later the wife's tone changes. Her husband left her in the autumn of 1599, to meet his sovereign :—

“ When I pray God to bless him in matters both public and private. . . . M. du Plessis kissed hands. The king had not seen him since the death of the Duchesse de Beaufort, and it was to be noted that of his regrets he said not a word, though he had been wont to make his complaints to those who came to his court.”

“ The little rift within the lute ” was certainly there ; it only remained that, slowly widening, it should indeed “ make the music mute.” After the conference of Fontainebleau it became wide enough :—“ *Fut donc amené M. du Plessis en suite de ci-dessus (of his publishing a work on the Eucharist) à la prétendue Conférence de Fontainebleau, au 4 mai 1600, de laquelle la tenue et procédure sont déduites en un discours exprès que M. du Plessis mesme en fit tost après son retour à Saumur.*” In this brief sentence, of which we have preferred not to alter the dry and rather scornful idiom, lies the whole secret of the rupture.

Philip du Plessis-Mornay, when summoned to this conference to hear and to answer questions on his book, was confronted not only by the Bishop of Evreux and the clergy, but also by the king; and it was no small effort for him to have to show now that dearer to him than any smiles of princes or prelates was what he held to be "pure and sovran" truth in the face of a superstitious error. The Bishop of Evreux and his compeers, forgetting or overlooking the very different signification once intended by the word "*substance*," frankly demanded a reception for the doctrine of transubstantiation as taught by the Council of Trent: viz., for the corporeal presence in the Eucharist of the whole substance (matter and form) of the Body of Christ, by virtue of a miraculous power of consecration residing in every celebrant. This the Huguenot denied, since he beheld in the Sacrament only a pious and thankful commemoration of the death of Christ; and in anxiety to get this opinion of his friend's condemned, the king seemed curiously able to forget that he had ever himself been a professor of such a tenet. Perhaps the disputants did not wish to come to terms, or even to modify the expression of their dissidence; certainly no healer of the breach was there to give a less material meaning to the "*substance*" in dispute, or to suggest to Du Plessis that a Divine Presence in the "creatures of bread and wine" might be spiritually discerned. The King, so far from mediating in any way, rather hurried on an unfavourable verdict; the book was condemned, and the author left the place, dispirited and ill, "partly," says his wife, "from overwork, partly from the heart-break (*crève-cœur*) of seeing himself so treated, but above all, that all that he had dreamed of for the instruction of the people, and for the edification of many should have turned to trouble and scandal, to which he would have preferred a thousand deaths."

Sully's account of this disputation is not favourable to Du

Plessis, in spite of his own Protestant sympathies and convictions. He had, it is true, endeavoured, though in vain, to prevent the encounter by the king's authority. Du Perron, the Bishop of Evreux, was no bigot, but he succeeded in showing that Du Plessis had erred in many of his citations, and that he had not thought enough upon the subject. "La chose se passa ainsi qu'un chacun sait : Du Plessis se défendit à faire pitié, et en sortit à sa honte." "What do you think of your Pope?" said Henry to Sully during the argument, "for Du Plessis is among Protestants what the Pope is to Catholics." "I think, Sire," replied the sage Minister, "that he is more Pope than you imagine, for he is at this moment giving a red hat to M. d'Evreux. If our religion had no better support than his crossed arms and legs, I would quit it instantly."\*

Du Plessis, we may hope and believe, did not overhear these wounding expressions, but it was with an overwhelmed spirit that he returned to Saumur, to a government once bestowed on him by a friendly and grateful master; and there he attended to its affairs; unluckily not always in silence. He published, as Madame Charlotte tells us, an account of the conference, of its sentence, and of its injustice. The king was incensed by this publicity, and himself so long faithless in the spirit, he brought a charge of faithlessness against his secretary, deprived him of the superintendence of the mines, and disgraced him.

The account of M. du Plessis' sufferings both in mind and body is pathetic in the extreme, but our space does not permit us to trace out the consequent reverses of the governor; neither does it allow us to describe either how his great school rose at La Flèche, or how it was ruthlessly destroyed by a king who wished to hand it over to the Jesuits, or yet how he laboured at the formation in Saumur of one of those Protestant

\* *Mémoires de Sully.* Livre onzième.

academies which then adorned the provincial cities of France. Of this college (as of its contemporaries at Die, Vitre, Castres, Orthez, Sedan, Nismes, and La Rochelle) no trace now remains, and yet this was but one out of the many schools full of vigorous intellectual life which were lost to France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Of the whole number Montauban alone remains. In Saumur all memory of the academy has faded, though the name of one street in the town certainly points to the presence of a Protestant "*temple*," and another yet recalls its old Protestant governor, Philip du Plessis-Mornay.

There at Saumur, where he continued to dwell after his disgrace at court, his domestic troubles also greatly increased. In October, 1605, his son Philip, the one for whom Madame Charlotte wrote the memoirs, was killed in battle in Flanders. "Blessed close of life," cries the heart-broken mother, "for one born in the Church and brought up in the fear of God to fall in action, and in an honourable cause; but for us his parents only the beginning of a grief that can but end with our lives." This prediction was soon verified. Madame du Plessis never recovered from the shock; and in a month after the funeral of their heir, her husband found himself in constant attendance at her death-bed. Her pen had been laid aside:—"Reasonable it is," she wrote on the last half page, "that this my book should close with him, since it was only undertaken to describe to him our pilgrimage through life; and it has pleased God that ere this, his own should more sweetly and swiftly have closed. Were it not that I dread the grief for M. du Plessis, I should be greatly wearied if I should also survive him." She did not survive him, since she died on the night of Sunday, 14th of May, 1606:—

"Non, ce n'est point mourir ;  
C'est courir à la vie,"



her husband said ; but then, in spite of this sure and certain hope, his grief broke out again :—

“Ame, pour te chanter il me faut des sirènes,  
Ame, pour te pleurer j’ay besoin de fontaines.”

As the years went on his prospects did not brighten, and at last he left Saumur. He bade farewell to the black impregnable castle that stands above the river—to the westerling links of Loire as they disappear into the Forest of the Nyd d’Oyseau—to the temple where he had worshipped, and to the narrow streets above whose sombre courtyards the shadow of his historical griefs still seems to hang. He retired to his estates, and to the Castle of La Forêt-sur-Sèvre. There he fell a prey to the triple evils of solitude, sorrow, and ill health ; and he was harassed by petty squabbles among the pastors of his church. In his despair he determined to travel, concerned only that, wherever it might fall, some pious stranger should bury his body, and record that the French exile had died as true to his convictions as to his king. This last was a needless care, for he never left France. Death came to him there to unriddle the mystery of such an unsuccessful life ; and he sickened at home in November, 1623, of what is called “continued fever.” Preachers and physicians crowded round his pillow. The latter were helpless, and the former were pitiless, for they harassed his departing spirit with small quarrels and doctrinal niceties. But at last one pastor, more humane than the others, told him that he was dying. “It is well,” he replied ; “I am content.” He gave his blessing to his children, and to the church that was in Saumur, forgave his enemies, and made himself ready for the end ; and then as the grey and cheerless November dawn struggled up above the leafless forest trees, his spirit took its flight to the home of the saintly and the victorious.

The Church for which he had laboured and suffered was just entered on the enjoyment of her hundred years of peace,

to be awakened from her repose by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and then to be cast out of France as a thing heretical, unnational, disloyal and accurst. It was a mistake at which humanity shuddered at the time, and which history has had ever since to deplore. By an act of tardy justice, the legislation of the 18th Germinal (in the tenth year of the Republic) secured to French Protestants equal civil rights with the rest of their countrymen, and they have ever since been allowed a fair share in the State.

What has been the result of a measure which kings so long thought to be either dangerous or impossible? The late war furnishes an answer to the question. Foremost in all works of mercy, the Protestants and their pastors have taken their part, or more than their part, in the care of the wounded and the dying, and Protestants of Alsace, forcing their way through lines of watchful Germans, and by the defiles of the Vosges, have joined the levies of the east of France in sufficient numbers to justify M. Erckmann's boast, that he and his co-religionists are French in spirit and in love. Furthermore, we hope that it is not to trespass too much on private feelings if we venture to recall one fact connected with this new edition of the *Memoirs of Madame de Mornay*. Since it saw the light in 1869, the accomplished lady who prepared it has herself had to send to the ramparts of Paris all the males of her house, with the single exception of her father, that veteran statesman of eighty-three, who still serves France with his energies, while he represents her in all that the country has of best. To lay down Madame de Witt's volume at this moment is but to turn, we confess, from one sad page of past French history to turn another only too vividly present.\* But if in the sixteenth century frantic passions could be calmed, guilty excesses repressed, and internal wounds healed, as we

\* April, 1871.

know them to have been, by the prudent, powerful, and economical government of Henry IV., surely in the nineteenth century we need not altogether despair. Yet may France venture to borrow a motto from one of her old Huguenot houses, and live to prove what the De la Tremouilles once carved upon the walls of Vitré, "*Resurgam!*"—although in her long and varied history she has not experienced a crisis of disaster and revolution more terrible than that of the present hour.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE LIFE OF RUBENS.\*

[*Edinburgh Review*, January 1863.]

IN the centre of the Place Verte, in Antwerp, stands the statue of Sir Peter Paul Rubens ; in knightly dress, and with gallant bearing, it seems to be not only a successful portrait, or a happy impersonation of his proud and active life, but to be also the presiding genius of that sunny square. There, where the tall gables rise above the waving lime-trees, and the market-women rest to poise their brazen jars, the most musical of chimes from the spire of the huge church of Notre Dame drop ever and anon upon the traveller's ears ; and that traveller, as he loiters in the shade, or gazes at the painter's effigy, will remember that of all the European cities he has visited, there is hardly one that is not able as well as proud to show among its richest treasures of art, some picture from the hand of this citizen of Antwerp. But it is not only in this spot that Rubens makes himself felt ; traverse the town in all directions, visit its churches, kneel by its altars, linger in its galleries, or bend over its tombs, and

\* 1. *Original unpublished Papers, illustrative of the Life of Sir Peter Paul Rubens, preserved in Her Majesty's State Paper Office: with an Appendix.* Collected and edited by W. NOËL SAINSBURY, of Her Majesty's State Paper Office. London : 1859.

2. *Lettres inédites de Pierre Paul Rubens, publiées d'après ses Autographes.* Par EMILE GACHET. Bruxelles : 1840.

3. *Catalogue du Musée d'Anvers.* 2nd Edition. Publié par le Conseil d'Administration de l'Académie Royale des Beaux Arts. 1857.

you will find that Rubens follows you wherever you go ; that he comes before you in all shapes, now as an artist, now as a householder, now as a statesman, now as the friend and counsellor of those in whose hands lay not the fate of Antwerp only, but also the weal and woe of the whole Spanish Netherlands. It is with Rubens in these capacities that we now propose to deal, and we shall avail ourselves of the letters collected by M. Gachet, and the more recent labours of Mr. Sainsbury, in an attempt to portray the painter, if not in his habits as he lived, at least in the position which he occupied among his contemporaries.

Considered in this historical point of view, the figure of Rubens is not one to be lightly passed over. He was a great painter, but he was also a great man ; a courageous, generous spirit, a keen-sighted politician, a scholar, and a gentleman. He was not nobly born, but he was very nobly bred ; the founder of a famous school, the master of many pupils, and, at a time when republican tendencies were rife, and the tenets of a new religion prevailed, a loyal subject, and a worshipper in the old faith. To describe him merely as the artist and the colourist is, then, to fall far short of the mark. Yet it is our misfortune to possess in English no biography of this man worthy to take its place as a record of his life and a picture of his times. "What can there be new to say about Rubens?" was naïvely asked of Mr. Sainsbury, when he was about to throw a new and needful light upon an important part of Rubens' career. Much every way. Yet Mr. Sainsbury's volume, valuable as it is, is not history ; it is only an addition to the materials for history, and these letters, like M. Gachet's collection, would require to be digested, compared, and condensed before they could form a page of narrative. Continental literature, it must be remarked, is also far from being wholly satisfactory on this topic, whether the recent or the earlier biographies

be consulted. Alfred Michiels' recent treatise on Rubens and the Antwerp school is accurate in facts and dates, but so far below contempt as regards its criticism and its style that his readers are glad to throw it aside, and to return to Dr. Waagen. Of his memoir we have a translation by Mr. Noël, and Mrs. Jameson has furnished an introduction to its pages which greatly enhances its value. Her notes are admirable: the result of long acquaintance with her subject, and with the laws of sound artistic criticism. But the memoir itself is written from too narrow a point of view; it is dry and technical in style, and it is incorrect in several details that regard Rubens' life, even in some which refer to his early education. Michiel, whose *Life of Rubens* was published at Antwerp in 1771, romances on all points of genealogy and parentage; the most questionable of his statements he is believed to have borrowed from De Vigeano, as De Vigeano had previously accepted them from Van Parys, a descendant of the painter. The errors of these three authors are reproduced at some length in his book, *Historische Levens Beschryving van Pierre Paul Rubens*; so that the antecedents of the Rubens' family, as well as the curious circumstances under which Peter Paul was really ushered into the world, were until lately more matter of fancy than of fact. The desire to claim for one who so ennobled himself a remote descent from a great house was combined with no little ignorance of the truth. Thus Rubens was long declared to be the scion of a Styrian family, which, after the coronation of Charles V., came to establish itself in the Low Countries: but the archives of Antwerp, unluckily for the truth of this legend, have preserved a record of the sayings and doings of the Rubens' generations as far back as the year 1350; and from the time of the Arnold Rubens, who figures at that date as a tanner, to the birth of John, the father of the painter, the genealogy seems to have been one of those long "pedigrees of

toil" so common among the Flemings, and happily still so common among ourselves. This John, receiving a liberal education from his parents, went abroad to complete it, and took his degree as Doctor of Canon and Civil Law at the College of La Sapienza in Rome. He returned to his native country in 1561, and there, after his marriage to Maria Pypelinx, became a magistrate of Antwerp.

The years during which he held this post were troubled and anxious. In 1563, the Counts Egmont and Horn lent their support to the liberal schemes of William of Orange; and when the provinces of the Netherlands became the scene of an exhausting struggle for religious and political freedom, the city of Antwerp could not escape from the pressure of this disastrous war. No other city in the Low Countries suffered as much in its commerce and domestic interests. The heat of the two religious parties was fomented by its burgomaster Van Straalen, and the iconoclastic fury of 1566, showed to what a pitch popular feeling had been excited. In thus blowing the flame of civil discord Van Straalen had hoped that the citizens, in the strength of their frenzied patriotism, would prevail, and shake off the Spanish yoke. But in 1568, it became apparent that the Catholic party was in the ascendant: and when Egmont and Horn were led to the scaffold in Brussels the chief magistrate of Antwerp also paid at Vilvorde the penalty of his sedition. Years elapsed ere the beautiful mistress of the Scheldt could be restored to peace and populous plenty. Her quays, along which the flags of all nations had been wont to flutter, were deserted; the fires of persecution, lit by the Duke of Alva, blazed in her market-place, and his statue in the citadel reared its head over a submissive and a ruined town.

But from Antwerp, in the autumn of 1568, fled John Rubens. During the *régimé* of Van Straalen he had shown a

leaning towards Calvinism, which, whether the result of conviction or of prudential motives, earned for him the ill-will of the agents of Philip II. and the acquaintance of the Protestant princes. In this fatal year he had tried to retrieve his mistake by making a public protestation of allegiance to the government and to the Catholic faith; but the truth was that he had entered into correspondence with the Prince of Orange, and that fact, if divulged, would be fatal. It thus became necessary for him to retire to Cologne, already a city of refuge for many of his countrymen under similar circumstances.

Unluckily for John Rubens his relations with the household of William the Taciturn did not terminate with that letter to the Princes of Orange and Chimay which had been his undoing at home. He was again introduced to the notice of the Prince by the Councillor Jean Bets, and assisted that functionary in an endeavour to wrest from Philip of Spain, through the intervention of the Landgrave of Hesse and the Elector of Saxony, the dowry of Princess Anne, which his Catholic Majesty had confiscated in common with all the other revenues of her husband: and it was while engaged in this business that John Rubens had the opportunity of forming an intimacy with this Princess, as disastrous in its effects on his own fortunes as it was disgraceful to the wife of William. For two years this intrigue, of which the scene was laid sometimes at Cologne, sometimes at Siegen, remained undiscovered, till in the spring of 1571, John Rubens was arrested and thrown into the prison of Dillenburg. Had the Elector of Saxony been less anxious to conceal the misconduct of his daughter, it might there and then have fared very ill with the Doctor of La Sapienza, who, as it was, languished in prison for two years, in spite of the generous and unremitting exertions of his wife. M. Bakhuizen Van den Brink has collected and published a volume of researches into the life of Anne of



Saxony, in which he praises the character and energy of Maria Pypelinx, and a *résumé* of her correspondence is to be found in his pages. Liberated at last from durance, but obliged to reside in the town of Siegen, and to find a security in 6,000 crowns for his continuance there, John Rubens obtained his release from prison under conditions sufficiently irksome. But the years wore on ; and it was at Siegen that a son named Philip was born in 1574 ; and there also that, on the 29th of June, 1577, Peter Paul Rubens saw the light. It is a curious fact that though these two children, the fifth and sixth of her family, were born in Nassau, so anxious was Maria to obliterate every remembrance of her husband's intrigue with Anne of Saxony that she caused it to be inscribed on his tomb, that the nineteen years of his exile from his native town were all passed in Cologne—a statement which has given rise to the assumption that Cologne was the birthplace of the great painter. It is, however, true, that in the same year in which he was born, the death of the Princess (whose mental alienation had become complete before her demise), released William from the burden of an unhappy union, and removed the main cause for the restrictions imposed on the movements of her quondam favourite ; thus the exiles obtained permission to return to Cologne, where John Rubens died in 1587, and where his house in the Sternen Gasse is still shown. Strangers are invited to believe that the “Apelles of Germany,” as he is styled in the inscription, first drew breath within its modest walls ; but the fact being disproved, they must content themselves with knowing that those low-roofed rooms were the last asylum of Mary of Medicis, and with imagining how the child Peter Paul played up and down the paths of the little garden of potherbs, which still lies behind the house. “I have always liked Cologne ; for I lived there till I was ten years old,” says the painter in one of his letters, and the last wish of his life

was to revisit the town where his father is buried. This wish, however, remained ungratified, and Rubens never returned to the city which Maria Pypelinx quitted immediately after her husband's death. She intended to devote herself to the education of her children, and gladly reverting to her native place, she settled with them in Antwerp.

In that old city the fine arts had long had their home, and now that she has ceased to be the seat of government, or an emporium either of foreign trade or of native manufactures, she is remembered, not so much for her old commercial renown, or for the two great sieges she has sustained, as for those illustrious sons of whose hands it may be told, as the proverb said of the workmen of Nüremberg, that they are known in every land. Albert Dürer visited Antwerp in 1520, and from his curious diary we gain an insight into life as it then existed in the Flemish capital. The great wealth of the citizens, which he mentions when describing the house, or rather palace, of the then Burgomaster, the large amount of taxes freely paid by the burghers, the number of foreign merchants, the influx of Indian and Mexican manufactures after the conquest of Mexico, and the establishment of a Portuguese settlement at Goa—all these are brought under our notice along with a general diffusion of the arts of music and painting, and with the presence of numerous and powerful guilds.

Of these guilds the most important was that of the painters. It had chosen for its patron that Evangelist whom tradition declares to have himself handled the brush, and it occupied a conspicuous part in the industrial life of the city. It had a vast and extended influence in the Low Countries. It boasted of royal patronage and of ample funds; and we are indebted to the annals and records of this Brotherhood of St. Luke, which have recently been examined with great care, for several particulars of interest to the life of Rubens and to the history

of the School of Antwerp. In those early days, when art was still religion, many of the occupations now esteemed purely mechanical were held to belong to it; thus the guild of St. Luke comprised not only the men of the palette and the brush, but, as we find from the franchise granted to its members by Burgomaster Van den Bruggen in 1442, it included sculptors, glassblowers and stainers, illuminators, printers and engravers, booksellers and binders, framemakers, carvers, goldbeaters, founders of type, upholsterers, makers of playing cards, and other decorative trades. It is said that this corporation was founded by Philip the Good, and that it was endowed by Philip IV.; but however that may be, the earliest registers of the guild are lost, though from 1453, to the French invasion in 1794, they have been religiously preserved; and thus they have come down to us in three very curious books. The first, called the *Liggere Van St. Lucas Ghilde*, is a large quarto volume in manuscript, containing the names of all who were sworn into the renowned guild. "Sires, deans, fathers, and ancients," says its inscription, "do justly and give judgment after the judgment of Solomon; consider not persons in respect of rich or poor, but doing things seemly, maintain the laws of the city, and live in the peace of Christ." With the exception of the years 1541, 1562, 1563, 1565, and 1566, these registers are complete. The second book is the *Bussen Bücklein St. Lucas Ghilde*, and it preserves to us the rules adopted by the society, in regulating a fund for mutual help, which formed part of the constitution of this old Trades' Union; the third volume contains an exact account of the receipts and expenses incurred by the corporation over the period of years before alluded to. Mainly to these original sources do we owe the correct biographical notices of the Flemish painters which enrich the new edition of the catalogue of the Antwerp Museum published in 1857, by the Council of Administration

for the Royal Academy of the town : a work which seems to us to possess all the qualifications that can recommend a catalogue, alike from its portable size, its legibility, and from the extreme care with which it is drawn up. The Memoirs have been re-written, and the old errors which owed their rise to the works of Mander and Houbracken, among the old writers, and the more recent blunders of Immerzeel, have disappeared. M. de Laet, who had drawn up the first edition of 1849, associated M. Van Lerijs with himself in the compilation of the second, and he is the author of two-thirds of the biographies of this volume ; but the name of M. Génard, as one of the members of the Commission, must not be overlooked ; while in the matter of research and criticism MM. Alvin, Gachet, De Vignes, Siret, Léon de Burbure, and M. P. Visschers have succeeded to the old authors, and their researches into the authentic documents we have just described reveal to us at this distant day the internal economy of the great Antwerp Guild.

The Brotherhood of St. Luke still exists, and it looks back with pride to those great names which have won for it a European renown. The roll of its members records many patient scholars never known to fame : as for example, the Van Dycks, for of this name no less than twenty-seven sat in the painters' chamber, Sir Anthony occurring as fourteenth on the list. On the other hand, to commemorate the celebrated masters in the guild would be to enumerate all that is greatest and best in the art history of the Low Countries ; for the followers of this craft in Antwerp were no mere painters of *genre*, or of low life, and the younger Teniers alone is distinguished for pictures of this class. They chose grave and elevated subjects, and they kept alive the heroic and the historical feeling in art. Many of them were penetrated with religious feeling, and in their hands landscape-

painting attained to a quaint yet remarkable degree of perfection. As prior to the period of Rubens, it will suffice to recall such painters as Jan Van Eyck, and Quintin Matsys. The latter became a member 1491-2, and must therefore have been one of the body who welcomed and feasted Dürer. The Nürnberg artist tells us of a visit he afterwards paid to Quintin in his house, but he has omitted to mention (perhaps because the "placens uxor" was so lamentably wanting in his own establishment), whether this home was still adorned by the face of the beautiful Adelaide Van Tywlt, for whose sake the blacksmith had first become a painter, and for whom he had served through many years, as Jacob once served for Rachel in the pastures of Haran, when the world was in its spring.

Franz Floris, surnamed the "Lantern-bearer and road-maker of art in the Low Countries," with his pupil Martin de Vos, had kept up the reputation of the Brotherhood; but by degrees, a spirit less purely national had been creeping in among the painters of the Netherlands, and men like Mabuse, or Lambert Sustermann (Lamberto dei Lombardi) and many more, returned thoroughly Italianised in manner; for they had found in the schools of Italy a Capua for Flemish thought. The establishment of a Court at Brussels also damaged the interests of Antwerp as an art capital; but the guild had no lack of members, and it received into its body, in 1594, Othon Van Veen, (or, as he is oftener called, Otto Venius,) the master of Rubens. Van Veen was a man of cultivated mind and of great personal merit. By the Archduke Albert he was made Superintendent of the Finances of his Catholic Majesty, and among the burghers of Antwerp and Brussels he could boast of an almost royal descent, for his progenitor John Van Veen, was an illegitimate son of Duke John III. of Brabant. But the blood that flowed through his veins was more true to the old

Brabant race from which he descended, than was the spirit in which he painted: for though we are reminded of his pictures in every street of a Flemish town that brings us face to face with its women and children, yet he too had had an Italian education; at Parma he had learnt to copy and admire Correggio's "pure and sovran grace,"\* while he perfected his art under Zuccherò. He died at Brussels in 1629, after an active and a happy life which was prolonged to so ripe an age, that he held his children's children on his knees, and saw that pupil in the meridian of his fame, for whom it was reserved to bring about a thorough restoration of national art in the Netherlands. Rubens entered his studio in 1596, having first served an apprenticeship with Tobias Verhaegt, a landscape-painter, and also studied under Adam Van Noort. With that master he had lived four years, that is exactly as many years as he afterwards lived with Venius; and it is curious that while he owed many of his peculiarities, and not a little of his excellence as a colourist to Van Noort, the graces of Venius made no impression on his mind: they were not congenial to him; already at nineteen years of age, the man, who afterwards made it his boast that he painted like a lion, had assumed an individuality of his own.

The early career of Rubens is matter of history: he entered the Guild of St. Luke in 1598, and he started for Italy in the spring of 1600. Sandraat is wrong in saying that he took an introduction from the Archduke Albert to the Court of Mantua; he owed his good fortune entirely to his own talents and address. But that the months passed there were among the happiest and the best employed of his Italian journey, we can easily imagine; for there he became familiar with the manners of courts, a natural element to the future diplomatist, and he

\* E di Correggio lo stile, puro e sovrano.

was occupied in copying the most magnificent examples from Giulio Romano's hand ; such pictures as the "Marriage of Psyche," and the "Fall of the Titans," leaving an indelible impression on his mind and style. He left Mantua on his first mission to Madrid, deputed by the Duke Vincenzo Gonzaga to Philip III., to take charge of some beautiful horses which were intended for the King, but secretly intrusted to convey a large Mantuan tribe to the hands of the then prime minister, the Duke of Lerma. From Madrid he went to Rome, and next to Florence, where his portrait, drawn by himself, hangs in the gallery of the painters in the Uffizi ; and he then seems to have repaired to Venice, to drink in colour in the school of Titian and Tintoret. It was from Rome, however, that he was finally summoned to receive the last breath of his mother ; but Maria Pypelinx did not live to have her eyes closed by the hands of her son Peter Paul. After composing her epitaph and erecting a monument over her remains, the painter was disposed to quit Antwerp—he was ready to exchange the keen winds of the north seas, and the heathy levels of the Camphine for the plains and terraces of that beautiful Italy which had already cast her spells upon him, when it appeared that though he had re-entered Antwerp as an orphan, he had re-entered it famous, and that the Archduke and Infanta Isabella would lose no time in persuading him to remain there, or to accompany them to Brussels. He yielded ; and in the same year in which he attached himself to their train, he also made acquaintance with the family of Isabella Brandt ; his marriage to her following shortly after, decided him to settle in Antwerp. In the street which bears his name, stands the house in which the rest of his life was spent ; it was bought by him in 1611, and with the exception of the months occupied by his embassies into Spain and England, and by some other short journeys, there he dwelt—there the great pictures began to live under

his hand—there passed the years of his happy union with the wife, of whom he said that she lacked all the faults of her sex, and there, when Isabella Brandt had gone to her rest, entered Helena Fourment in the fulness of her most beautiful youth; there he accumulated the antiques, the gems, the statues, the precious stones of his famous collection; there, according to his own boast, he coined gold with the palette and the pencil; and there in the ripeness of a good old age, this “prince of painters and gentlemen” died.

We are accustomed to associate the idea of Rubens with a voluptuousness which was semi-barbarous, and with great luxury both of life and thought; yet his habits were anything but lax, and they were very far from being intemperate. We quote from Mr. Sainsbury:—

“The person of Rubens is described to have been of just proportions; his height about five feet nine and a half inches; his face oval, with regular and finely-formed features, dark hazel eyes, a clear and ruddy complexion, contrasted by curling hair of an auburn colour with moustaches and beard; his carriage was easy and noble, his introduction and manners exceedingly graceful and attractive; his conversation facile and engaging, and when animated in discourse, his eloquence, delivered with full and clear intonation of voice, was at all times powerful and persuasive.”

Such was the knight in person,—“a valiant corpse, where force and beauty met,” and this was his way of life:—

“He rose early; in summer at four o’clock, and immediately afterwards heard mass. He then went to work, and while painting habitually employed a person to read to him from one of the classical authors (his favourites being Livy, Plutarch, Cicero, Seneca), or from some eminent poet. At this time he generally received his visitors, with whom he entered willingly into conversation on a variety of topics in the most



animated and agreeable manner. An hour before dinner was always devoted to recreation, which consisted either in allowing his thoughts to dwell as they listed, on subjects connected with science or politics, which latter interested him deeply, or in contemplating his treatment of art. From anxiety not to impair the brilliant play of his fancy, he indulged but sparingly in the pleasures of the table, and drank but little wine. After working again till evening, he usually, if not prevented by business, mounted a spirited Andalusian horse, and rode for an hour or two. On his return home, it was his custom to receive a few friends, principally men of learning, or artists, with whom he shared his frugal meal (he was the declared enemy of all excess), and he passed the evening in instructive and cheerful conversation."

Of horses, indeed of animals in general, he was passionately fond; and that inanimate nature was not without its charms for his stirring and active genius, may be seen from his landscapes. Take, for example, the one known as the "Rainbow," the "Prairie de Laeken," the woodland in the "Atalanta and Meleager," at Madrid, or the fine piece of country supposed to represent the environs of his own château of Stein, now in the National Gallery, where every detail is elaborated with the greatest care,—the pastures stretching away in the morning sun—the openings in the woods,—the waggoner at his tasks,—and the stream half-hidden, half-defined, by the pollard and brookside willows. In his taste for planting and building, his love of animals and his sympathy with them, some critics have found that he resembled Sir Walter Scott, while a curious contrast has been also pointed out between him and Fuseli. The one heated his brain by debauchery, and then produced pictures which might have been the work of a monk of the desert, half crazed by solitude and abstinence; the other, who was careful even in meats and drinks, was apt to paint like a

voluptuary and a libertine. Rubens was an honourable, but not what we should call an earnest man: he is never pathetic, never tender, often fierce, occasionally vulgar, sometimes sublime. His was not the imaginative, the saintly, or the meditative genius; action was his forte, life was strong in him, and owing perhaps to his happy and perfect physique, he was never morbid and never discouraged: his work, when it came complete from his hands, never seemed to him to be but the poor caricature of his conceptions—on the contrary, it fulfilled them. His were “the instinct, the presage, the strong propensity and the genial power of nature,” which, Milton tells us, led him to the writing of his great epic; but his was not the “hallowed fire” which the poet sought. If some of his religious pieces are treated with reverence as well as power, at other times it would almost seem as if “things human had prejudiced things Divine.” It was no small achievement to succeed, as he did, in animating the colossal forms of his own canvas; and though it be not the highest, or the ideal side of our nature which he represents, he sins oftener from a redundancy of power, than from coarseness of thought. It is singular that with his strong sense of truth and realism, he should have devoted so much of his time to the frigid allegorical compositions of the age. But even in this branch of art he outstripped all other painters, both of his own and of any former age. His processions move before us with a pomp of circumstance and of colouring that makes them positively glorious: a more accurate acquaintance with the events by which most of these allegorical compositions were suggested—as for example his “Peace and War” painted for Charles I., and now in the National Gallery of England—invests them even now with a living historical interest.

The ferocity which appears in some of his works is as great and lawful a cause for distaste as their occasional grossness;

it is even more surprising, for Rubens was a humane man, cautious, diplomatic, and reasonable in his words and deeds; he was kind to his inferiors, generous to his rivals, tender to his boys, and except when suffering from the gout he was evenly disposed towards all men and things: his charities were unbounded, and he enjoyed through all the years of his life the blessings which are said to wait upon the man who considereth the poor. Yet not only are his hunting pieces savage, but an absolute delight in representing pain meets one in his pictures. Not to speak of that terrible "Scourging of our Saviour," at Antwerp, or of the "Martyrdom of St. Lievin," we have but to look at the "Brazen Serpent," in the National Gallery: how much have we here of the pain, the fever, and the contortions of the wounded and dying: how small is the effect he gives to the supreme means of cure, offered to a writhing and gasping crowd! In the same way his "Great Judgment," at Munich, appeals to horror rather than to awe: and that colossal canvas (18 ft. by 14 ft.), crowded as it is with feats of drawing and foreshortening, is the strangest example of how far Rubens could at once succeed and fail. The weakness of the principal figure strikes every one, even at first sight. The two angels, on the right, are handled with depth and fire; and their beautiful but terrible faces are instinct with the wrath of God, which flashes from their eyes, as their keen glaives thrust in and out without rest. Beneath them is the mass of the damned, of which one, the figure in the extreme background, is the most imaginative conception in the whole work. The action of the lower half of the piece is in the throes of a creature, whom demons hurry off to Tophet: while upwards, on the left, presses the crowd of the redeemed, painted with such strong carnations and reflected lights as only Rubens could produce; and at the sound of the Angels' trumpets the graves below are seen to give up their dead.

Yet in spite of this furnace of colour and marvellous combination of extreme action, this great picture has no truly supernatural character, and the sense of Heaven and Hell have both been strangely missed ; for the pangs and the terror are corporeal rather than mental, the power from above is terrific, but it is not divine.

In his pictures of women Rubens was curiously unequal. Some of them inspire both aversion and regret, others again are exceedingly noble and stately, although the Flemish type be one which does not admit of the tenderest refinement. In "The Virgin being taught to read by St. Anna," which hangs in the Antwerp Museum—the girl in her white lustrous robe, is both delicately imagined and beautifully painted, and the remembrance of those shy and maiden glances is not easily effaced. Beautiful, too, is the Magdalene, among "The Four Penitents," at Munich ; and still more so is the St. Theresa, pleading with eloquent eyes and hands for the souls in Purgatory ; while, in quite another style, nothing surpasses the "Chapeau de Paille," and the lady (said to be Isabella Brandt) in the great "Wolf Hunt" of Lord Ashburton's collection. How well she sits her horse at her husband's side ; and they seem, as they ride together out over the breezy downs, with the great white clouds rolling overhead, and the hunted creatures at their feet, to have been truly some Lord and Lady of La Garaye of Flemish life ! The horse in this hunt (or, as Rubens would have called it, "Caccia,") is magnificent ; and Rubens was never more happy than in painting the animal he loved ; unless, indeed, when he gives us a group of joyous children, dragging after them some great garland of fruit and flowers ; a branch of his art which one must see the "Seven Boys," at Munich, in order to appreciate and admire.

The rapidity—we had almost said the haste—with which this master worked, is astounding : and no other man, even

with the help of his scholars, could have given upwards of 1,300 pictures to the world, between the ages of nineteen and sixty-two. It is said that he generally worked standing, and that his hand was so firm as not to require to be steadied on the maulstick ; it also was his practice to draw the design upon the canvas himself, and then to hand a finished sketch to his pupils, who were trusted to bring the picture into such a state that it was ready to receive its finishing touches : moreover he often left his colours for time and distance to blend ; as strokes of pure blue, yellow, and red will recur side by side without any attempt made to mix them ; but even allowing for the despatch of all these methods, it is almost incredible to believe what we are told, that the "Offering of the Wise Man" (in the Grosvenor Gallery) was completed in eleven days, for it contains thirteen figures over life size : the artist, it is added, asked and received only 100 francs per diem for his labour. Copies of his own works on different scales frequently occur, and few of his pictures are more interesting than his finished sketches. The twelfth cabinet in the Pinacothek, at Munich, contains some most beautiful examples of this sort ; and we have nothing better in England than the two small editions of the "Rape of the Sabines," and the "Interposition of the Sabine Women," now in Bath House, and formerly the property of Mr. Danoot, the banker, in Brussels. There is nothing of Rubens' more characteristic than one of the groups which he has placed in the right-hand corner of the last of these two sketches. We fancy that the woman, now a Roman wife and mother, recognises in the soldier upon whose shield she has thrown herself, a relation of her own—perhaps the shield itself was a familiar object to her childhood's eyes—but in all this she can now see nothing but danger threatening the life which had become a part of herself ; and while another woman, in the thick of the fray, checks a fiery and eager horse, she has

flung herself upon the Sabine, with a mixture of frenzy and intercession, passion and despair, that has never been excelled.

No one ever tired of admiring those paintings which are transcripts of Rubens' domestic life—from the first picture of Isabella Brandt, given to her in the heyday of their courtship, to that great family piece, which, in his own chapel in St. Jacques, commands the graves of his household, they are all pleasing; and we need hardly recall their features, so familiar are the outlines of the "Going to Market," and the beautiful brows of Helena Fourment, to all who have any knowledge or pleasure in art.

The time of Rubens' life which was the happiest was the most domestic, and it was also the greatest period of his painting; his style, as vigorous as it was ever to be, was more chaste than at a later stage; and such works as the "Rape of Proserpine" (at Blenheim), and the great "Descent from the Cross," date their execution from this epoch. The story of that dispute with the Company of Arquebusiers to which his great work owed its origin, M. Gachet shows to have been no legend. Van Hasselt details at some length, and with no little *naïveté*, how, in laying the foundations of his house and museum, Rubens trenched on some ground belonging to the neighbouring guild; and as the then burgomaster, Rockox, happened to be head of the corporation, Rubens had no chance of appropriating it with impunity; but the painter compounded with them, so that he was allowed to build upon the site in question, provided he would paint for the company a picture of their patron, St. Christopher. In due time he presented them with the "Descent from the Cross," and the two beautiful panels on the wings. The Arquebusiers declared they were deceived, and there was no St. Christopher in the picture, though there had been one in the bargain with the fraudulent artist! "There are three," retorted Rubens; and in truth,

taking for his motive the etymology of the saint's name (*Χριστοῦ Φερέϊν*, or Christ-bearer), he had given them three representations—the blessed Virgin bearing her yet unborn Son; Simeon carrying in his arms the Word made Man; and, in the great picture itself, the Dead Christ supported by His disciples. But the Arquebusiers were first obstinate, and then angry; and Rubens, to pacify them, painted on the outside a gigantic image of St. Kitts, adding a hermit with a lantern and an owl, to show that the time represented was the night, when, according to the legend, the saint heard a little child summon him, saying, in a sweet treble voice, "Christopher, come forth, for thou must carry me over to-night." The hermit is supposed to be a spectator of the scene, when the giant staggers through the torrent, with the small but heavy burden on his shoulder; but the owl, we are assured by some, was a piece of malice intended to typify the extreme dulness of the masters of the Worshipful Company. After perils by time, perils by soldiery, perils by travel, and perils by cleaning, it now hangs in the south transept, the head and crown of the glory of the great Notre Dame of Antwerp. "The bridled power and imagination of this work," says one of his critics, "is beyond all praise," and yet it is the reality of it which is most overpowering; the accessories are so fine, the whole so surpassingly painted, that we cease to think of it as a painting—our attention is centred in that mangled Form, which slack in limb and death-stained in face, slips from the cross; while we gaze, we feel that we are carried back to the dimness of that evening-hour, when, to those weeping women hope seemed lost with life. We are told that the design is not original, and that it was derived from an Italian print. Granted that the position and grouping of the figures may have been copied, though this itself has never been proved; the master has thrown his whole strength into the idea; and the marvel and master-stroke of the

piece, the linen cloth on which the light is concentrated, was Rubens' own invention, and adopted by him, in spite of the greater difficulty that its brilliant white must have imposed upon him in working up the flesh tints. Well might the triumphant genius say, "Every one according to his gifts. My endowments are such that I have never wanted courage to undertake any design, however vast in size or diversified in subject."

Meantime Rubens grew in the estimation of Europe, and in favour with the Archduke and the Infanta. The Princess, besides consulting him on matters of state, honoured him, it is said, with a visit in his house, and saw his celebrated collection before it was broken up, and sold to the Duke of Buckingham, whose agent, Le Blond, purchased it for 100,000 florins. In this repository there were 19 pictures by Titien, 13 by Paul Veronese, 3 by Raphael, 3 by Leonardo da Vinci, 8 by Palma, 21 by Bassano, and 17 by Tintoretto, besides 13 by the householder himself, whose tastes seem to us to be wonderfully illustrated by the numbers of his pictures, and by the evident favour in which the Venetians were held. Of the thirteen original pieces mentioned, a curious and minute account is to be seen in Brian Fairfax's *Catalogues of the Pictures in the Possession of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham*. Among these canvases, among statues and antiques of all sorts, we can imagine the Infanta Isabella wending her stately steps, and Rubens' courtly smile as he led her from one picture to the other, or heard the Archduke offer to stand sponsor to the painter's child. This was the son Albert, whom Rubens commended during one of his absences to the care of his friend Dr. Gevaerts—a man fitted in every way for the trust, for Antwerp had no citizen more worthy than this secretary, John Gaspar Gevaerts, the philosopher and historian of Brabant. Thus Rubens wrote from Spain :—



“I entreat you to put my little Albert as my image not in y<sup>r</sup> oratory, nor y<sup>r</sup> infirmary, but in y<sup>r</sup> museum. I love that child, and I recommend him to you in a serious manner, to you the chief of my friends, the priest of the Muses, to take the greatest care of him, both while I live and after my death.”

We anticipate a little by giving this trait of the artist: and our business is rather with the year 1620, when he was introduced by M. de Vicq to Mary of Medicis. The Queen Mother had just concluded a peace with her son, and being now occupied with the task of adorning the palace of the Luxembourg, it was suggested to her that the Flemish artist was the most fitting person to furnish her with a series of pictures which should set forth her life and experience, and form an appropriate decoration for the gallery of the pile which Jacques de Brousse had just finished. Rubens went to Paris to receive her orders, and to take sketches for the twenty-five pictures. He then returned to Antwerp, and, in the space of two years, completed nineteen of these remarkable designs, by the help of his pupils or assistants. There were in his atelier at that time, students no less distinguished than Anthony Van Dyck, Franz Snyders, and Jacques Jordaens; while the numbers were made up by Justus Van Egmont, Peter Van Mol, Cornelius Schut, Jan Van Hoeck, Simon de Vos, Deodato Delmont, Mompers, Wildens, and Nicholas Van der Horst. The two largest of his pictures were not painted till after his return to Paris, where he superintended the placing of the series, and he then conducted the Queen Mother into the gallery, and displayed to her the finished work. So highly allegorical were the compositions, that, it is said, Mary of Medicis was occasionally at a loss to conceive what were the circumstances in which she was represented, and, above all, who were the personages by whom she was surrounded; but the courtly painter managed to put her in possession of the required information, and fresh orders soon came to reward

him for the flattery and the pains he had bestowed. Mary of Medicis might well be pleased with her own figure, where she is represented, fair and young, as disembarking at Marseilles, while Fame flies to publish the charms of Henry's Tuscan bride, and the jealous naiads rush to sink the boat that holds too beautiful a rival. These naiads, or syrens, as Rubens calls them, were, it seems, studied from three beauties of the day; for a curious little extract from one of his letters gives us the following :—

*“ To M. de Chennièvres.*

“I beg of you so to arrange for us that there may be retained for me, in the third week which follows this one, the two ladies Cassaïo, from the Rue du Vertbois, and also that little niece Louisa, for I reckon on making three studies of Syrens, and these three persons will be to me of great succour and infinite help: much by reason of the expression of their faces, but still more on account of their magnificent black hair, which I should have difficulty in meeting with elsewhere; the same with their figure.”

Another letter of Rubens, in his correspondence through M. l'Abbé de St. Amboise with the Queen Mother, relates to a desire she had expressed to have a second gallery of pictures resembling her own, to record the exploits of Henri Quatre. Two difficulties seem to have been in the way—first, that the widow could not decide upon the choice of subjects; secondly, that after Rubens had made some sketches for the plan, the proportions of the room were altered, and, as he said, would “cut the head off the King's figure as he sat in his triumphal car.” This was very severe: and he soon made his plaint heard. “He had,” he wrote, “ruled himself after the first directions, and was well advanced with the most important pieces, such as the ‘Triumph, and the Ceiling;’ and now M. l'Abbé is going to take two feet off the height of my

canvases, hoisting up the frontispieces, and piercing the pictures with doorways, so that I have no redress, and am obliged to lame, and spoil, and change all that I had done." The gallery never made much further progress : the sketches already made found their way to Florence, and Rubens resented the whole affair. It must be added that the Queen Mother was also dilatory in her payments, and that the artist was disgusted with this trait either of parsimony in her character, or of poverty in her exchequer. "I am sick of this Court," he wrote, while the remuneration for his great work in the Luxembourg was still unpaid; "and it might easily happen that I did not return to it again in a hurry."

A further experience of Courts, however, awaited Rubens ; and his favour with the Infanta appears since the death of the Archduke, in 1621, to have been on a firmer footing than ever. But in the middle of all this power and prosperity, a shadow fell upon his house, and ere it was perceived, the Herald with the inverted torch had already delivered a summons at the gate. Isabella Brandt sickened and died, and in the summer of 1626, she was buried, in the same church where seventeen years before she had, also on a June morning, received the painter's troth. This, the "excellent companion" of Rubens' best years, left him two sons, both of whom were educated at the feet of Dr. Gevaerts. But the master, like the parent, outlived the pupils once so tenderly recommended to his care, and it was not by the offspring of his first marriage that Rubens was to be represented to posterity. Nicholas, the younger, lord of the estate of Ramuyen, died first, and Albert, who was some time Secretary to the Privy Council of Flanders, expired in 1657, having survived his wife, and the son who was the only issue of their union.

On Isabella's death Rubens left Antwerp, and repaired to Holland to recruit his health under the kind offices of such

friends as Polenberg, Sandraat, and Hontrost. In their painting-rooms he found fresh interest for his mind and heart, and he left, says Mr. Sainsbury, with every artist whom he visited some proof of his friendship, and of his love for the arts. He bought and he valued the works of his contemporaries and of his scholars, and upwards of eighty pieces by modern masters were found in his possession at his death.

The scene of Rubens' life which now opens before us, is that which Mr. Sainsbury has best succeeded in elucidating. Nothing can exceed the patience he has shown in preparing this valuable collection of letters. Some of them had been made public in M. Gachet's book, others brought to light by the additional matter in Carpenter's *Life of Sir Anthony Van-dyke* : but the transactions in which Rubens was engaged as an ambassador were never known as they now are by the translation of this correspondence, which, drawn from the vast mine of Her Majesty's State Paper Office, has been collated, compared, and enriched by Mr. Sainsbury, with such brief and exact notes, that the reader, supplied with all the information that he can require, feels as he unrolls these curious records, how much he is indebted to the care and energy of the editor. The letters contain a curious mixture of the details of business with touches of character and of art. Those which refer to the sale of Rubens' collection, and those which passed between Toby Mathew and Sir Dudley Carleton about several commissions for hunting pieces, are abundantly interesting. Another letter is a good specimen of Rubens' way of concluding a bargain ; it contains a list of twelve pictures then in Rubens' house, and which the painter priced at six thousand florins. The first of these is the *Prometheus*, the second is the *Daniel in the Lions' Den*, so well known from copies and engravings, now the property of His Grace the Duke of Hamilton, and which it seems was given by Sir Dudley Carleton to Charles I. : Rubens said of

this himself, when giving its proportions, 8 feet by 12, that the lions were drawn from the life, and that the whole was painted by his own hand. This document is translated from the Italian, the language in which Peter Paul most frequently wrote, and in which, strange to say, he made his signature—"Pietro Paulo Rubens" being appended to letters either in Flemish or in French. His Latin letters are signed "Petrus Paullus Rubenias:" sometimes only with his initials, as "P. P. Rubens," while "P. Rubens" only occurs in one place. It certainly is a curious fact which M. Gachet has established, that no French or Flemish signature of Rubens exists; and it is perhaps an equally strange one, that the town of Antwerp does not possess a single autograph letter of the greatest master of her school.

It would appear that his pictures did not always give satisfaction to the patrons who ordered them. Thus, Mr. Locke to Sir Dudley Carleton:—

"Westminster: March, 1620.

"I have delivered the picture to my Lord Danvers; he made a motion to have me write to Rubens before he would pay the money to this effect. That the picture had been shown to men of skill, who said it was forced and slighted, and that he had not showed his greatest skill in it, and from that cause My Lo: would have him make a better if he could, and he should have this again. . . . I told my Lo: that I knew your lordship had taken all possible care about it, and that I doubted not but that it would prove as good as it should be; but notwithstanding, that I would write to your lordship, to the effect of his lordship's speech." . . .

Lord Danvers took care also to make himself heard, and he is very explicit:—

*To Sir Dudley Carleton.*

"May, 1621.

"MY LORD AMBASSADOR. . . . But now for Rubens. In every painter's opinion he hath sent hither a peece scarce

touched by his own hand, and the figures so forced as the prince (Charles, Prince of Wales) will not admitt the picture into his Gallery. I could wish, therefore, that the famus man would doe some one thinge, to register or redeem his reputation in this howse, and to stand among the many excelent wourkes which ar hear of all the best masters in Christendoum, for from him we have yet only Judeth and Holifernes, of littell credite to his great skill ; it must be of the same bigenes to fitt this frame, and I will be well content to showte another arrow, of allowinge what money he may ask in exchaynge, and theas Lions shall be safely sent him back for tamer beastes better made. In y<sup>r</sup> own busines you will receive satisfaction from such as ar more able to inform you, yet is thear no man more affectionate to doe y<sup>r</sup> Lo: servis than H. Davers."

Notwithstanding this difference of opinion, Rubens was the artist selected to paint the decorations for the new Banqueting House at Whitehall in 1621, as we see from the following :—

*Peter Paul Rubens to W. Trumbull.*

"Antwerp, Sept. 1621.

"SIR,—I am quite willing that the picture painted for my Lord Ambassador Carleton be returned to me, and that I should paint another hunting piece less terrible than that of the Lions, making abatement as is reasonable for the amount already paid, and the new picture to be entirely of my own hand without admixture of the work of any one else, which I will undertake to you on the word of a gentleman. I am very sorry that there should have been any dissatisfaction on the part of Mons<sup>r</sup>. Carleton, but he would never let me understand clearly, though I often entreated him to do so, whether this picture was to be an entire original, or merely one touched by my own hand. I wish for an opportunity to put him in a good humour with me, although it should cost me some trouble to

oblige him. I shall be very glad that this picture be located in a place so eminent as the Gallery of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, and I will do everything in my power to make it superior in design to that of Holofernes, which I executed in my youth. I have almost finished a large picture entirely by my own hand, and in my opinion one of my best, representing a 'Hunt of Lions;' the figures as large as life. It is an order of my Lord Ambassador Digby, to be presented, as I am given to understand, to the Marquis of Hamilton. But as you truly say, such subjects are more agreeable, and have more vehemence in a large than in a small picture. I should very much like the picture for H. R. H. the Prince of Wales to be of the largest proportions, because the size of the picture gives us painters more courage to represent our ideas with the utmost freedom and semblance of reality. I am ready under any circumstances to employ myself in your service, and recommending myself humbly to your favour, offer myself at all times to your notice.

"As to His Majesty and H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, I shall always be very pleased to receive the honour of their commands, and with respect to the Hall in the New Palace, I confess myself to be by a natural instinct better fitted to execute works of the largest size rather than little curiosities. . .

"Sir, y<sup>r</sup> very humble servant,

"PETER PAUL RUBENS."

Rubens' next acquaintance with England and the English Court was to be not artistic, but diplomatic. The widowed Infanta was anxious to bring about a suspension of arms between the Sovereigns of Great Britain, Denmark, and Spain and the United Provinces, and Balthaza Gerbier, himself a painter, was desired by the omnipotent Buckingham, whose agent he was, to treat with Rubens selected by the Infanta as the fittest person to negotiate on her part. Mr. Sainsbury translates and

gives in full the memoranda of the various discourses held between these two agents. Gerbier's letters are in obscure and peculiar French ; and his speech seems to have been embellished with many flowers of the rhetoric then so fashionable. Rubens, though more explicit in his statements, indulges in similar adornments, "and," says Gerbier, "wrote frequently to me deploring the present state of affairs, wishing to revive the Golden Age, and conjuring me to make the Duke of Buckingham understand the Infanta's great regret that affairs were in their present state. The *Sieur Rubens*, enlarging on this point, said how praiseworthy and advantageous this work of reconciliation would be. He believed it easy of accomplishment, provided the King of Great Britain would lend a favourable ear, and the Duke was well disposed, so that *his* assistance might be relied upon. Then Rubens dwelt strongly on Spain being willing to listen to reasonable conditions ; and much more to the same effect." In reply to all this, the following was meant to be conclusive:—

*B. Gerbier to P. P. Rubens.*

"Brussels, 1627.

"TO MONS. RUBENS.—My Lord the Duke of Buckingham has commanded me to inform you with respect to the discourses we have held, that if it pleases the Infanta to obtain full powers from the King of Spain to treat in his name and on his behalf with the King of Great Britain, for a general suspension of arms (withdrawing the armies), between the King of Spain, the King of Great Britain, the King of Denmark, and the States-General of the United Provinces, that he will do his best to carry into effect the resolutions and wishes of the several parties for the suspension of arms for two, three, four, five, six, or seven years, restoring commerce to its original footing as in times of peace, during which time an accommodation may be treated for. B. GERBIER."



All this time Spinola was on the Flemish coast, and seems not to have ratified the power of the Infanta's new diplomatist till this same month of February, 1627, when the negotiation proceeds. With regard to the Dutch provinces, it was said on behalf of the Infanta, that :—

“ Every one cannot but think that there will be very great difficulties with respect to the title of free states, which they pretend to be applied to them in the truce ; but which title is so contrary and repugnant that he, the King of Spain, wages war for no other reason. For if he had chosen to consent to this title, the Dutch would never have made, nor would they at present make any difficulty, in continuing or renewing the truce as before, as Rubens testifies, who has been employed in this business. . . . But leaving the Dutch to insinuate this title during the suspension of arms, the King of Spain would perhaps be found willing to treat subsequently with them for a lasting peace, under honourable conditions to His Majesty, and without prejudice to their liberties. . . . It is certain that it would be thoroughly appreciated in Spain and by Her Serene Highness, if the King of Great Britain would interpose his authority and goodwill to this accommodation.”

Endless were the letters and messages exchanged on this subject. Rubens, for furtherance of the affair, repaired to Breda, but by August of the same year it would not seem that they had advanced much beyond the preliminaries ; the following is extracted from a letter written to the Elector of Cologne from Spa, at that time :—

“ It seems that the treaty of which the Sieur Rubens laid the foundations advances little by little, and that his journey from Holland, from whence he returned, some days past, having been called there by Ambassador Carleton, has also given an impetus to it. This opinion is confirmed by the arrival in this place of the Sieur de Montagu, an Englishman,

who had no sooner arrived yesterday than he sought out the Marquis Spinola. . . . This Rubens above mentioned is the principal painter of Antwerp, who sold for 100,000 florins antiquities to the Duke of Buckingham; and while this purchase, which took some time, was being made, this negotiation it appears begun. Montagu is a young English lord greatly favoured by Buckingham.\* Several are of opinion that it is to maintain good friendship and correspondence between the Spaniards and English, and some add that France will be included; but there is little appearance of that, inasmuch as your Highness will have heard elsewhere the English have made a descent in the Isle of Rhé, where they are still fighting; but since Rubens and Montagu have come from Holland, I am inclined to believe that in these treaties the Hollanders will most probably be comprised, and perchance the Palatine also."

So the business slowly proceeded, with an expenditure of time and ink, beyond precedent and beyond measure; till Don Diego de Mexia arrives from Spain, with much to learn of the nature of the matter in hand, and Rubens then writes to Gerbier:—

"The answer which I herewith send you (Sept. 1627) is all that can be done in this conjuncture. We believe that these Leagues will be like thunder without lightning, which will make a noise in the air without producing any effect, for it is a compound of divers tempers brought together in a single body against their nature and constitution, more by passion than reason. All '*gens d'esprit*,' and those well affected to the public good, are of our way of thinking, and above all, Her Highness and the Marquis. . . . This bad success is a great disappointment to me, quite contrary to our good intentions;

\* Walter Montagu, son of Henry, first Earl of Manchester, better known as the Abbé de Montagu; he was made commendatory Abbot of Pontoise by Louis XIV.

but my conscience acquits me of having failed in all sincerity and industry to endeavour to bring everything to a good end, if God had not ordained otherwise. I pray God to employ us more successfully in future."

By Christmas the prospects were no brighter ; but in spite of drawbacks and of the unpromising aspect of the future, the Infanta was determined not to be diverted from her projected and much-needed peace, and all through the winter letters continued to pass, until, in 1628, Rubens was despatched upon his famous visit to Madrid.

Great as was the success of the diplomatist who won the favour of the Spanish minister and of the Spanish king, and ample as was the meed of praise awarded to him by his employers, the world remembers his visit to the capital of Spain more by the pictures than by the protocols that came from his hand ; and in viewing the rare works of his genius which (sixty-one in number) adorn that Royal collection, we forget that he came to Castile for any other purpose than to paint Dian or Helen in the saloons of the Palace, or the Three Kings for the convent of the Carmelite Friars. Rubens spent eighteen months at Madrid, where he was made Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the King, and Honorary Secretary to the Privy Council. He returned to Brussels about Whitsuntide, and he was ordered to leave it shortly afterwards upon a still more auspicious mission to England and the English King, Charles.

Charles, whatever may have been his feelings towards the envoy of the Infanta and the advocate of her cherished plans, was ready, we know, to welcome Peter Paul Rubens the painter ; but some ambiguity as to the exact nature of Rubens' errand seems to have prevailed in London. Thus, for example, did the inquisitive public and the officials gossip about the great man who had just landed from the Low Countries :—

*“ T. Meantys to Lady Bacon.*

“ You will peradventure hear speech of an ambassador arrived here from the Arch Duchesse, but it is only Rubens, the famous painter, appearing only in his own quality, and Gerbier, the Duke’s painter, master of the ceremonies, to entertain him.”

Also M. Barozzi to the Earl of Carlisle :—

“ Your Excellency will hear thro’ Mons. Rubens the reason of his coming to the Court.”

While Sir Dudley Carleton writes to Lord Dorchester :—

“ Joachimi hath written hither that altho’ Rubens be come, he hath brought with him no letters of credence, nor the least thing authentical and substantial ; and yet there are great ones that maintain him in countenance, and will needes make something out of nothing.”

But they were all in the dark. Rubens had come, not to measure the ceiling of Whitehall, or to reproduce the features of Henrietta Maria and of her husband, under the names of Cleodolinde and of St. George, but to sound the intentions of Charles as to the proposed suspension of hostilities between the high contending Powers. Some such step had been anticipated and favoured by the Duke of Buckingham, in order, it was said, that he might prosecute with more effect his campaigns against France ; but George Villiers was dead ; the man who had ventured to browbeat the young Queen, and who had had a place in the heart of two kings, was no more ; and, in Buckingham, Rubens had to all appearance lost an important patron. Lord Clarendon says of the Duke, that his friendships were so ardent that they were as so many marriages, for better and for worse, and his admiration for Rubens would soon, we feel sure, have ripened into such an attachment, had he but been spared to meet at St. James’s the former possessor of the magnificent collection which he had secured for his

own halls. Sir Francis Cottington, the newly accredited ambassador to Spain, was, to judge by the similitude of his peaked visage, which is still to be seen among the other friends of the great Chancellor, in the collection at the Grove, a less pleasant personage to handle than would have been his Grace of Buckingham. So great, however, was the address of Peter Paul, that he made his way at Court without any other recommendation than that of his genius: and he managed to secure an interview with Cottington before the departure of that minister to Madrid, a step which, from one cause or another, was delayed till after the fall of the leaf. Just as Sir Francis started on his mission, Don Carlos di Colonna arrived from Spain with full powers to complete the negotiation which Rubens had opened. The Don was admitted to an audience with the King before the Epiphany of the New Year. But to the suggestions of both these men (the painter and the plenipotentiary), Charles could only pay what attention he might have to spare from his own more pressing affairs. The loss of his own and of his father's friend obliged him to be his own Minister, and at this conjuncture he was also his own Parliament. The vexed question of tonnage and poundage was in dispute between himself and his Commons, and the Parliament had been, in consequence of their disagreement, dissolved many months previous to the day when he was invited to decide upon the foreign policy of the future. Being without money, and also without any legitimate means of procuring it, he was willing to entertain the idea of a Spanish treaty, and of a suspension of arms in the Netherlands: and the basis of a peace was agreed upon. Rubens, enchanted at this result of his efforts, was then at liberty to employ his pictorial talents, and to execute some of the commissions he had received in England; and thus he executed for Charles an allegorical piece which set forth the blessings of Peace and Plenty and

the corresponding horrors of War—a composition which, if little in accordance with modern taste, is not the less as a painting a miracle of colouring, grouping, and execution.

It is curious that there is no fine portrait of the King from the hand of the visitor whom he so delighted to honour: it was reserved for his pupil Vandyke to hand down to posterity, with a grace more mellow and subdued than his master ever could command, the lineaments of that face, upon which misfortune seemed to have set her stamp from the day when it was cast in its mournful mould. Charles was the heir of a race by which the arts had ever been beloved, and of which one member only had been at once a pedant and a boor. The predilection seemed as hereditary in his family as was its gift of beauty, its dowry of sadness, or its fate of violent deaths, outraged friends, and broken hearts; but the taste which had led James I. of Scotland to become a poet in captivity, and which had rendered Mary Stuart an over-indulgent listener to Châstelar's verse and David Rizzio's lute, had, in her grandson, ripened into a positive passion; and from the reign of Henry VII. to the domestic sway of the wise, accomplished, and good Prince Consort whose loss we learn every day more deeply to deplore, Art has possessed in England no royal friend who can be compared with the ill-fated Charles. As regarded the Fleming, the ministers vied with the Monarch in distinguishing and flattering Rubens: he was the companion of the nobles in their festivals, and of the learned in their assemblies: one day he narrowly escaped drowning in a boating party on the Thames; and another day he was conducted to Cambridge (where his name may be read among the graduates of 1629), and where, in presence of its Chancellor, Lord Holland, and in company with the French Ambassador, he received the honorary degree of Master of Arts of the University. The whole of his expenses while in London were defrayed by the

King, who presented him with a diamond hat-band, and granted him an interview, during which the painter knelt, and after receiving a slight blow on the shoulder, rose as Sir Peter Paul Rubens, Knight. He now made several sketches for the decorations of Whitehall, and carried them with him on his return to Brussels and Antwerp, where the pictures were finished, about the latter end of the year 1634. For these it had been agreed that he was to receive 3,000*l.* and a chain of gold; but Charles's finances were then in a state of extreme embarrassment; and it would appear that royal plate had to be melted down, and jewels pawned, ere the workman received his hire, which he ultimately did, after many and tedious delays. The vouchers for the five different instalments in which it was remitted, and the power of attorney given by Sir Peter Paul to one Lionel Wake, authorizing him to receive these monies, are among the number of the curious papers relating to Rubens which Mr. Sainsbury has recovered and published.

The fortunate knight having received on his return the thanks of his employers, the congratulations of his friends, and the ovations of the public, obtained a patent from Philip IV., which confirmed the honours bestowed on him at St. James's, and he began to apply himself to the choice of a companion who might share his honours, and restore to his house and studio the sunshine which seemed to have departed from them when the first shovelful of earth was thrown into Isabella Brandt's grave. Among the many fair dames, all anxious, nay, even ambitious, to enter upon the state and duties of Lady Rubens, Sir Peter Paul made a sufficiently startling choice: for the merchant Daniel Fourment's daughter Helena was only sixteen years of age, and she was, moreover, his niece by marriage; that is to say, she was the child of his first wife's sister, Clara Brandt. No one ever grudged to the diplomatist his success, or to the painter his undying renown, shall we

grudge to Rubens this bright-eyed girl—this Helena Fourment, so young, virtuous, and beautiful, that we all seem to have loved and known her, with her pencilled brows and those lovely lashes that fringed but could not hide the liquid hazel of her eyes, with her rich hair, her taper fingers, and that tall column of her throat, which was set off by her spreading ruff? In this marriage, as in everything else, Rubens' good luck was unailing, and their union is said to have been a happy one; Helena found him a kind and generous husband—she bore him sons and daughters—she escaped all scandal and calumny while he lived—and she wept for him sincerely when he died. Not long after her introduction to his fireside, she saw fresh honours heaped upon her lord: he was made Dean of the Painters' Guild, and being once more desired by the Infanta to lay aside his brushes and his palette, and to serve her in a political mission (of which the object was a peace with the States of Holland) Rubens lost no time in obeying her behests. Alas! they were to be the last that he was to receive from that kind and noble mistress upon whose heart the word "Peace" ought surely to have been found engraved; for though, in obedience to her commands, he journeyed to Brussels, Liége, Maestricht, and the Hague, he never succeeded in arranging more than the preliminaries of a treaty; and the project died with the Infanta Clare Eugenia Isabel in the end of the year 1633. This, the second occasion upon which Rubens had been employed to mediate between the Spanish Netherlands and those revolted provinces which now formed an independent republic, had two curious features which distinguish it from his other diplomatic errands: the first was the shuffle in the cards which, after the lapse of so many years, actually brought the son of John Rubens and the youngest son of William the Taciturn face to face: the one as a ruler, the other as the trusted envoy of a queen. The second peculiarity was the secrecy which, for some reason or



reasons unknown, was observed both as to his journey and to its object. Balthazar Gerbier was in a fever of curiosity in consequence: he travelled, he fidgeted from place to place, he sent provoking letters to the painter, and he wrote numberless conjectures to his employers in England: and a proof of the privacy with which even these remarks were made has been found by Mr. Sainsbury in the State Paper Office, where a scrap of a document is covered with the lines and dimensions of a frame, and with notes in Gerbier's handwriting; but this apparently insignificant paper has had written upon its margin in some chemical fluid, so as to escape observation, "The Great Painter, Rubens of Antwerp, has come here to treat with the Deputies of the States-General:" "a proof," says Mr. Sainsbury, "of the privacy with which that negociation was carried on."

In his house at Antwerp, being now full of years and of honour, Rubens received some royal visitors. There came in 1631, the Queen Mother of France, Mary of Medicis, not yet ready, it is true, to go away and die in the old house that we have seen in the Sternengasse of Cologne, but still something fallen from her state in the Luxembourg, for she is now in Antwerp on a poor errand: she must raise money on her jewels; and she pawned two to her former friend Sir Peter Paul. Later in the day, and after the Infanta is a little forgotten in the Netherlands, there comes Don Ferdinand, fresh from victory at Nordlingen, requiring triumphal arches and the like from the hand of the veteran artist, who made them all to admiration, though he painted them standing on one foot with the gout. He is too unwell at the last moment to see the entry of the Prince, so the Prince goes to visit the painter; and many more great men and wise were glad to be his guests; thus they went in and out, grandees and ambassadors, knights and ladies, artists, and friends: they talked and they feasted, just as you may see them doing in Holbein's "Dance of

Death ;” and no one said, even if they thought of it, that another Guest was due, who when he should come would bid the master of the house presently rise up, and go out with him.

Yet there was no doubt that the powers of that vigorous life were now somewhat impaired, for Rubens could no longer stand at his easel. He was ready, however, to undertake one or two great pictures, and the world is grateful to him for the effort. There was to be a portrait of Helena Fourment (now at Blenheim), where, radiant and stately, she looks, in the company of her son, something more matronly than when we saw her last. There must be the Cardinal Infant ; that young victorious Don Ferdinand, with the battle of Nordlingen and all the routed Swedes in the background ; and above all, there was to be a picture for Cologne—that Crucifixion of St. Peter, which now enriches the Church of St. Peter, the place where John Rubens is buried. The history of this the last great work of the painter, whose childhood was spent in Cologne, and whose memory still reverted to the many-spired city on the Rhine, is the more curious from the details which Mr. Sainsbury gives of its origin. It was not intended by the artist or his employer for the place which it now occupies. In 1636, Rubens received from G. Geldorp a commission for an altar-piece ; and being surprised at receiving such an order from London, he wrote to Geldorp to say that he would undertake it if he got further instructions as to its subject and dimensions. Sir Peter Paul then learnt that the future owner of his canvas was to be M. Jabach of Cologne, a famous collector, who wished to present an altar-piece to the Church of the Holy Apostles. This information greatly pleased him, and he replied thus :—

“Antwerp, July 15—25, 1637.

“Sir,—Y<sup>r</sup> honoured letter, of the last day of June, has come to hand. It dispels all my doubts, for I could not

imagine why an altar-piece was wanted in London. As regards time: I must have a year and a half, in order to be able to serve your friend, without uneasiness or inconvenience. As regards the subject: it will suit me better to choose it according to the size of the picture, for there are subjects which are better treated in a large space, and others which require a medium, or smaller proportions. Nevertheless, if I might choose, or wish for a subject to my taste, relative to St. Peter, I would take his crucifixion, with his feet placed above. It appears to me that that would enable me to do something extraordinary—otherwise I leave the choice to him who will be at the expense of it, and until we have seen what the size of the picture will be.”

In 1638, he wrote again to say that the work was well advanced, that he was satisfied with its success, and that he hoped he should not be pressed to complete it. It was found in his atelier at the time of his death, finished but not sent home. M. Jabach then paid for it the sum of 1,200 florins (108*l.*), and he presented it, not to the Church of the Apostles, but to the Church of St. Peter. The reason for this change of place does not appear. Perhaps the subject was thought to point to a place in a church dedicated to the saint whose martyrdom it commemorated; perhaps M. Jabach believed himself to be carrying out some wish, either understood or expressed, of Sir Peter Rubens; or if we take Smith's statement for granted that M. Jabach was then the owner of John Rubens' house in the Sternengasse, we may find an explanation in the fact that that street lies in the parish of St. Peter. There, at all events, the art-loving citizen caused it to be placed, and there it remains; all who behold it pronouncing it to be, what the painter promised that it should be, “a something extraordinary.”

As late as 1640, Balthazar Gerbier had dealings with

Rubens about some designs for the cabinet of Queen Henrietta Maria at Greenwich ; but one of his letters to England brought heavy tidings in its postscript—"Sir Peter Rubens is deadly sick ; the physicians of this town (Brussels) being sent unto him for to try their best skill on him." This was indeed the case : the patient had ague and gout, and, finally, what the physicians called "a deflaction" on the heart ; and, being past all help, the last news soon came, that Sir Peter Paul Rubens had departed this life at Antwerp, on the 20th day of May : aged sixty-two years, ten months, and twenty-one days.

The day of his death, and the day of his funeral were sad days in the city. The clergy formed a long procession to the Church of St. James's, where he was to be laid, and by the bier stood sixty orphan boys ; for the poor of Antwerp had lost in him a liberal and a thoughtful friend. For him no neighbourhood of grove and field had to be selected, but among the pillars of a solemn and gorgeous church, with coloured lights from stained windows, with wreaths of incense smoke, with pealing notes of the organ, and sweet boy voices of the choir, they left him—busy head, loving heart, and crafty hand all at rest for ever. His widow took another mate, his children ripened into men and maids, his pupils went out into the world to reap laurels of their own : but his pictures we have always with us, and his influence on art is one that cannot pass away.

Here in England, where he was a happy and an honoured guest, where we possess so many and so remarkable examples of his genius, is it not strange that he should not have found a biographer and an historian ? In the country which boasts of his "Chapeau de Paille," his "Wolf Hunt," and so many of his family pieces, and which can show at Blenheim, a collection of his works only surpassed in number and in value by four royal galleries of Europe, it is astonishing that Rubens, his

life, his times, his embassies, his scholars, and his school, have not received a notice more than fragmentary. His engravers alone would furnish a curious chapter: it might be shown why he selected such men as Lucas Vosterman (or Vorsterman), Witdonk, Bolswert, and Paul Pontius to interpret and perpetuate copies of his pictures—and told where Bolswert learnt the vigour of his style, where Pontius acquired the sweetness of his line.\*

Rubens etched occasionally himself: neither was the illustration of books and missals neglected by him, for a life of Ignatius Loyola has no less than seventy-eight of his designs; while eleven are to be seen in a missal printed by Moretus, besides fifty headings for pages, and a great number of vignettes in different places. He published at one time a pamphlet on the imitation of Greek statues, and seems to have bestowed no little thought upon the study of the antique, for an original fragment upon this subject is bound up in De Pile's *Cours de Peinture par Principes*; and there is the beautiful letter to Francis Junius, of which the original is among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, which has been admirably rendered by Mr. Sainsbury in the volume before us. Another publication of Rubens' he called *Un livre à dessiner*, and to this he added a second part; but they are not much remembered; and his principal literary labour is the *Palazzi Antichi e Moderni di Genova; raccolti e disegnati da Pietro Paulo*

\* As there are not less than 1,200 engravings after Rubens' works, much information is to be gained from the illustrations which have come from the burins of Lommelin, Collaert, C. and Th. Galle, Duparc, Baillu, Boel, Smith, Van Uden, George Cooke, Van Kessel, Brown, Eyndhoudt, Van Thulden, Nees, Tronvain, Murtinasi, Duchange, Chastillon, Prenner, Lorenzini, N. Varin, Van-Sompel, Stock, Mogalli, Visscher, Voet, de Viel, Hodges, Mechel, Blömart, Lasne, Soutman, Pilsens, N. Ryckman, and Van der Leeuw; not to speak of the beautiful series from the Luxembourg gallery, engraved by Nattier and de Séve: or of the etchings executed by Spruyt, Paneels, and Street.

*Rubens : Anversa :* A.D. 1613, in the compilation of which he was assisted by his brother Philip.

Mr. Sainsbury has given us the epitaph of the painter from the pen of Dr. Gevaerts, and in the appendix has added a translation of one composed during his lifetime by Doctor Dominic Bandius. Is Mr. Sainsbury acquainted with another? A quaint compliment turned upon the name of the painter :—

PET. PAUL RUBENS.

Ipsa sous *Iris*, dedit ipsa Aurora colores,  
 Nox umbras, *Titan* lumina clara tibi :  
 Das tu Rubenius vitam, mentempque figuris,  
 Et per te vivit lumen, et umbra, color—  
 Quid te Rubeni nigro mors funere volvit ?  
 Vivis, vita tuo picta colore rubet.—  
 Obiit A.D. 1640 : Ætat. 63.

This concentrated essence of praise, which seems to us little better than a pun, was such a “conceit” as was affected by the taste of a past age : but we should welcome in this country a literary monument to the memory of Rubens worthy of the great genius and versatile talents of the artist-ambassador ; and if in these pages we have trespassed too long on the patience of the reader, it is because that has been found to be true, which Fuseli said to the students of the Royal Academy when addressing them upon the subject of the painter of Antwerp, “Gentlemen, of Rubens, it would be easier to say nothing at all than to say only a little.”

*DRAGONS AND DRAGON-SLAYERS.*

“These are not the palms of Osiris, but of Christ.”—ORIGEN.

## I.

To resolve a story back into a legend, and through the legends of many ages, and of many countries, to trace one myth, is the interesting task of a comparative mythologist, and in the case of the Dragon-myth this is a task which opens to us at once the future and the past. Through the dim past we see the one undying Truth which sought and found expression in so many forms, and far in the future we see that same Truth brightening before us, while the world yet waits for the “divine far-off event towards which the whole creation moves.”

The Serpent has formed a part of many creeds, the Dragon-slayer has been the hero of a thousand fables. The prophecies of Holy Writ, the legends of the elder mythologies, the tales told on eastern nights, and listened to in western nurseries, the Christian hagiologies, and the local traditions of every country, all point one way; all tell of the presence of Evil, all speak of the One who was to make war on it, to suffer, to die, but also to prevail. Such “high soul” ever underlies “the childish play,”\* and the history of the conflict is found to stand out supreme and tragic truth from a mass of varying and many-coloured fables.

\* “Es liegt ein hoher Sinn im kindischen Spiel.”—SCHILLER.

The legend varies, as might be expected, with climate, with latitude, and also with the progress of races. It must be so, for the conflict with evil which it embodies has steadily gained in importance to mankind, as man has been growing in culture, and rising in moral consciousness. Since the epoch when civilised or semi-civilised man first found the world full of thorns and briars, and felt that it might and ought to be something better—since ever on his search after ease of body, clearness of mind, and purity of soul, he discovered terrible barriers in his path, and cried out, “O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?”—since ever he found a law in his members which warred against the higher law in his soul—since ever, glorious and yet guilty, he has stood possessed of the knowledge of good and evil, the great strife has been intensifying itself. How long it has lasted, where and how it originated, and how long it has yet to last, and under what conditions it will ultimately cease to vex mankind—all these are questions hid in the knowledge and foreknowledge of God alone. But of its existence no rational creature is ignorant; no man can stand quite aloof from it; and that it has engaged the sympathy of our Creator no reader of Revelation will deny. What wonder, then, that these convictions have found constant expression in a thousand pictures, in ten thousand tales; that in the infancy of the race and of the mind, in broken accents and with stammering utterance, the human soul should have recorded in this legend of the Dragon and the Dragon-slayer its upward struggle, its need of help, its trust in justice, its preference for good and goodness, its undying and its now greatly justified hope?

The Dragon, then, as we have said, occurs in many literatures; but what is still more remarkable is that the same incidents occur again and again in connection with it, always bringing out the same attributes and the same emergencies.



We have the power and size of the monster enhanced by his subtlety, the miasma of his breath and the suddenness of the attack of what the Hindoos call "the fierce one with poisons." The same features occur in every legend, and when these stories tell of innocent and helpless victims falling a prey to his hunger and his rage, we feel that we have before us features which, if they be drawn from the experience of past generations, yet appeal only too powerfully to our own. Do but tread our courts, our alleys, and our streets, and you will see that *Grande Gueule* is still being fed there on babies, and on maidens, and on the dumb beasts that perish. We read again of a dragon who lived in a morass, and whose breath slew all that passed that way. Was that story invented by a Lincolnshire peasant in the Fens, who had just eaten opium to keep off an attack of ague? or was it dictated by a patient tossing in the delirium of a fever? or told perhaps long ago on the pestilential Italian shore where Madonna Pia sighed out her brief history, how "Sienna me made, Maremma has undone"? Down a French valley it seems, too, that there once rolled a dragon of huge length, whose heavy coils laid low the vines, the houses, and all the fruit-bearing trees; till, conquered by a saint, this monster lay at last chained and bound. Down that same valley, bordered by a hundred towers and towns, there still run the waves of Loire, and silver gilt they seem as any dragon-scales when they rattle over their sandy shallows, but they are terrible in flood-time as ever could have been the dragon of St. Julien: only now they also are in a manner chained, and held in by powerful levées and banks.

These then would seem to be true stories of Dragons, and to point to a common truth, therefore it is that I propose with a key of truth to unlock the volume of the Dragon-myth, and to show not only evil personified in this form throughout a

great part of the globe, but also to show that the Dragon-slayer is a real conqueror over sin and tyranny, drought and flood ; over paganism, and heresy, and godless evil in all its forms and shapes. If the attempt be a bold one—and it *is* a bold one when I consider how many fellow students there are in the field—such scholars will be the first to forgive me, if I venture to see in this myth, not only a fascinating enigma, but a truth in a time-honoured disguise. I say a truth because if ever we can hope to have found a resting place for our feet it is when many different facts from many different sources “unite in producing the same result.”

Now as to the Dragon himself, it will be worth our while in the first place to run over his names, and because names cover things, to investigate through them into his form, nature, and reputation. We shall see from them that instead of being an *ophidian* he is a *chimera*, an archaic, and also a mediæval chimera.

He has been called,—

Dracan, in Anglo-Saxon.

Draken, in German.

Drac, in Langue d'Oc.

Draco, in Latin.

Tarasque, in Provence.

Taras, in villages of Spain.

Vivre, in Burgundian Carols.

Guivre, in the patois of Neufchâtel.

Wyrn, and Worm, in old English letters, and in Northumbrian speech. He is,—

Grande-Gueule, in Brittany.

Gargouille, at Rouen.

Bailla, at Rheims.

Cathac, in Ireland.

Seraph, in Hebrew.

Leviathan, in Holy Writ.

Smei gorionetch, or snake of grief, in Russian.

Wrag, the enemy, among the Ruthenes.

Mischief, by the Scottish Highlanders.

Sig-draca, or fire-drake, and

Eora-draca, or earth-drake, by the Anglo-Saxons.

Wrackliene wyrm, or marvellous worm, and

Naked, spiteful dragon, fire *befangen* (encircled), in the poem of Beowulf.

Godes andesacan, or God's denyer, in the same pages.

He is the "worm that never dieth" of our translation: the Cerastes, the Coluber, the Basiliscus, the Serpens Tortuosus, and the Vastator of the Vulgate.

He is the "gran nemico" of Dante, the flaming-backed dragon of Hesiod. He is known as the "king of the air" in Mexico, but as the spotted snake, and the four-footed beast, in Japan. Ophiomorphous, or the "deceiver," was his name in the Ophite sect. The Anglo-Saxons described him as "coloured with fire-boilings," but the good Bishop Patrick, while dilating on the subtle deceiver in Eden, avers that he was then "beautiful, winged, and golden."

In the old mythologies he has other titles. In the Yend-Avesta he is the evil principle, the serpent "Azhi-dahâka." He is presented as the Hindoo form of chaos, as the drought, and as the "Regent of hell," and this Hindoo hell is said to be full of serpents. Again, he figures as Ashmog, the "two-footed servant of evil;" as Kalli-naga, with a thousand heads, as "Calza," and in the triumphs of Vishnu as "Rahu," that Serpent and Star whom the bright god cut asunder, whose name signifies "to be abandoned," and who may stand as a type of ignorance, and of all wandering intelligences lost in the blackness of darkness for ever.

He is Ophion in Phœnicia, Typhon in Egypt, and Python in Greece.

Unsleeping, winged, fanged, coiled, footed, fiery, and furious, with two heads, or with a thousand, this dragon is the terrible and restless enemy of the world. Now a man, and now a star, now a seraph, and now a beast, now with a human head, and now with an ophidian, he stands, the Hieroglyph of Evil, gnawing at the Tree of Life, full of subtlety and full of power.

The place which serpents have occupied in the religious symbolism of the world differs greatly from that of this hateful *chimera*, and hence no small confusion in many minds. A serpent devouring its tail represents the eternity of God and not of evil, some will argue, and not only is this the case, but large tracts of the world's surface have been covered with temples devoted to a wise, protecting, fecundating, solar, Serpent-god.

Again, the hawkheaded serpent (Chnuph) of Egyptian sculptures was a type of divine wisdom, and the serpent of the Gnostics, crowned with solar rays, was an Agathodemon, or good genius. In fact the worship of the serpent seems to have been an early and wide-spread form of idolatry, of which Cashmere and Cambodia were, so to speak, centres, and the vestiges of this religion are too many and too important to allow us to call it as yet extinct. We still have the *Subhara*, or king-serpent of Southern India (the earth from whose hole is offered to his admirers as a form of sacrament), and in many districts of India the vulgar pay a yearly tribute to the snake. In the Dekkan the 5th day of the first (or bright half) of the lunar month (August and September) is the Nagapanchami holiday, when cakes are offered to the serpents, and when their images on the walls of houses are touched with fresh paint. So lingers the old faith in the

mystic ophidian, in that seven-headed Naga, who associated with the sacred tree, seems to have been an embodiment of divine wisdom, power, and immortality, "an allegorical myth of eternity." Traces of his worship appear wherever the Indo-Germanic race exists, for under the Delphic tripod, and round the cauldron of Medea's broth, and on the staff of Esculapius, as well as on the winding sheet of the Gnostic converts, and on the altars of Mithras we see the serpent twining. This serpent licked Cassandra behind the ears so that she, full of prophetic fury, heard in the harmless air the fast-coming evil, and all the ruin of Troy. Blind Plutus, after a serpent had touched his eyelids, saw with clear vision the future and the past, and the Gaelic legend of Farquhar the Leech ascribes to a physician the strangest gifts of healing and insight as consequent on eating broth made from the most subtle of the beasts of the field. Such a parentage for wisdom among what are now serpent-hating races would be unaccountable could we not trace them back to their remote source in India, where the great seven-headed Naga, who now reigns only over ruined topes and empty tombs, or as at Angeor-Wat,\* over a wilderness of sculptures and of weeds, was once really a divinity in power. Glorious in the attributes of his number, of that *seven* which the Kabballists declared to be a number "most full of all efficacies, at once various and manifold, being a unity in the coupling of two trinities," † the Naga-god once commanded the worship of thousands, and he must not be confounded either with the

\* A complete exploration of these extraordinary ruins was made in 1866-8, by some officers of the French navy. An admirable account of them is to be found in the *Tour du Monde*, No. xx., xxi., xxii. (Hachette et Cie., Paris.)

† See for a curious dissertation on the *Scale of the Septinarie*, or number seven, and its efficacies, the first part of the Book of Magic of Cornelius Agrippa.

mere reptile, or still less with the dragon-chimera, and it is for this reason that I have here preferred the term Dragon for that personification of Evil with which mankind has always waged an internecine war.

Perhaps, however, this distinction may be regarded as too arbitrary, unless we are also prepared to explain the veneration shown to the good snake, and the hatred felt for the serpent-demon, by antagonism, by one of those reactions in human feelings which extend to the symbols through which a feeling has recorded or expressed itself. Can it be that the serpent was to one nation the emblem of the power which is "able to prepare men towards the attainment of piety, desires and wealth,"\* while to another, it set forth the devil and all his works? So it would indeed appear.

To account for this, let us speak of the antagonism of races. Hear how passionately this pulse beats in the Hebrew breast, and see how the old wars of the Jews were both wars of religion and of extermination. Hear Balak summon a prophet to the mountain-tops, and adjure him there in return to curse for him the Hebrew invaders. Hear, in the hymns of the Rig-Veda, Indra's worshippers imploring him to view with favour only the fair-complexioned race, who, owning the gods, obey their laws, and to scatter "the dark-skinned brood;" while Ulysses adopts much the same tone of disapprobation in speaking of the "dark Cimmerian tribe" who, dwelling in the liminary land, skirt the realms of hell.

Assuredly it is in its hatreds, whether founded or unfounded, that the history of the world and of its churches is too often written, and this serpent-symbol, having enjoyed no small share both of good repute and bad repute, is to be

\* See the *Vásta-Yága*, by Pratapachandra Ghosha, B.A., in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*, Part I. No. iii., Calcutta, 1870.

regarded in the light of a controversy at once ethnological and religious.

Long before the foundations of Christianity were laid in the monotheism of the Jews, men had already invented, changed, and exchanged many forms of belief. These had all had, it is true, a common foundation in nature-worship and nature-symbolism, but still one race might have had aptitudes and affinities which were either unintelligible or actually repulsive to another, so that the dualism of their opinions often proves, if rightly investigated into, but the dualism of races. As the old mythologies exhibit the pre-eminence now of one principle now of another, it might very well happen that when any country was invaded by alien tribes, old altars and old creeds were thrown down. Again, on the contrary, if by one of those victories of the vanquished, of which history furnishes so many examples, the conquerors were ever tempted to adopt the worship and to honour the divinities whom they found in fashion, then, to prevent this fusion or confusion of mythologies, their own priests or leaders would, to warn them away from error, represent the gods of the natives as the devils of their own creed.

The serpent, then, might have been a god in Phœnician eyes, but as, in the sacred books of the Hebrews, they saw it denounced as the author of evil, it became abhorrent to the Jews, and it remains abhorrent to all the non-serpent-worshipping races.

It has been ingeniously suggested that ascriptions of evil to the serpent are of Eastern origin, and that because the serpent race is in the East poisonous and terrible, it was chosen as the symbol of destruction; while in the West the ophidian is so rare and harmless that it was treated as a wonder, an emblem of wisdom, and of the life that never closes. Unfortunately for this reasoning, the facts prove the

contrary. Bearing in mind the Eastern origin of the whole Indo-Germanic family, it will be seen that precisely *from* the East came those traces of serpent-reverence and serpent-worship which still linger in the popular mythologies of Russia, Albania, and the Scottish Highlands. Marvellous tales of serpents are still common in Northern latitudes, where no large ophidians ever dwelt, and the good or bad repute of the serpent there is plainly a matter of tradition, and not one of observation. In corroboration of this, it is noteworthy that if the popular tale be one treating of serpents and their gifts, the Agathodemon never changes his shape—he is and remains a *snake*: an ophidian; he may indeed be, as in Sutherland, the *seventhà*, or king-serpent (the Subha-raya of Southern India), but his form and nature are proper to himself. On the other hand, if the legend has nothing to do with Naga worship, but treats of the Power of Evil, the chimera assumes many shapes—he is a dragon in France and in England; a boar in the conflict with Diarmid, and Adonis; a wolf,\* or even a mammoth, as among the tribes of the Oregon territory. And then he always has a conqueror. Given the dragon or the beast, we always find a dragon-slayer, and therefore I desire to distinguish between the Naga, the dethroned oriental Serpent-god, and this Dragon of Eastern and Western legends.

The second part of my subject must treat of the Dragon-Slayer, so often disguised in nursery literature as the giant-killer.

Among the oldest personifications of the conflict with evil is the myth of Horus and Typhon, the ass-headed devil, or hot wind of Egypt. One can believe that this tale had an origin in nature-worship, perhaps we may even place it at the head of those solar myths of which we are now assured that all mythology is composed, and see in the catastrophe of Osiris but the

\* See *The Sculptured Stones of Scotland*.



recession of the sun, and in the victory of Horus, the reappearance and victory of the light. The Greeks, however, enlarged on this idea, and fabled that Typhon made war on the gods, while the simple Egyptian myth avers that, being envious of Osiris, the demon slew him, and persecuted Isis. Horus, her son, avenged her, vanquished Typhon, put his foot on his head, and then chained him.

The repetition of these incidents in the story of Apollo the Python-killer is striking. Latona, pursued by the great serpent, flies to Delos, and there gives birth to the son of Jove, the brightest and best of the gods of Hellas, Apollo, Sun, Archer, and God, who delivers men from the ravages of the Python, and opens to them in the groves of Delphi, a source of wisdom and knowledge. This Apollo is the same as Phœbus (pure)—he is the deviser, the suggester of counsels, the author of genius and poetry; he has youth and strength, conquers night, and brings in the brightness of the day. These myths of Horus and of Apollo seem identical in their details, whether we consider the envious hatred of the enemy, the wide-spread misery that he caused, the danger of the woman, or the conquest and victory, the blessing and glory and honour and power of her son. Among the Oregon Indians their deliverer is also the son of a woman, the slayer of the mammoth, and his name is called the "Deliberator;" nor among the Hindoo legends is the same myth wanting. There was once a manifestation of the Deity, who appeared as warrior, counsellor, and teacher. "They who trust in me," averred this Krishna, "know Brahm. I am the Victim, the Sacrifice; I am the Worship, I am the Road of the good; the Creator, Witness, Asylum, and Friend." This same being is a Dragon-slayer, and none of the Indian sculptures contain a figure of greater beauty than one of their representations of Krishna's triumph. With one foot on the serpent's head the young God grasps in

both his outstretched arms the body of his adversary, and hanging as it were from his hands, he treads on the vanquished reptile.\* So glad, leaping, and young, this stone effigy has worn for centuries the smile of certain and beneficent victory. Yet the serpent, says the legend, did bite Krishna in the heel. So, also, Thor was poisoned in the foot; so Diarmid was wounded by the bristles of the boar of Ben Laighal; † so Beowulf suffered in the conflict with the earth-drake; so Cronus in Phœnician fable, when he cast out the great snake; so perished Raymond of Sulpy, Belzunce of Bayonne, and the eight heroes of Tarascon; so perished Adonis, the yearly mourned; so suffered the Great Archetype, Jesus, the Son of Man; so the children of Light pass through sorrow, death, and pain to the Heavenly City; and so, in spite of the daily victory of the morning, still round the darkling earth "night follows day."

Surely this inverted myth may be looked on as a justified one, though the derivation of all religious myths, and of this one in particular must be admitted to be a thorny and mysterious subject.

Of the legend of the Dragon and the Dragon-slayer, it must be said that the moral significance of its dualism is its most striking feature. We will grant that it had its origin in nature-worship, and as such was used by priests, who were really students of nature. It was their interest, as well as their profession, to fathom her secrets, and, when they began to deify her powers, they may be credited with having been the patrons of creeds which exhibited as gods the physical and reproductive forces of the world. But in this myth of the

\* The spectacle mark on the head of the Cobra is still pointed out as a witness to this conflict.

† In several of the northern legends the hero's faithful dog is also wounded, and dies of the poison.

hateful vanquished serpent, and of the wounded but still conquering hero, there lies a moral meaning.

No nature-worship will explain its existence, or, still less, its endurance, for it points at some relation with the Unseen, at some hatred of evil, and at some trust in deliverance, while that deliverance is always to be accomplished for the race by a Supernatural Being, and yet by a Power which moves as a man among men. Every nation claims this kinship or a fellowship with its Dragon-slayer, as when, in the ancient hymn, Indra is urged to assist his votaries :—

With faith we claim thine aid divine :  
For thou art ours, and we are thine.\*

Whence were these ideas derived ?

Did they come from some memory of the Genesiacal record, where we see a world of pure Theism existing in Eden, followed by a moral catastrophe, and superseded by a proto-evangelical state ?

Or were they slowly developed in races as they rose in moral culture, and began to connect the idea of physical with moral evil ?

Was the myth elaborated, consciously or unconsciously, out of the instincts and intuitions of men, until it formed itself first into a *cry*, then into a *hope*, and finally into a *belief* ?

Or was it a revelation now and again to the secret spirit of man by Him who quickens all intelligences, who accepts all ignorant worship, and is found of all who seek after Him ?

No one can answer such questions directly, and perhaps the only indirect solution to them is to be found in the God-guided education of the world through experience. Experience

\* *Translations from the Vedas*, by T. Muir, 1870.

is the grand and progressive teacher, and of this dragon-legend there has been accordingly a progressive interpretation. No doubt it belonged first to the creed of nature-worship, but it rose to belong to that of hero-worship, and through hero-worship it has passed into the service of Christianity. Typhon, victor over Osiris, but vanquished by Horus, was first emblematic of the recession of the sun into the winter solstice, and of its renewed life in spring. The Pelagic Apollo, fighting with darkness in the Python, and piercing it with his beams, was originally the victorious god of day. Indra, striking the great serpent Obi, was in like manner the author of the dawn, of the spring, and of all the earth's fertility; but as the world rolled on (and towards the Advent!), men had other needs besides those of mere light and food, and feeling that they had other wants, the higher, the *human* attributes of the Dragon-slayer were at length realised by them and a flight was taken out of the dualism of nature into the dualism of morals.

Let it have arisen then as it may, this belief of the old world, the heathen were not imagining "a vain thing" when they foresaw the mission of the Deliverer, and whether theirs was a speculation about redemption, a half-obliterated memory, or a revealed hope in a deliverance from evil, they did but anticipate when they represented in their myth *that* as a past fact, which was then (and in some measure is still) a future event.

At this point, the pre-advent story of the Dragon-myth closes, and it may be that some longings for the victory of the second Advent have helped to perpetuate the tale, as we shall see that it has been perpetuated through all the Christian centuries.

## II.

THE myth of the Dragon and the Dragon-slayer, so general before the Christian Era, remained, as we have said, equally popular after the Advent. The makers and the repeaters of Christian legends did not discard the old tale, but, slightly altering the circumstances, they appropriated to saints and paladins the feats which the mythologists had ascribed to gods and demigods of old. Neither were they likely to discard them, for so germane to the spirit of the new religion were the exploits of the old deliverers, that it only remained for the new religion to set forth the affinity which existed between them and the great mission of the Redeemer. The young god who trampled on the serpent, the heroic citizen who leapt into the gulf to save a city, and the grieved paladin who, in the Christian hagiology, engaged in single combat with a dragon, could be shown at last to be but differing embodiments of the same idea, witnesses to the world's central truth, to the law of sacrifice, to the axiom of the Jewish priest when he declared it to be expedient that one man should die for the people. Yes, expedient truly that men should know where lies the way of life, *i.e.*, in the Highway of the Holy Cross; expedient that this world, full already of thorns and briars, should not also grow into a sahara of egotism, but that some one should be found ready to give all, even the life itself, for the people. Such a myth, such a hope, and such a trust, had lain in the minds of the past, and mythology had testified to religion, when it showed how by waters of Nile and Indus, and under the oaks of Delphi, men long suffering from evil, tyranny,

and darkness, had been calling on the light, until in due time the true Dayspring from on high did come to visit them guiding with His wounded feet the world's steps into the ways of peace.

Foremost in the Christian hierarchy stands Michael. The mysterious allusions in Scripture to his conflict with the old Serpent have inspired both poets and painters, but the mediæval authors would not rest content with these. In the days of Gregory the Great, when there was a pestilence, he is said to have appeared again upon earth. "Car quand celuy Pape," says the chronicle, "eut étably les grandes litanies pour la pestilence qu'y était, il vit sur le chasteau, qui jadis est dict de la mémoire de Hadrien, l'Ange de Nostre Seigneur, qui touchait sa glaive ensanglantée de sang, et la remit dans sa gaine : et a donc fit là une église en l'honneur de St. Michel-Ange, et ce chasteau a nom le chasteau de Saint-Ange." So far, at least, the chronicler saith truly, and still the bronze image of the archangel, poised like a great bird of God, and crowning the mole of Hadrian, overlooks the yellow waters of the Tiber, and all the domes and spires of the City on the Seven Hills.

Next in order comes St. George of England; and when abridged of details the story of his exploits runs thus—

Near a city of Libya dwelt the dragon, a monster, whose habitation was a pond, and whose rations were two sheep and a maiden per diem. When it came to the turn of Saba, the king's daughter, to be sacrificed, and the people demanded fair play, the monarch refused to give up his child. At this conjuncture St. George appeared, and promised to help Saba in the name of his Lord Christ. He did, assisted by his dog, subdue the dragon, and deliver the girl,\* whereupon the king,

\* This incident is to be found among the Gaelic legends of the West Highlands of Scotland, where it is one of the exploits of a hero as powerful and as laborious as Hercules.

his daughter, and everybody else, were baptized. St. George refused a large sum of money offered to him in reward: he gave alms of it to the poor, married the princess, taught the king his duty to God and to his neighbour, and then went on his way rejoicing.

This narrative, if it means anything, may mean that there once was a public benefactor, who helped to stay the ravages of a pestilence, baptized the natives, and taught both nobler manners and purer laws, but unfortunately, history, in contradistinction to the legend, does not lead us to think that George of Cappadocia could have sat for a portrait, which is plainly the work of a later fancy.

This is a specimen of the mediæval saints in their capacity as dragon-slayers. It would be tedious to follow all their exploits in detail, but France is so especially rich in this lore that I subjoin as a curiosity the list of some events, with the dates assigned to them by French tradition.

St. Martial on the Garonne, fourth century.

St. Pol, in 594.

St. Julian, Bishop of Mans, in —59.

St. Romanus, at Rouen, in 628.

St. Radegonde, near Poitiers, 566.

St. Bertran, at Comminge, 590.

St. Amand, on the banks of the Scarpe, 630.

St. Arnel, at Thiel (Isle et Vilaine).

St. Florent, near Saumur, 299.

St. Victor, at Marseilles.

Alexis Comnenes, at Trebisonde, 1204.

Nino Orlandi, at Pisa, 1109.

Gilles, Sieur de Chin, near Mons.

Raymond of Sulpy, in Neufchâtel.

St. Martial delivered Bordeaux, and St. Marcel the city of

Paris from great dragons, and time fails us to tell of St. Véran of Arles, or of St. Bié (or Bienheureux) at Vendôme, and we only pause to commemorate the triumphs of St. Martha over the great dragon of Tarascon.

The sister of Lazarus, when, along with St. Mary Magdalene, St. Maxime, and St. Marcellus, she was stranded on the shores of Languedoc, worked many miracles, and the inhabitants of the town prayed her to deliver them from a monster called the Tarasque (from the Greek *ταράσσω*, to harass), which fed upon human flesh. "She had hardly entered the wood where he dwelt," says a French author, "when a long-continued bellowing was heard, at which all the people trembled, thinking that the poor woman who had undertaken a thing which no one else would attempt, and who had gone without arms, had been destroyed. But this holy woman, once so careful and troubled, was now undismayed. Soon the bellowing ceased, and St. Martha re-appeared, holding a little wooden cross in one hand, and in the other this monster fastened to a ribbon which was tied round her waist. She thus advanced into the middle of the town, glorifying the name of the Saviour, and presented the people with the dragon, still bloody from the prey he had lately devoured." The annual festival in honour of this event, with the Order of the Tarasque instituted by the good king René of Anjou, long kept alive the memory of her miracle; and this figure of St. Martha is a very pretty and effective one, and less capable than many of having a rationalistic explanation given of it. Many of the legends mentioned above would really seem to warrant the reading which the ingenious M. Eusèbe Salverte once put on them, viz.: that of being physical or historical facts dressed up in the cast clothes of the time-honoured Dragon fable. These devastating French dragons were possibly floods of the Seine, the Loire, the Clain, the *Drac*, or the Rhone, and the



monster subdued by St. Efflam on the coast of Brittany may have been connected with one of those inundations of the sea which, in the ninth century, carried away many towns and villages, and so altered the line of the coast as to detach St. Michael's Mount from the shore. Certain it is that St. Bertran did really save the state of Le Mans from a war with Waroc, prince of Brittany, and that Queen Radegonde was a merciful and excellent woman, the founder of a monastery, and a sweetener of society in a barbarous age : while Romanus overthrew the temple of Venus, and evangelized Rouen. Tradition avers that in his conflict with the *Gargouille* he was assisted by a felon, and in memory of this deliverance in which a murderer took part, it was long customary in Rouen to release one criminal on Ascension Day. This *privilege de la fierté de St. Romain* points at a confusion between the doughty deeds of the Saint and the world's deliverance on Calvary which is not uncommon in such legends.

The tale of St. Margaret's three encounters with a dragon may no doubt be a travesty of her prolonged sufferings and martyrdom at Antioch, and the story of St. Loup, in whose honour a dragon was, till very late years, carried about at Troyes, suggests yet another interpretation for these ever-recurring exploits of the mediæval saints and champions. St. Loup, though not an evangelist, was the conqueror of the Arian heresy in the diocese of Troyes ; and similar victories over heathendom and heresy were certainly gained by St. Martin of Tours, St. Hilary, St. Donatus, and St. Arnel, all notable dragon-slayers ; neither are we surprised to find St. Florent added to the list, when we remember that he was the apostle of Anjou, the man who first planted the cross in the West, on the confluents of the Maine and of the Loire, A.D. 299.

Legends gathered round any popular saint in the middle ages just in the way in which we now attribute any witticism in

vogue to the most celebrated sayer of *bon-mots* of the day. Not only has rumour a hundred tongues, but hero-worship could always make out of any notable bishop, architect, doctor, or evangelist, a saint, a soothsayer, a wizard, and a dragon-slayer. And the hero is often the heir of centuries; for him old myths are revived, and many forgotten fragments of mythology go to make up the so-called biography of a saint. Take "Holy Gilbert" as a case in point.

Gilbert de Moravia, the Bishop of Caithness, or Catteynes, died in 1245, but as "Holy Gilbert," and "Gobhan Saor," founder and builder of the cathedral of Dornoch, and slayer of the "Dhuguisch," he still lives in the hearts of Highlanders, who might value neither his learning nor his episcopal ordination, though they do spare some admiration for the gentle birth and the gentle breeding of the prelate. The tale of his marvellous exploits, orally preserved among the people, runs as follows:—

"There was once upon a time in Sutherland a great dragon, very fierce and strong. He was born out of a seven years' fire, and it was he that burnt all the fir-woods in Sutherland, Skibo, and the Reay, of which the remains, black and charred, are to be seen in the mosses to this day. The dragon set fire to them with his breath, and rolled over the whole country; then men fled from the breath of him, and the women fainted when his shadow came over the sky line. He made the whole land desert, and could not be killed but by a spotless child, or by the man who saw him before he spied that man.\* And it fell out that when this evil spirit, whom the people called the 'Beast' and the 'Dhuguisch,' came nigh to Dornoch, then he saw the town, and the church of Holy Gilbert that was building there,—'Pity of you, Dornoch!' roared the dragon;

\* The Oregon hero had to place four good spirits at the four cardinal points before he could vanquish the Mammoth.

and 'Pity of you, Dornoch!' thought St. Gilbert. So he took five long and sharp arrows, and a little lad to carry them, and went out to meet the Beast, and hid below a bank of sand. And when the Beast came he cried, 'Pity of you!' and drew a bow at a venture, and the first arrow pierced the dragon to the heart. The people buried him where he fell, at the stone called the Stone of the Beast to this day. And after that Holy Gilbert finished the church. There were no ladders long enough to finish the spire, but when Saint Gilbert threw up a nail he sent the hammer after, which did the work and returned to him."

Of this narrative the flaming dragon part belongs to the old mythologies, since the burning of those forests, whose charred trunks still remain in the mosses of Sutherland, took place at a period far prior to the episcopate of St. Gilbert,\* and the very Danes had ere that date ceased to sweep down on the shore in their black galleys, and to spoil the land. The episode of the hammer belongs to the Scandinavian mythology, and is told of the hammer of Thor, but it is the name of "Gobhan Saor" and the appearance of "Holy Gilbert" as a master builder that forms the most curious part of the legend. "Gobhan Saor" is the name of the fabulous master carpenter, mason, and smith to whom so many Irish buildings are ascribed.† He is said to have been also a sage and a poet, and Irish tradition avers that he was a "black, rusty youth," but in all probability the name applies properly not to a man, but to a class, to the race of Cuthite builders to whom the world owes so much cyclopean

\* Gilbert de Moravia, Archdeacon of Moray and Bishop of Caithness, was possessed of great estates in Sutherland, and was cousin-german of the Lord Sutherland of the day. The date of his episcopate, 1223 to 1245, gives an approximate one for the erection of his cathedral, the endowments of which were his gift. The charter is at Dunrobin.

† Seventeen churches and many crosses, generally said to have been the work of one night.

architecture. It is very interesting to see these, the primitive Vulcans or Tubal-cains of a date so remote (probably 2,000 before the Christian era), transformed in Ireland into the building saints, St. Gobhan and St. Abban, and in Sutherland identified with "Holy Gilbert," Archdeacon of Moray and Bishop of Catecynes, the real founder of the first cathedral of Dornoch, and of the great pile of Kildrummy on the Don. Thus the Christian saints have become the heirs of the Titans and of the giants.

With regard to St. Gilbert, it is consolatory to have a history so explicit that his position as a dragon-queller can be shown to be but a truth disguised. He was famous in his youth for his learning and for his knowledge of Scripture, and after his election (*tempo* Alexander II.) he ruled for twenty years over a troubled diocese, founding the cathedral church of his see at his own costs.\* He was one of the "nobill clerkis" chronicled by Hector Boece as adorning the reign of his sovereign: learned, orderly, and humane, we may be sure that he left a little order where he had found disorder, that he planted in a little knowledge and civility where ignorance had been rampant, and thus being righteous and merciful in his words and works, he has left his memory to the fond praise of five centuries.

"And to such high vocation had I, too, as a denizen of the universe been called," says Teufelsdröck; and in this saying of the professor's, lies the moral of all my fables.

Yes! called we are, to labour and to prevail, to strive and to work, if needs be to dare and to die.

It is true that many of the conditions of our modern warfare are altered ones. To our clearer faith and larger hope no such dualism is fortunately possible as once filled the minds of the

\* See Cosmo Innes' *Sketches of Scottish History*, p. 82; and the *Chronikles of Scotland*, by Hector Boece.

Persian and of the Gnostic. The Christian verity forbids us to acknowledge any balance or equality of power between the good and the evil principles (between Ormuzd and Ahriman), between God and the devil. We have learned to know God as the omnipotent Ruler and Father of men and of spirits, and to see that evil (as permitted by Him) is one of the mediums through which the Divine will works out its purposes in the economy of the world. Pain, even while we admit its mystery, we have ceased to regard as purely evil, when it is felt to be at once one of the safeguards of the body, and one of the teachers of the soul, one of the greatest stimulants to works of charity, and to medical discovery. The winter solstice no longer sets us grieving for a lost Sun-God: content that then the earth should rest, we can say to both winter and summer, "bless ye the Lord." The hostile powers of nature no longer alarm us as they once did, for we can lead off the lightning, predict the storm, or send electricity, as a new Mercury, to do our bidding. Death itself we know to be the end\* of labour; it is the portal to the Golden City, and the grave the silent laboratory where the Divine Artificer elaborates the greatest and most blessed of changes, where the mortal puts on immortality.

Yet with all this, we, in full nineteenth century, do need our Dragon-slayers, and where are they to be found?

Who will fan such a fire of faith in the living, loving, and present God as will burn up all the chaff of our atheisms?

Who will give Reason in marriage to Faith, and, daring at once both to think and to believe, teach that the mute face of nature and the living page of revelation testify alike to Love and to Design, that they both speak of a consonant

\* Two hands crossed on breast,  
Labour is done,

is a Russian proverb referring to their mode of laying out the dead.

moral economy, and are parts of a consonant moral education in the universe of God?

“My Father worketh hitherto and I work,” said the Son of Man: “At last, dear and great God, I think one thought of thine!” exclaimed the devout astronomer when brought face to face with a great but simple natural law, revealed to science for the first time; and did more of this spirit permeate all our working, then surely angels, yea, even Michael the Dragon-queller, would be better able to applaud us at the end of our pilgrimage.

We must be strong, for the Dragons still live.

We may be glad, for the race of champions is not extinct.

Every life-boat going out to a wreck is a new Perseus going out to a new Andromeda. One monster has disappeared before Jenner's lancet, another before the 'Ten Hours' Factory Bill, and the application of chloroform has made a Scottish physician \* greater than St. George, St. Marcel, or St. Cyr, by as much as genius, induction, and research could make him wiser than Farquhar, that royal leech who tasted of the serpent's broth.

Thus it must ever be that by patience, courage and invention, by the sweat of the brow, and by the ache of the heart, that the artist, the savant, and the mechanic have to fulfil the original command, and to *'subdue'* the earth. That command is binding still, and on all sides the work awaits us. It is ours to lift one more protest against evil, to heal quarrels, to plant, to order, and to console: to raise up souls and bodies out of degradation and sickness to health and to sobriety: to diminish the civic spite, to loosen old bands of foolish habit and prejudice, to lessen the curse of Babel, and to conquer ourselves. Each man must learn that “he has

\* Sir J. Y. Simpson, died May 6th, 1870.

capabilities in him to battle in some small degree against the great empire of darkness," and then when work is ended, and among the glad "Well-dones" of heaven, we may enter into the joy of that Lord who will at last put sin, and death, and hell, under His feet, and render up a reconciled Kingdom unto His and our Father, who is the God over all, blessed for ever.

CHARLES-VICTOR DE BONSTETTEN.\*

[*Edinburgh Review*, 1864.]

THE rivers and headlands of a new continent often perpetuate the name of their discoverer or explorer: the engineer is remembered by his viaduct or bridge: the laurels of the soldier are in the safe keeping of his country: and the peaceful labours of the naturalist are commemorated in the flowers of the hot-house and the garden. But the man who achieves mere social distinction runs a great risk of being forgotten. The flow of genial talk leaves nothing tangible by which it may be recalled, the play of kindly fancy is as fleeting as the sunshine it resembles, and the man of many friends, when his place once comes to know him no more, leaves no proper monument to fill it. Such a man was Charles-Victor de Bonstetten, called by his countrymen "the illustrious Bonstetten;" and if the love of noble and good men and women may be accepted as a proof of a man's own nobility, M. de Bonstetten had such credentials in extraordinary abundance. He was intended for a political career, nay, he was

\* 1. *Karl von Bonstetten—ein Schweizerisches Zeit und Lebensbild—* VON KARL MORELL. 1861.

2. *Charles-Victor de Bonstetten. Étude biographique et littéraire.* Par AIMÉ STEINLEN. Lausanne: 1860.

3. *Charles-Victor de Bonstetten. (Causeries de Lundi.)* Par M. DE SAINTE-BEUVE. 1860.

4. *Correspondances Inédites de J. C. Sismondi, de M. de Bonstetten, de Mme. de Staël, et de Mme. de Souza.* Paris: 1864.



in a manner born to it: he acquired a fair share of literary fame during a long and blameless life, which was partly devoted to letters: yet his political course was all but a failure; his works in two languages have failed to impress the world; and he is remembered less as a magistrate or an author, than for his wise and tolerant disposition, and for his singular talent in making and keeping friends.

Of these friends, two have endeavoured to write such a memoir of him as should recall to the present generation one of the best-known and best-loved men of the past. Some notice of their works will hardly fail to be welcome to those who may still remember him as he was known to them in his green and sprightly old age; while to those who never saw him, the subject will become one of more general interest, when we consider, not only the close relations of M. de Bonstetten with all the most eminent men of the day, but the great and curious lapse of time which is, so to say, represented by his life. He was born in 1746, and surviving to the great age of eighty-six, he belonged to the life of two centuries: he witnessed, and he also took a part in the most complete revolution in manners, politics, education, literature, and art that was ever effected in any age of the world. His boyish visits were to Ferney, then the residence of Voltaire: his first enthusiasm was for the theories of Rousseau, and he wist not as he read, that in his time order was to be broken up into chaos, and chaos was again to settle down into order. Gibbon was the historian, Gray the classical poet, of his youth; but his last hours were occupied by Victor Hugo's impassioned pages, and he was led by Lamartine to linger with "*Graziella*" by the tideless margin of the gulf of Baiæ. He sat in Madame du Deffand's rooms while the Encyclopédists were still in the zenith of their fame; and down to the period of her marriage, he enjoyed that exquisite friendship of Madame de Circourt which afterwards attracted to her salon all that was

most brilliant, wise, and refined in the modern life of Paris. It is curious to run one's eye over a list of Bonstetten's contemporaries. In his holiday rambles in the woods of Yverdun, he met "a strange man with such fiery eyes as were never seen in Yverdun:" that restless stranger was Jean-Jacques Rousseau. At a party at Mdme. de Vermonon's, he was introduced, when still a lad, to her *demoiselle de compagnie*, Mademoiselle Curchod: M. Necker, having been refused by the mistress of the house, afterwards married that humbler companion who had already inspired the only love of Edward Gibbon's life; and to Bonstetten Madame Necker proved a constant friend, as she was also the cause of his hereditary friendship with her daughter Madame de Staël. At Geneva, Moulton and Abauzit received him into their houses, and Bonnet strove hard to be at once his guide, philosopher, and friend. There were Matthison, Müller, Diderot, d'Alembert, Gray and Wieland, with Mmes. Geoffrin, Bondeli, and Frederica Brün,—all ties made in England, Heidelberg, or Paris, before the outbreak of the French Revolution. Later there were the two Schlegels, Humboldt, Rumford, Pestalozzi, Hüber, Jurine, Pictet de Rochemont, Benjamin Constant, Sismondi, Portalis, Zschokke, and Lacretelle: there were foreign poets, Byron, Hobhouse, and Cöhlenschläger; learned ladies like Mmes. Krüdener and Necker de Saussure; authors like Tieck, Werner, and Chamisso; artists like Dannecker and Overbeck. These are some of the shadows which are thrown from the magic lantern of his varied and amusing existence. He lived for society, and probably no man ever enjoyed a wider range of it. His biographers have therefore at least as much to say of his acquaintances as of himself, and for this reason the sketch of M. de Bonstetten contributed by M. de Sainte-Beuve (in his "Causeries de Lundi") is a charming paper—short and very able, the author having all the dexterity of the finished artist while he seems to touch the lines

with all the appreciation of a friend. Herr Morell's essay is much more elaborate but less vivid, because he has made it less a memoir than "a picture of life and times:" the animus of it is purely democratic, and he rather endorses than otherwise all the extreme opinions of Bonstetten's uneasy youth. M. Steinlen, on the other hand, has aimed at making a finished literary study serve as the biography of the Swiss magistrate who filled so curious and notable a place in European society. He gives great space to those religious difficulties which beset M. de Bonstetten, and has indeed taken what might be called the religious aspect of the man and of the age.

Charles de Bonstetten was born at Berne, as we have already said, in 1746: he was not only a native of the canton, but the representative of one of the old patrician families in whose hands its government was vested. He was an only child, and his mother, to his great loss and disadvantage, was an uneducated, commonplace woman. His father, Charles-Emmanuel de Bonstetten, was, on the other hand, no unworthy descendant of those bold barons whose names have had honourable mention in Helvetian records ever since the middle of the eleventh century. Their old manor of Bonstetten lay in the environs of Zurich, and from under its roof came forth brave soldiers and wise magistrates for the country during the long struggle for Swiss independence. By the end of the fifteenth century "the savage virtues of the race" had given place to more peaceful achievements, and Albert de Bonstetten was able to dedicate to Louis XI. a *History of the Swiss Confederation*; while another branch, acquiring great estates by marriage, went to settle in the Jura, and on the confines of Neuchâtel. The Treasurer de Bonstetten (the father of Charles Victor) bore in Berne the character which the de Bonstettens had long earned and maintained. He was a man of good

abilities, and a faithful servant of the state, where his singularly humane and conciliatory temper made him at once useful and beloved. It was his intention that his only son brought up at his side should walk in his steps, and rise in Bernese official life. The boy's education was begun at Berne, but at fourteen he was removed to Yverdon, and thence to Geneva, and in that place passed those years of adolescence during which his mind was most to be formed for evil or for good. The first impressions made on it were by his intimacy with M. Moulton, his visits to Ferney, and by the works of Rousseau. At eighteen, so far from being a Bernese senator in embryo, Charles de Bonstetten was a democrat at heart, and had already found insuperable obstacles in the reception of revealed religion.

It was perhaps not wonderful. His temper was restless and independent in an extraordinary degree: "Dependence," he would say, "turns me into a fiend; liberty makes me an angel." His imagination was brilliant, and his love of knowledge and of inquiry insatiable; he had been little controlled by others, and at eighteen self-control was a virtue still to be acquired. *Reason* was, however, what he believed to be the sole object of his worship, and by reason only he declared that he would be ruled. The instructions of M. Prévost, with whom he had been placed, were so unfortunate as not to satisfy him in this and other particulars; but his contempt for his tutor had good results, since it drove him to cultivate the acquaintance of M. Bonnet. Bonnet endeavoured to discipline the thoughts of his protégé, and greatly gained on his esteem; so much so that young Bonstetten, while he could not be prevailed on to close with the positive tenets of Christianity, was fain to admit that in M. Bonnet at least, religion and philosophy, piety and common sense, sympathy and sobriety of thought, were very admirably met. Through the summer of 1765, they read together, the pupil happily unconscious of the

ascendancy of the teacher, for he wrote to his father of his present enjoyment, adding that *guides* were what were necessary for him, and not *masters*, and that a master in anything he would not have. The republican influences of Geneva also charmed him: to his heated fancy it seemed to be the only place where life was to be endured, and every place in which another form of government prevailed was nauseous and irritating. "There is some activity here," he informed the Treasurer de Bonstetten, "but the very look of the Pays de Vaud is enough to set me to sleep. I yawn if I do but pass through one of its towns." These letters, with the reports which reached the elder Bonstetten of his son's ill-disguised sympathy with the revolutionary party, so alarmed him that he determined to recall the young *doctrinaire*. The letter which conveyed this determination came as a blow to his son, who objected to the summons from every point of view: theoretically "because an unreasoning obedience was to his mind the vilest sentiment that ever infested the human breast," and practically because the command made him wretched now, and would assuredly render him doubly so when carried into effect. But the Treasurer was inflexible; and after bidding farewell to Bonnet and to Geneva with bitter regrets, Charles-Victor returned to inhabit the paternal mansion in Berne.

It was in truth a dull, uncongenial home, especially so for an only child, as he lacked companions for his studies, and was deprived of the society of women. He abandoned himself to his feelings in all their violence, till his health gave way, and he wandered about in Berne the spiritless martyr of his own too quick imagination, and of conditions which were not only trying in themselves, but had to be endured in that idleness which is the sorest trial of all. He found himself unoccupied among people who were happy in the routine of small business, and in the practice of what seemed to him very

small virtues; thus he fell a prey to the *ennui* which Eugénie Guérin truly described as making us “so extravagant in our talk.” “To what purpose, we cry, is life, since it is a weariness, and duties, since they are heaviness? and whereby are we profited by having a heart and a soul? and so on: questions without end—and when they are exhausted, only suicide remains.” Bonstetten reasoned but too much in this way, and in 1765, he made an attempt on his life. After the loaded pistols were in his hand a bright ray of moonlight attracted his attention and delayed the act—the gracious Providence he as yet so dimly recognized, preserving him for wiser thoughts, and for a life as long as it was to be useful, honourable, and happy. M. Steinlen has touched all this part of the biography with great tenderness, and it is not the least graphic chapter of the book, for the human family is apt to exhibit the same symptoms in all ages, and by some this sketch will not be thought over-coloured. With Bonstetten the crisis of this fever of self-will was happily past, and the Treasurer, who had watched it with more anxiety than power to arrest it, sent him away from Berne to finish his studies at Leyden. He made no great progress there, and the climate disagreed with him so much that he obtained permission to leave it and go to England. His stay in our island was one of the happiest episodes of his life. It was in the summer of 1769, that he touched our shores. Herr Morell says:—

“At that season the English gentry reside on their estates, and Bonstetten also went into the country, to learn English, which he did very rapidly, and to restore his health. In the retirement of this rural life, he formed a project of marrying, but his passion disappeared as rapidly as it had arisen, and of much more lasting importance was the short sojourn he made in Bath. He became acquainted there with Thomas Pitt, the brother of Lord Chatham, and with another young Englishman,

Mr. Nicholls, with whom his friendship proved a lasting source of pleasure. Mr. Pitt showed Bonstetten every kindness, and presented him to George III., at whose court the rather easy manners of the young Swiss scandalized the more punctilious of the officials. From Mr. Nicholls he had a letter of introduction to the poet, Thomas Gray: Bonstetten waited on him in London, and was so fascinated by the intellectual conversation of the poet, that he followed him to Cambridge, where Gray held the chair of History. There he seemed to live over again the happy hours he had spent at Geneva, with Bonnet or Moulton, and Gray applied himself in earnest to making his young friend familiar with the works of Shakspeare and Milton, and with those of Dryden and of Pope. The pupil tells us how almost every afternoon he passed through the wide and silent halls of Pembroke, and crossed the grass of its cloisters to reach the rooms of the lonely and melancholy poet."

Mr. Thomas Pitt, here called the brother of Lord Chatham, was, as Gray termed him, "not the great, but the little one, my acquaintance, the son of Thomas Pitt of Boconnock, and the eldest brother of William Pitt, afterwards Lord Camelford. Bonstetten's visit to Cambridge and to Gray took place in 1770, about fifteen months before the death of the poet. There was something morbid and extravagant in the affection\* Gray conceived for him, as will be seen by the following letter written just after Bonstetten's departure:—

"19th April, 1770.

"Alas! how do I every moment feel the truth of what I have somewhere read, "ce n'est pas le voir que de s'en

\* Some further account of this romantic attachment is given by Mr. Mitford in the Appendix (p. 476.) to his *Correspondence of Gray and Mason*.

souvenir," and yet that remembrance is the only satisfaction I have left. My life now is but a perpetual conversation with your shadow. The known sound of your voice still rings in my ears. There on the corner of the fender you were standing, or tinkling on the pianoforte, or stretched at length on the sofa. Do you reflect that it is a week or ten days before I can receive a letter from you, and as much more before you can have my answer? that all that time I am employed in pushing the tedious hours along, and wishing to annihilate them: the more I strive, the heavier they move, and the longer they grow. I cannot bear this place where I have spent so many tedious years within less than a month since you left me. . . . You do me the credit (and false or true, it goes to my heart) of ascribing to *me* your love for many virtues of the highest rank. Would to heaven it were so! but they are indeed the fruits of your own noble and generous understanding, that has hitherto struggled against the stream of custom, passion, and ill company, even when you were but a child; and will you now give way to that stream when your strength is increased? Have a care of *loving what you do not approve*, and know me for your most faithful and most humble despot."

Though Gray playfully styled himself the despot of the boy whose loss moved him so deeply, it is impossible not to see that the pale poet was himself the slave of his affection for Bonstetten. Making full allowances for the charms of the younger man, such feelings in the elder are as curious as they are touching: they belong to the same class as those of the prisoner for his pet or for his flower: Bonstetten was the "Picciola" of Thomas Gray, who felt for him one of those strange and morbid passions into which solitude can convert a very ordinary regard. That their victim suffers as acutely as the exile ever does from home-sickness is evident from the next letter.



“9th May, 1770.

“I have returned, my dear Bonstetten, from the little journey I had made into Suffolk without answering the end proposed : the thought that you might have been with me there having embittered all my hours. Your letter has made me happy, as happy as so gloomy, so solitary a being as I am, is capable of being. . . . All that you say to me, especially on the subject of Switzerland, is infinitely acceptable. It feels too pleasing ever to be fulfilled, and often as I read over your truly kind letter, written long since from London, I stop at these words, ‘*la mort qui peut glacer nos bras avant qu’ils soient entrelacés.*’”

Gray seems not to have had the heart to reproach Bonstetten in absence for those faults of temperament which he had nevertheless perceived in him. He only undertakes in another letter to show Bonstetten his own likeness as in a glass, darkly. He tells him how Plato once spoke of the genius which is truly inclined to philosophy, of its grace, and of its rare endowments ; but added, that these endowments are often the ruin of the soul, and that the man whose mind is formed to govern mankind is often lost for want of good nurture. “In this case he is depraved by the public example, by the assemblies of the people, by the courts of justice, and by the theatres that inspire him with false opinions, terrify him with false infamy, or elevate him with false applause.” Gray is uncertain if this disguise is thin enough to allow the covert warning to appear, and he concludes :—“If you have ever met with the portrait sketched out by Plato, you will know it again ; for my part (to my sorrow) I have had that happiness ; I see the principal features, and I foresee the dangers with a trembling anxiety.” This anxiety seemed for a time rather to increase than to diminish. “I do not know what to make of his last strange

letter," Gray wrote later to Nicholls (May, 1771), "and I beg you will not mention its contents to anyone. He says he is the most wretched of men ; that he is determined to leave his country," &c. . . . "He must either be deranged (which is only too possible), or he has by some strange step exasperated his family, which is, I fear, equally possible. I know not what to think ; it is for you to see and know more about it, but pray do not spare pains in trying to curb this fanciful and wandering imagination of his, and, if it is possible, to insinuate some good advice." Mr. Nicholls, who was as much devoted to Bonstetten as Gray could desire, enjoyed the pleasure, denied to the elder friend, of seeing the development of a character which already possessed, along with all its faults, so singular a power of winning and returning love.

The summons which had curtailed Bonstetten's happy hours at Cambridge had been generously accompanied by a permission to visit Paris on the way. Some of its best houses were, as a matter of course, open to him ; such as those of Mmes. Necker and De la Rochefoucauld, and he was soon introduced to those literary salons which as *bureaux d'esprit* exercised so much influence on society. He was received by Mdme. du Deffand, as well as by her rival and former friend Mdlle. de l'Espinasse, and there he learnt to know D'Alembert, Diderot, Mably, and the other celebrities of the day. Fresh from English circles, Bonstetten amused himself with noticing the social difference between the two countries. He had already said that England was the only place where people cultivated silence, but in some of his letters from Paris he now gives the preference to English men and manners.

"Most of the authors here," he says, "have wit, knowledge of many things, and many new and brilliant ideas, but they have no method. It is quite different in England, and French

writers seem to me most useful in enlarging and polishing those ideas which take their rise either in England or in Geneva. A learned Englishman is often a fine character—a learned Frenchman generally a *bel-esprit*. In England it is an exception to see talents abused, in France this is the rule.”

This last sentence sounds as if the Wertherism of Bonstetten's extreme youth was beginning to rub off, and we accordingly find by the notes he made on his way home to Berne, that his appetite for novelty and excitement, even for exclusively literary society, was satisfied, or at least appeased. He returned anxious to find occupations and something to do by which some one should be benefited as well as himself. His first business there was a mournful one. The Treasurer's health had given way, and after nursing him through his last illness, Bonstetten closed his father's eyes. “Ah, we never understood each other” was the only comment made by the elder Bonstetten, as holding his son's hand he reverted in thought to the unhappy years they had spent together, when his heir had returned from Geneva in 1765. Immediately after this loss, M. de Bonstetten went abroad. He travelled through Italy as far as Naples, and when he returned to his native town, it was to become a member of the council, and shortly after to take office.

It may seem strange after such passionate declamations against aristocratic governments in general, and the government of Berne in particular, that M. de Bonstetten should now seek to become a member of the most oligarchical administration that (without excepting even the palmiest days of the doges and admirals of Venice) ever prevailed in Europe. But in Berne, to be occupied at all, was to belong to the magistracy of the canton; to belong to certain families, was to become sooner or later a member of the sovereign body. At this period there were but five families

which could rank with the De Bonstettens in great descent and in hereditary value to the state : these were the Diesbachs, the Mülinen, the De Louternaüs, the Watteviles, and the Erlachs ; the last-named being the most important, as a descendant of the Captain von Erlach, who had defeated the Austrians at Lappen, was, at the time of Charles-Emmanuel de Bonstetten's death, *avoyer* or chief magistrate of Berne. Political tradition affirms, it is true, that the Bernese constitution was not always as purely patrician as when Simond described it, and Gibbon sketched its outlines with so unsparing a pen. It is said that the choice of the magistrates lay originally in the heads of families, and that every man then felt that he might be called to office if he showed himself worthy of it. However this may have been, one thing is patent, either that "Jacques Bonhomme" never proved an eminent legislator, or that his superiors took care that he should not exhibit his talents in that line, since as early as 1353, there were frequent complaints of the despotism of the nobility. Among the eight aristocratic cantons, Berne enjoyed in this, as in other points, an undoubted pre-eminence, and some of its institutions were felt to be bad precedents for the neighbouring states, which, if they were less powerful abroad, had more liberty at home. In Zurich, for example, the council of the Two Hundred elected the Senate, and the Senate named the Burgomaster, while in Berne the nobles chose the Avoyer from their number, and recruited the Senate from their own body. To complete the absurdity of the system, the lucrative offices of the government, that is more especially the administration of the subject bailliages, were distributed by lot among the patrician competitors. One peculiarity of such a society must always be the absence in it of a middle class : there was no room in Berne for an educated body not connected with the landed interest, and trade was necessarily depressed

where it was the object of the nobles to prevent commerce reaching that stage of development at which the successful merchant or artisan becomes the rival of the gentry. There was a considerable number of wealthy farmers, whose rentals even exceeded those of the myriad cadets of patrician houses, but they were not likely to compete with their landlords, and the poor were as needy as they were ignorant, and as ignorant as they were completely isolated from the other classes. It was a country of few wants, and, what was worse, it was one of few aims. The highest order was undesirous of change, the lowest was unfit for it; still change was impatiently demanded by a few, by the men of the Helvetic League: disquiet and discontent grumbled like thunder on the horizon, but the thunder was still distant, and dulness hung like a pall over the homely circles of Berne.

Fortunately for Charles de Bonstetten, he had, before entering them, travelled a great deal, and improved all the opportunities that had presented themselves for acquiring knowledge at its purest sources. The society into which he was now to be incorporated was one very likely to dwarf or stunt a growing mind; it was certain to fret a liberal and an active one. Yet it by no means deserved all that M. de Bonstetten had said of it in his first fever of democratic ideas. If the government was antiquated, it was also patriarchal in spirit, and if it was arbitrary at times, as it must needs be when there was no appeal from its decisions, it was remarkable for its integrity. Peculation was unknown, and breach of trust very rare; and an executive which failed lamentably in its educational measures, and never fostered the arts, was skilled in the effective suppression of crime. The members of the council, like the Avoyer at its head, were unostentatious, and also (and this is a notable point) unguarded: no popular risings disturbed their decisions, and they feared no danger

from the hands of the armed population which obeyed them. A vast public treasury had accumulated, as we know, at Berne—which a French army carried off, and which a French fleet lost in Aboukir Bay—but the patricians themselves were not very opulent. Taxation was moderate, and their official incomes varied from 500*l.* to 1,500*l.* a-year. The Avoyer had an official residence in Berne, and this palace was tenanted in 1776 by one of the Von Erlachs, an old man of whose mental and political insignificance Bonstetten's biographers have many gossiping tales to tell. His Council was composed (*inter alios*) of twenty-two members of the family of Steigner, of fifteen Watteviles, fourteen Jenners, nine Fischers, twelve Tscherners, eleven Gräfenreids, ten Sinners, eight Diesbachs, eight Mays, seven Wagners, six Frischlings, six d'Erlachs, six Effingers, six Stettlers, six Thormanns, five Herberts, five Tavel, five Mülinen, and five Manuels, &c. : thus out of a body of three hundred persons, twenty-three families alone afforded a contingent of a hundred and eighty members—a sufficient example of its exclusive nature. M. de Bonstetten became a member of this Council in 1775, but he was not very welcome in its fold. His sympathy with the revolutionary party was well known : it had been very frankly professed, for he was closely united in friendship with Müller, the historian of the Swiss Confederation, and with Matthison, the poet, both distinguished clients of that "Helvetic League" which had first sounded the ominous word "Progress" in the ears of the sleepy and hitherto complacent senators of Berne. Müller wrote to him on his recent election, reproaching him vehemently with what seemed to him a total defection from his friends, and from literature : it was an exaggerated letter, so much so that M. Steinlen remarks from the way in which Müller advocated a purely literary life, and decried all public business, one would suppose that Cæsar, Cicero, and Tacitus

had never been seen in any other attitude than pen in hand. It all failed to convince M. de Bonstetten that there was any enormity in the choice he had made, and he accepted his appointment to the magistracy of Gessenay at the same time that he received an order to wait on the Avoyer at his palace. The young politician was anxious to acquit himself well in all things, to make a favourable impression on his chief, and to enter on the discharge of his functions without delay. He turned his steps to the palace, and as he went, "wise saws" from his favourite authors, from Tacitus, from Montesquieu, and from Macchiavelli, mingled in his mind with "modern instances," and the busy plans of youth. He was received by the Avoyer with gentle and ceremonious politeness.

"'Good day, my good cousin ! you are now a *bailli*. Pray be seated ! I do not know if you are aware of the customary proceedings of such persons, but you shall be furnished with the necessary instructions. Every councillor receives yearly a certain tribute of cheeses. Your predecessor (Bonstetten's father-in-law) was, I must tell you, a fool. He always sent me very small cheeses, and they are not worth as much as a large one. Pay attention, I beseech you, and always send me large cheeses. Adieu, my cousin. Is my cousin well ? (Bonstetten had married one of the Wattevilles). I wish you a good journey'—there the interview terminated, and the 'bailli' departed for his new home."

M. de Bonstetten's attention was first attracted, as was natural, by the educational condition of his charge. Schools he found, were open during the winter only, that is, for four months of the year : the fees were small, and the attendance and allowances both so limited that the teachers had to eke out their living by the exercise of another, and not always of a cognate trade ; as, for example, when the schoolmaster of a

hamlet which boasted of the euphonious name of Bumplitz had accepted, in 1740, the office of rat-catcher to the district. The books used in tuition were, with few exceptions, catechisms and manuals of piety. This cultivation of the religious element, to the exclusion of the secular and practical ones, did not eradicate superstition as effectually as it fostered sloth, for M. de Bonstetten was once mobbed and threatened as a wizard because he was overheard to read a passage of Tacitus to a friend, as they rested for their mid-day meal beside a cottage door. The valleys which seemed to the rustic mind to be haunted by weird and ghostly shapes, were in reality afflicted with hunger and with cretinism, that terrible endemic form of bodily and mental disease, which was at once the curse and the reproach of Switzerland. Yet these districts produced a race of peasants at once hardy, persevering, and ingenious, and they furnished, for self-defence or for hire, legions of stout soldiers. Swiss mercenaries were to be found in every army of the Middle Ages, and the hearts of the mountaineers reverted to their own land, to its snowy ranges and to its deep secluded vales, with that peculiar longing which is felt by the inhabitants of poor and wild countries.

The life which the *bailli* led in Gessenay was a new existence to him, but it was not an unhappy one. Rougemont was a retired and solitary spot in a cheese-making district, as might be gathered from the Avoyer's injunctions. The season was winter, and the scattered huts of the cowherds and dalesmen alone broke the great expanse of snow. After his father's death, M. de Bonstetten had married, and his wife, though she never shared his literary tastes, was a wise and gentle companion in his solitude. He here learnt for the first time something of the pleasures of work, even of routine work, and in tasting the anxieties and responsibilities of those who govern, he found that the rights of the governed gradually



occupied a less solitary and conspicuous position in his mind. He had hitherto despised his compeers for their apathy and ignorance : at Rougemont he discovered that he had himself much to learn, for of the nature of his magisterial functions he had, when he first undertook them, much less knowledge than he could have wished, and his knowledge of the dialect of the country was none at all. He visited every corner of his district ; he found, we may hope, "love in the huts where the poor men lie," and in making himself acquainted with their simple virtues and simpler wants, he discovered interests for his own delicate and cultivated mind. The result of his observations he gave to the world in those *Letters from the Herdlands of Switzerland* which Schiller used as the motive for one of his most beautiful ballads.

By Müller and Matthison his book was received with delight ; it was a proof to them that Bonstetten's name was not to disappear, and that the man of letters was not to be sunk in the official. Like all M. de Bonstetten's first publications, it was written in German, for "Bonstetten," says Sainte-Beuve, "had no mother-tongue." Sismondi said that his German was harmonious and picturesque, but with regard to his style, it was his misfortune to write fluently both in French and German, without being able to write perfectly well in either of them. He was, to use the expression of Horace, "Canusini more bilinguis,"—born between two languages, and absolute master of neither. The first studies he had pursued were in French, and his own turn of thought was in some things essentially French ; but this only insured the introduction of Gallicisms, while the constant use of German turned the edge, so to say, of his French sentences.

He continued to write some occasional papers during his stay at Rougemont, and again after his removal in 1787 to Nyon in the Pays de Vaud, a change which was acceptable to

him in many respects. The great attraction of that place was its neighbourhood to Geneva and to Lausanne. "Lausanne," said Mr. Gibbon, who in this same year completed his great work in a self-chosen retreat by the Lemman Lake, "Lausanne is peopled by a numerous gentry, whose companionable idleness is seldom disturbed by avarice or ambition." And to Bonstetten's mind such a society, enlivened by the constant presence of some learned or famous stranger, was congenial in the highest degree. Round the borders of the Lake of Geneva a colony of lettered and independent men had gradually been formed; so that Lausanne, crowded as it was with English, French, and German persons of distinction, seemed a focus of intellectual life. The revenues of the bailliage of Nyon were large, the castle was pleasantly situated, and there, whether engaged in business or in the education of his boys, Bonstetten's time was always pleasantly engrossed. Madame Brün was a frequent visitor; Matthison also made a stay of about two years at Nyon, and the spot is frequently mentioned in his poems—a volume which the world will never wholly forget, since it contains in *Adelaide* the words of the most beautiful love-song that ever floated from Beethoven's brain.

Unfortunately the tranquillity of Nyon and of its magistrate (the "Agathon" of Matthison's verse) was not doomed to last, and as France was heaving with revolution, the shocks of the earthquake were not long of reaching the Pays de Vaud. That canton, which complained of the harsh supremacy and excessive taxation of Berne, was tolerably ripe for revolt, and its proximity to France as well as to Geneva had furthered its liberal tendencies. Bonstetten's conduct, at such a time, was sure to be much canvassed. The patrician party could not, when they recalled all his antecedents, fail to suspect his sympathies if not his actions. The liberals, on the other

hand, were surprised at the unvarying but unofficial kindness shown by him to the *émigrés*, and in many things they discovered that he was not disposed to join the revolution, since on all these points his opinions had undergone a gradual but remarkable change. He was no leveller: his character, though it had ripened slowly had ripened surely; and if, in common with many others, he looked hopefully on the first aspects of the French Revolution, he was not so blind as to fail to observe as it advanced, how enormous were its excesses, and how much of selfish violence was covered by the words "liberty," "fraternity," "equality," and "progress." His mind had a deep respect for the rights of all, and he wrote to Müller in 1789, that if the revolution which he foresaw as threatening Berne, should turn Berne into a *bonâ fide* republic, he for one should not forget that he was a Bernese nobleman, and that he should stand fast by his Order—a determination founded partly on principle, partly on the fact that he was now the father of two sons, whom he would not, he said, see robbed of their patrimony and just rights. Such an attitude of firmness and moderation was not without good results in the canton, which owed not a little of its peace and safety to the wise measures and amiable intervention of the *bailli*. But to Bonstetten, from his coign of vantage at Nyon, the prospect was as stormy as the period was anxious.

"All my friends," he wrote, "are uneasy from knowing that I am in a place where foreign armies are but the precursors of civil war, and where from Geneva, as well as from the German frontier, the booming of the cannon announces the close of the golden age (1791). Two thousand four hundred German troops occupy Lausanne, and all the towns are more or less agitated: still if the Government knows (as I hope it will) how to unite firmness with moderation, it will come to

nothing. As yet the cantons are united, and hold together better than ever."

M. de Bonstetten was an optimist, but though sanguine he was also vigorous; and when in the following year, Geneva was threatened by the army of the Convention, he took the most active measures for the defence of his neighbouring and exposed province. Some of the steps were not in themselves judicious, for Bonstetten had entirely escaped the military training which generally formed part of the education and experience of young Bernese patricians; and his superiors also felt that his movements had been rather too sudden and too independent. So soon therefore as the immediate danger was averted, and the troops of Berne disbanded on the conclusion of a treaty with General Montesquiou, M. de Bonstetten, aware of the ill-feeling which had arisen towards him in the mind of the Avoyer and his compeers, begged leave to exchange his bailliage of Nyon for the syndicate of the Italian bailliages in the valleys of the Ticino and the Maggia.

His petition was heard, and with something of that sense of failure which attaches to men who in troublous times have done well, but not excellently well, he left Nyon, once his most congenial haunt. The boy in this instance had not been father to the man. Revolutionary as Bonstetten's tone had once been, no one was ever less fitted to stem or share a revolution. Kind and moderate in daily life, his opinions never touched the harshness of extremes; he was not made for strife, and being essentially the friend only of gradual measures and of wise reforms, he could not but be aware that the violence of the Revolution must retard by many years the establishment of a true, "manly, and regulated" liberty in France. His liberalism, if once tinged with restlessness, had never been a cover for selfishness; and thus in the midst

of personal failures, and in a time of political doubt, he never swerved from his belief that, as such a storm had been needed, so it would ultimately bear peaceable fruit. He could not forget many evils of which he had once been deeply cognisant, and to which he hoped the new order of things might bring permanent relief. His faith was large in time, and as such he was able to prophesy a happier future for the world in all its present passions and excess. Such consolatory thoughts accompanied M. de Bonstetten when he again exchanged the society of Geneva and Lausanne for a secluded life. But the silence of the Pennine Alps was welcome to him after the din of armies and the angry councils of senates, and he immediately began to explore the beautiful district under his charge, from its northern frontiers to the margin of the Lago Maggiore. The characteristics of northern and southern Europe mingled in its scenery; above it frowned the fastnesses of Switzerland, below it lay the Italian lakes, the districts of Como and Lecco, and the plains of Lombardy stretching up to the gates of Milan.

Bonstetten occasionally pushed his explorations as far as Milan, where he once met the victorious general of the armies of the Republic, Napoleon Buonaparte. He had an interview with Napoleon, and the conversation seems to have turned on the government of Berne, and on the way in which so large a public treasure had been accumulated in so small a state. Perhaps this circumstance contributed to direct the attention of the French Government to a strong box it was so easy to rifle.

Bonstetten's great interest in his last bailliage was the same as in his first—a crusade against sloth, indolence, and superstition. He found in the valleys of the Maggia and of the Ticino a people as uncivilised as the herdsmen of Gessenay, and more indolent and apathetic in their poverty, because

their lives were passed under a less inclement sky. He made the tour of the canton, and gives many curious descriptions of the hamlets and townships of the different districts. From Lugano he wrote "that such things as schools, reading rooms, benefit societies, and the like institutions for promoting the interests of civilisation, are unknown, and the arts are in the same predicament as the sciences. Poverty, both in money and in brains, reigns in these Italian valleys, and not only is poverty, but beggary and idleness are encouraged by the convents ; while, from the want of infirmaries, the sick are in the most deplorable condition." Agriculture he found in its most primitive stages ; the vines, which crept or flung themselves in tangled masses about the southern slopes, owed their purple clusters rather to the sunshine and the dews of heaven, than to the care of the vine-dressers ; and it was with the greatest difficulty that M. de Bonstetten persuaded the people of Locarno to grow or eat potatoes. The most curious feature of the community was its litigious spirit. In Locarno alone, a town of about 1,074 inhabitants, there were thirty-three lawyers, and the suits before the civil magistrate amounted to many thousands. Any famous cause divided the neighbourhood into factions ; the earnings of a poor population flowed away in the purchase of the dear luxury of the law, and blood was spilt in the frays that ensued. In such quarrels Bonstetten was often called on to mediate, and here again his good sense and good temper healed many a breach ; but the taste was so strong in his clients that nothing but the Revolution and the military occupation of the country put an end to the lawsuits of the Tessin.

The syndic's observations were not all of so disagreeable a character : the people were gay, lively, and very sociable ; their games at ball and at *morra*, their national dances, and the strains of their bagpipes were new to him, as

were the processions, pilgrimages, and brotherhoods of this Catholic canton. The presence of this last peculiarity was offensive to Bonstetten, whose mind, abhorring priestcraft in all its shapes, was peculiarly averse to it when combined with idleness; and he noted with sorrow that alongside of the four monasteries of Locarno, thirty-seven taverns drove a flourishing trade, while it was impossible to find a shop or stall in which to buy books. "So long," he exclaimed, "as the women of the upper classes are brought up in convents, and the men are educated by priests whose talk is of grammar, rhetoric, and frippery, and who understand nothing else, so long will the nation continue ignorant and insignificant."

During three years, M. de Bonstetten administered the affairs of these Italian bailliages as their syndic, with full, we had almost said with arbitrary, powers in criminal and in civil cases; surrounded by temptations to sell justice, and by contradictions enough to provoke him to forget mercy. He left his office in 1797, and when reviewing his life in the Tessin in a melancholy mood, he was once heard to aver "that he had seen a hundred occasions of doing harm and thereby enriching himself, but that he had never had the opportunity of doing any good."

In the following spring the French troops swept over Berne. Bonstetten passed through his native town almost as a fugitive, leaving nothing behind him, he said, "but a revolutionised place, full of hatred and thick clouds of darkness." His intention was to abandon the country, perhaps to fly from Europe for ever, and to find a new home for himself and his successors, in some free but primitive city of the West. But the solicitations of Madame Brün induced him to turn his steps northward, and during a visit to Copenhagen to mature his plans for the future of a life whose political

importance was now over. Thus at fifty-five, the son of the Treasurer de Bonstetten, the patrician patriot of Berne, always "as little as Bernese as possible," always so ill at ease in his own city and in his father's house, seemed destined to wear out the remainder of a desultory and disappointed life in the remote Scandinavian peninsula.

But if the mornings of youth's early promise often prove themselves forsworn, it sometimes also happens that there is a break in the thickest noontday gloom, and that for those who know how to outride the storm, there is, as in the words of ancient promise, at "evening, light." Thus Bonstetten, if he seemed to sink, did but sink as a diver plunges to rise, and to swim for the future against less adverse tides. He was saved by his sympathy and his energy. At his age he might fairly have reasoned with himself, that men have either scaled the steep ascent, and entered the Temple of Fame, or they have been tried and found unequal to the effort. Heroes and statesmen, poets and painters, have often achieved greatness before they were thirty, and then (since those whom the Immortals love die young) dropped into early but forgotten graves. For himself, he was now in more than middle life; he had lost one of his sons, a youth of great and promising talent: he had tried literature without either charming or startling the world by his pen; he had tried to further the welfare of his fellow-men, and had had a philanthropist's success: he had tried politics, and there also he had failed.

All these things were against him; but he had for him the two great allies whom the poet describes as alone found faithful to man after the loss and flight of the ideal: he had friendship in its best and widest senses, and he had employment, the habit and the love of work. Thus was Bonstetten, to use the happy phrase of Sainte-Beuve, "born again." He



had been compelled by duty and by circumstances to be a Swiss and a Bernese, but this new turn of affairs, and the independence of his means allowed him to become what he truly was—a citizen of the world. Towards Berne and the Bernese his sentiments remained of a mixed nature. He could not forget the old stronghold of his family and his race, but the place, the people, the manners, and the *régime*, had all been distasteful to him as a youth, and the rulers had been, he thought, unjust to him as a man. With something of resentful affection he was wont to revert to Berne in his talk and in his books; with something of lingering pride he spoke of her to Napoleon in their singular interview at Milan. He determined to settle at Geneva, and, with the exception of an occasional ramble abroad, or of a visit to Paris, his home was fixed there till the last. It united to many present advantages all the best recollections of his past life, and if he recalled the old lessons with Bonnet, or the life with Matthison at Nyon, there lay around him all the features of the landscape which he had been wont to associate with the wise and with the good: there stretched the lake, and there above his old haunts rose the blue grey crests of Jura.\* He was now in the possession of a modest competence, he had a peaceful home, abundant leisure, a few attached companions, and troops of friends who claimed and filled his sympathy, his time, and his love. All these advantages came to him late in life, but he perhaps realised their value more that they found in him the serenity of the philosopher, the same love of knowledge, with a better measure of the limits of all

\* Matthison's expression is a singularly happy one; speaking of Nyon, he says,

“Wo Agathon, den Grazien vertraut,  
Der Musen Stolz, bewundert im Pallaste,  
Des Volkes Lust, bis wo der Jura *blaut*,  
. . . . mit Liebe mich umfasste.”

human wisdom, the same respect for men, with a wiser estimate of their rights, and a deeper insight into their needs.

Thus it may truly be said that the years that succeeded the French Revolution and the formation of the Helvetic Republic were the happiest in Bonstetten's life. He followed with the deepest interest all the changes wrought in Europe by the crisis; and in the rush and abundance of literary life and work he took the greatest delight. His associates for the future were to be all the great and busy men of that great and busy epoch. We have seen of how long standing was the friendship of M. de Bonstetten with M. and M<sup>de</sup>. Necker. After the fall of the monarchy, Louis XVI.'s minister established himself in his old home at Coppet, and found in the rising reputation of his daughter some counterpoise for his personal failures and his great political sorrow. In 1807 M. Necker died. It was then the business of M. de Bonstetten to endeavour to console his daughter. To such a task he had a prescriptive right, being at once her own and her father's oldest friend, and the companion whom Madame de Staël had most anxiously endeavoured to secure for her tour in Germany. Bonstetten remembered Germaine a lively and impetuous child, and he found her in her bereavement full of the same passionate spirit, as she poured out her love for her father in alternate floods of tears, or bursts of tender and eloquent words. She would not remain at Coppet. "I will go to Italy," she told Bonstetten; "I will carry my burden there, for in that land, I am told, people are partly able to forget their existence." "God only knows," was Bonstetten's remark to Frederica Brün, "whether this creature would be happy had she all the world can give—this world is too narrow for such a fiery soul, and I fear that of the cup of love, she will drink nothing but the dregs and lees." Madame de Staël's great intellectual energy, if it served to

intensify her feelings, was able to prevent her losing herself even in sorrow. When she did return to settle at Coppet, the house, lately one of mourning, became, in spite of all the despotism of Napoleon, the most brilliant spot upon the continent of Europe. French, German, and Danish authors brought their works to be discussed in her salon. Benjamin Constant fed her with the politics of the city she was forbidden to revisit, and Madame Krüdener entertained the circle with her newly-acquired mysticism, and with her piquant recollections of the past. Bonstetten remarked: "you hear more wit at Coppet in one day than you can hear in a year in other places. It is impossible to be cleverer than Schlegel, and his German-French is so witty, so cutting, and so droll, that every adversary is disarmed in ten minutes. Madame de Staël seems every day better and greater. But it is a misfortune to have so much talent. Mont Blanc is not more solitary in the world than she is." His brilliant hostess felt that truth deeply, and the loneliness which increased for her after her father's death, found vent that winter in the pages of "Corinne;" the exceeding bitter cry by which she revealed that fame (to use her own words) is but a royal mourning, in purple, for happiness. Rome had charmed her as much as her "Corinne" had charmed the Romans. She wrote to Bonstetten from that eternal city:—

"One learns to love Rome, but the feeling grows on one as if I were bewitched; the more so in my case that I have found no one among the Romans to whom my mind or spirit can turn, so for some time I have learned to live alone. William Humboldt (who begs to be remembered to you) is the best company I have had here, for the rest I occupy myself mainly with the things of Rome. The princes are extraordinarily tiresome; I get on better with the cardinals, because as they know something of government, their

intellectual circle is a little enlarged: but what need has one of *men*, when *things* cry with a loud voice."

During the ten following years M. de Bonstetten lived in close friendship with this gifted and erratic woman. She passed through Geneva for the last time in 1816, and she would seem to have had some presentiment of her death, as she took an almost final leave of him. Their mutual friend, Dr. Jurine, attended her in her last illness, and through their correspondence we learn some traits of her character in sickness and in death.

"Her physical forces decreasing, she seemed being let down gradually, but her intellect was never clouded even for a moment. On the contrary she was never more eloquent than during her illness, and she never slept or would allow herself to sleep, lest she should never see her invalid husband (Rocca) again. She was haunted by the idea that during her slumber, his eyes or her own might be closed for ever. The evening before her death, she gave some orders about his medicines being taken to him, and a little later said to M. Rocca, 'I have told the servants to light a fire in your room, the evening is very cold.' Alas! it was the chill of death beginning to creep over herself, for the evening (July 7th) was very warm. She added, 'We must go to Naples this winter—now good-night.' On the following morning she died, quietly and without pain."

Bonstetten was much affected by the news. He went to Coppet to receive her remains, and to lay them beside those of her father and mother. Alluding to her in one of his letters, he said:—

"One of the highest and best traits of her character was her true and most generous power of forgiving; and what gave real worth to her goodness of heart was that no one knew mankind better than she did, and that no one was ever more able

to revenge themselves by a witty retort ; the goodness of some people consists, I think, in the fact that they do not know their neighbours, and do not see how bad they are. But this was not the case with Madame de Staël. I cannot yet feel that she is dead to me. What a loss ! What a blank from henceforth in my life ! My heart aches with new pain every time that my eyes light on the heads of the waving poplars that surround her grave. I miss her as if she were a part of myself."

In all that relates to literature, no loss could well have been greater to Bonstetten than that of Madame de Staël. She had not only fostered and shared his tastes, but she had encouraged him again to use his pen. Thus, at her instance, he published, as a result of his Italian tours, his "Journey over the Scenes of the last six books of the *Æneid*." With "L'Homme du Nord et l'Homme du Midi" she was equally pleased. This little essay had a vogue at the time which will not, we fear, serve to rescue it from oblivion. Yet its author ingeniously discriminated the characteristics of the two European races. He had studied the men of the north among the fiords of Denmark and in the halls of English colleges ; and he had seen the mixture of the two elements in the populations once under his rule round the margins of the Italian lakes. At Geneva he still enjoyed ample opportunities, had such been needed, for observing the men and manners of all nations. He used to say playfully that the hordes of Croats and Cossacks which had traversed Switzerland during the war had been succeeded by another, but more pacific invasion. The *corps d'armée* was in this instance mainly composed of English travellers and sojourners, but there were also Italians, Germans, Greeks, and Russians. Among the most distinguished Englishmen were Lord Brougham, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Minto, and Lord Byron, with whom M. de Bonstetten

had a short acquaintance in 1816. The poet, then in all the glory and the mystery of his surpassing but exaggerated fame, affected to hate the society of Geneva in general, and of its English residents in particular. But he was living at the Villa Diodati, on the Savoy side of the lake. There the third canto of "Childe Harold" dropped from a pen which, since his late domestic misfortunes, seemed to have acquired more of passion, and to have added more of power to its already consummate skill. There he also lived in close intimacy with the Shelleys. He visited Madame de Staël at Coppet, and so made the acquaintance of the Swiss man of letters who interested him because of the connection with Gray. Lord Byron was favourably impressed with the little veteran, and in a letter to Mr. Murray, says:—

"Bonstetten is a pleasing old man with a great deal of animation. He is much looked up to by his countrymen, and in literature he enjoys such a distinguished reputation, that his friends address much of their correspondence to him. I have met him at Coppet several times."

With the English poet Bonstetten was charmed:—

"There is no one," he wrote to Mattison, "whom I could compare with Lord Byron. His voice is music, and his features are those of an angel; only a little mocking devil of a sneer flits across them at times, and it disappears as it came. His lordship has inquired very pointedly for you, and I had to describe to him and to his friend Hobhouse where and how you lived; to show them your poems, and to compare your style with Bürger and Salis. We drove by moonlight that evening, and at Genthod the two friends returned to their home by water. Hobhouse is a very attractive person, full of fire and of spirit. I had spent the evening at Coppet with these two strange beings, with Madame de Staël and her beautiful daughter. All were witty and gay."

It is reported that M. de Bonstetten did not always find Lord Byron equally propitious, and that he once saw him extremely out of temper. Dr. Polidori thought proper to invite two friends to the Villa Diodati, and Bonstetten was sufficiently ill-advised to accept of the invitation. The master of the house, very pardonably angry at the liberty taken by his apothecary, remarked that as Polidori had asked these gentlemen, he must also entertain them himself, and departed, leaving MM. Pictet and Bonstetten to the man of drugs for the rest of the evening.

Coppet was in those years so filled with visitors, that all sorts and conditions of men passed under the review of any one who, like M. de Bonstetten, was a neighbour and *habitué* of the house which he helped to enliven. But in that shifting society of foreigners there was one sage of Geneva, with whom Bonstetten was constantly brought in contact, whose condition in some measure resembled his own, from whom he might have learnt much, had there not been a curious disparity in their feelings—had not the one been as grave as the other was gay. Sismondi, the historian of the Italian republics, himself the scion of an old Tuscan house, was, like Bonstetten, a man of letters, of independent fortune, and of aristocratic descent. Like Bonstetten, his youth had been fed with the lessons of Voltaire and of Rousseau; like the son of the Treasurer of Berne, he was a liberal, not by birth or accident, but by conviction and principle. Both cultivated literature, both corresponded with all the notable literary men and women of their day. There, however, the likeness ends. In temper and in judgment the two men were the very antipodes of each other; and if we may venture to measure Bonstetten by Sismondi, the faults and failings of the former appear with a distinctness which partial biographers have sought to deny or to conceal. Bonstetten was a creature of fancy and of impulse. Already in

his adolescence Gray had seen how his vivacity and his love of approbation might be the ruin of his character; still in middle age that "wandering imagination" ruled supreme over all his other qualities, and was the key at once to his virtues and his shortcomings. His very liberalism had originated in a restless dislike to restraints, preconceived opinions, and rights founded on precedent alone, though it was afterwards matured by his ready sympathy with all who were or seemed to be oppressed. His threats and professions always went far beyond his actions, and even beyond his sober wishes: the whole sentiment was of the kind more likely to be developed in a woman, than fitted to guide a statesman in any steady career.

The liberalism of Sismondi was, on the contrary, a profound belief, a wiser because a more patient creed. He had suffered in his person and in his family from the excesses of an angry democracy, and had seen the effects of its ignorant and brutal frenzy; but neither democratic virtues nor democratic excesses ever assumed to his philosophical eyes the proportions which they did to many spectators of the Revolution.

Both Bonstetten and Sismondi were incapable of any wish to see the direction of the country abandoned to its unlettered classes, but Bonstetten's hopes were always Utopian, even when his views were moderate. He dreamt of a future for his country when, as in the Republic of Plato, "every human creature should find its proper level, and every man settle into that place for which his natural qualities fitted him." Sismondi, better read in the past history of the world, and better acquainted with the laws by which it is governed, had no such brilliant hopes. He contended for what he felt to be just, but he accustomed himself to acquiesce in what is inevitable: he understood that progress in human affairs is



not in the same ratio with the restless beating of human hearts, he felt this world to be one of trial and of experiments, he believed that Justice, though she follows with lagging steps, has her appointed hour, and he distinguished among all the disorders which mark the workings of the human will, the perpetual action of a present Providence, a Power as merciful as just. It will be remembered that Sismondi, like Bonstetten, had been a sceptic. Both lived to review their opinions, but Bonstetten had not sufficient perspicacity of thought to disentangle Christianity from the administrative evils of priestcraft, or from the doctrinal mists of Methodism. Sismondi rose above the intolerance of scepticism and the blank infidelity of the eighteenth century to a philosophical, though not an orthodox, belief in the truth of Christianity. He avowed his altered but distinct convictions, and sent an expression of them to his friend; but Bonstetten, who had quarrelled with Mdme. Necker de Saussure about her pietism, refused to read Sismondi's letters on "Religious Progress."

In all these things Sismondi was real, while Bonstetten remained a trifler. It is true he was an amiable one. The critical faculty was entirely wanting in him: he seldom saw that other people were ridiculous: he never saw that he made himself so; for his vanity was harmless, and his partiality excessive. Sismondi, on the contrary, saw faults very quickly, and only excused them because faults are common to the race. He knew Bonstetten well, lived much in his society, much under the same roof, and he has left a sketch of him which it is useful to compare with the portraits of a more lenient posterity:—

"We live in the same house, and meet daily with the greatest pleasure. His body and mind have recovered from his last illness, and both seem in their first youth. . . . He

is so young that one would think he had by some charm cheated time into passing him over, but it always makes me anxious if he ails in any way: I fear lest something should break the charm. He is much attached to you, and you must not judge of the depth of his feelings by the extreme levity of his manners. He has all the tender and gentle emotions of a man of twenty, and as for sorrows they do not seem to reach him. . . . Berne he has so entirely forgotten, that he observes it whenever he goes there, as one would do some strange town. The Bernese, on the other hand, begin to forgive him for possessing more wits than the whole of them put together, and for being younger in mind, in body, and in hopes, than themselves or than their children. It is odd that he should have been born at Berne, for his character is that of a native of a southern clime. Imagination is the groundwork of his nature: it is by imagination that he suffers and that he is consoled. . . . I love him tenderly, but I blush for his follies as if I was responsible for them; he is twenty-five years older than I am, yet I always feel as if he were a young man given into my charge. He has all the heedlessness of a boy, and such is his want of thought, that I find it needless to attach more importance to his words than he does himself. Still he has all the attractions of youth as well as its faults, and one must forgive him the last in favour of the first. I have seen him show the greatest generosity of character; he is incapable of malice or of bitterness, and is full of zeal and enthusiasm for everything that is noble, beautiful, and good; with all this he is also perfectly gentle and easy to live with. We have passed months, and sometimes whole summers together, and I cannot recollect to have seen him out of temper for a moment. He has never abandoned his friends, but he forgets them very often."

It would have been more just if Sismondi had said he

replaced them very often, for Bonstetten did not forget : he only attached less importance to the persons than to the place which they filled, and when dead or absent he filled up their place without the difficulty which a deeper nature must have felt.

Madame de Bonstetten was dead, and it became necessary to replace her, an intention which rather complicated her widower's relations with Sismondi, since Bonstetten now projected a marriage with his mother. It was not unnatural that Sismondi should discourage such an alliance : though less unnatural that Bonstetten should aspire to it. The elder, Madame de Sismondi was a woman of rare qualities, gifted, loving, and courageous. In her and in his sister, the historian had found the tenderest appreciation, but no flattery, great uprightness of feeling, and every incentive to self-denial and industry. Sismondi's wife, an English lady, whose memory is deservedly respected by those who knew her, the sister of Lady Mackintosh, was of the same stamp, while the women of the Bonstetten family had been of singular mediocrity ; and to the elder Madame Sismondi, Charles-Victor, aged sixty-six, now offered his hand. By her son the proposition was instantly vetoed, and the lady not having any object in opposing his wishes, or in gratifying those of M. de Bonstetten, allowed the matter to drop. Her suitor acquiesced, and never made a second attempt to replace the gentle wife whom he had married from the de Watteville house, and taken from the dullest circles of Berne to be the companion of his life's most eventful years ; but in truth he appears to have lived with his wife, when he lived with her at all, on terms of indifference ; and Frederica Brün always had a much larger share of his time and attentions.

Time, which we see had no sobering effect on Bonstetten's spirits, left, however, its traces on his society and his home. One son alone remained to him, and by the death

of Müller he had lost his earliest and best-trusted ally. Matthison however remained, and he came to Geneva in 1820. There, with its former owner, he revisited Nyon, and the friends were able to recall old associations, and to compare old thoughts with new. The politics of this period (that of the Restoration) were not unpleasing, and the sight of a constitutional king on the French throne appeared to them to be a good augury for the future. As regarded Switzerland, Bonstetten could only say that everything promised well. "A people's liberty," he added, "must be in proportion to its lights, and in all points Switzerland is improving. I see progress everywhere, and the soul of the movement in the mixture and better relations of the different classes, while the country gains in manners, in opulence, and in education."

Bonstetten's own education seems to have been progressive to the very last. Every new invention interested him, and he added so incessantly to his stock of knowledge, that he was wont to say that no hour of the day was ever unoccupied or could hang heavy on his hands; and so far from regretting his youth, he declared that he preferred "the brains of his old age to the empty and unfurnished head he had carried about with him in youth." His correspondence, as might have been supposed, was very large, and his letters contain many curious episodes and allusions to the history of his times. Zschokke, as he gradually replaced Müller, received a great porportion of the latter letters of his veteran compatriot, and endeavoured to repay them in kind. Among much interesting matter communicated by him is a striking notice of Queen Hortense and her son, during their stay at Schinznach. "She is," said Zschokke; "a lively Frenchwoman, witty, and very pleasing. As for her son, I pity him. Had he filled a throne he might have been somebody." Bonstetten's answers speak of public

events, of private interests, and of the strangers he received at Geneva. He writes of Châteaubriand, of Casimir Delavigne, of Rossi, of a visit from the Duke of Orleans afterwards Louis-Philippe, of Victor Hugo's poems, of the romantic school in poetry, of the spread of Methodism in Switzerland, of the departure of Capo d'Istrias for Greece, of his own works, and of Zschokke's novels. "I prefer his letters to his books," said Zschokke to Mdme. de Circourt; "for whereas others labour and polish what they have written, our friend is a poet and wise man, and the first expression of his thought is both natural and clear." Of female correspondents, Bonstetten always had a great number. His letters to Frederica Brün and to Mdme. de Staël would make a biography in themselves; but he also wrote frequently to Mdme. Caffarelli, to Mdme. Necker de Saussure, to Mdme. Jérôme Buonaparte, to the Duchess of Würtemberg, and to the Countess of Albany. He had met the wife of Charles Edward in 1774, and fell in love, so tradition avers, with the singular woman who was known in later life as the queen of Florentine society and as the mistress of Alfieri. Bonstetten worshipped her afar off, and corresponded regularly. Eight of his letters are to be found in the volume which stands at the head of our pages; they are preserved along with many others addressed to the Countess of Albany, in the Musée Fabre at Montpellier. They are average specimens of his style—kind, frank, and polished, without vigour, and without critical acumen, but turned with the rather frivolous grace which distinguished his character and mind. The following is from Geneva, 1811:—

"Am I then to see you this summer, or this spring? I am enchanted; but pray tell me when it is to be, that I may await you either at Geneva or elsewhere. I believe you will find out our friend (Mdme. de Staël?) and go to her. I

think her rather dull and low about her affairs. The harm done to her is really diabolical, and the arrow has sunk into her soul. . . . I pity her. She has been acting a play and laughing!—to keep herself from weeping I suppose.

“I am much touched by the proofs of your friendship, and it will give me infinite pleasure to express all I feel to a person whom I have loved far more than I have known her. I shall propose to you to make a tour in Switzerland. My country is nearly as strange to me as it is to you ; for since the Revolution everything is so changed that Switzerland is even more new to her citizens than to strangers who cannot compare its present state with anything they have known before. . . . I wish you knew Geneva, and I believe it would please you as much as it pleases me. There is no place in which mental culture is more advanced, and there are no people so well worth knowing as the Genevese when once one conquers their friendship. The best *talk* in Europe is to be found here, for friendship, simple tastes, and intellectual pleasures are all appreciated, and these advantages are found in the most beautiful situation in the world. I am living in Sismondi’s house, and his friendship forms a great part of my happiness. I believe he will establish himself here, and marry a charming person in whom every advantage is united. You see I am telling you everybody’s secrets to-day. Adieu, Madame. Nothing is so cheering as the words of friendship, both those which one expresses, and those which one is allowed to hear. . . .”

“1812.—I have only seen Mdme. de Staël twice. Her son tells me she embarked at Cronstadt on her way to Sweden, but that he has not heard of her arrival at Stockholm, whither she is bound. Her house and company are a great loss to me, and very witty people become rarer

every day. Geneva, however, is tolerably brilliant. Talma has been here, and a great influx of strangers as in the good old time. Now we have the Empress Joséphine established at her *Campagne* close to the town, and that keeps up a good deal of stir. . . . Could you not commit some sin, and get banished to Geneva? Adieu, Madame. I think often of you, and nothing would be more pleasing than to find that you had not forgotten your very humble servant,

“DE BONSTETTEN.”

The society of graceful and educated women was a necessity for Bonstetten. A vision after his own heart was Madame Emile de Girardin when she first came to Geneva:—

“Delphine Gay has been here,” (he wrote,) “a girl of twenty, who is a true poet. She is a child born on Parnassus, a blonde, with magnificent hair and figure, and a most natural creature. I never can wonder enough at the difference between the new school and the old, and Delphine has a way of reading verses which is quite peculiar to herself. She does not declaim in the least, and has not a trace of *coquettrie* about her, she leaves that to her mother.”

Short passages like these make us regret that so few of Bonstetten's letters to and from the persons we have mentioned can now be recovered. The letters addressed to him by Madame de Staël would, for example, be a far more valuable collection than those sent to the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, and lately published. But Bonstetten was incredibly generous in giving away what would have been doubly precious if it could have been kept together, and equally careless in the arrangement of his papers. It was not till a very late period of his life that he began to write his *Recollections*; but at his advanced age, when memory had begun to wane, and method to collect, his ideas was wanting,

it was too late. He wrote a small portion of the book, and then laid it aside, or used the sheets to beguile the tedium of listless and invalid hours. His cheerfulness still remained, but names and dates slipped from his mind, and his eyesight at last failed. To within a few days of his death he had, however, sanguine hopes of recovery. At last a marked change passed over him, and hope had to be abandoned by others and by himself. He died in February, 1832, having survived Matthison and Frederica Brün by little more than a year. "He is dead," (wrote Zschokke,) "and I do not believe that there is any country in Europe where he was not known, and where he has not left those who mourn for him as for a friend."—"He is dead," replied Anastasia de Circourt, "and no one can give us back what we have lost in him. His memory ought to draw those together who were once beloved by him. Write me a few words of comfort. . . . Bonstetten must remain one of the best recollections of my young life. How I loved him! Every thought of him now turns to tears for his loss." Charles de Bonstetten once said that love was as essential to his life as is the sunshine to an insect of a day. He lived and was loved, he died and was not unwept.

Thus peacefully closed a once restless and eventful life. Herr Morell says his youth and middle career were a drama, and that his old age was an idyll, gracious, calm, and sweet. If it was indeed an idyll, it was distinguished by two curious features. Great and highminded men and women played the first parts, where its hero took but a secondary place; and the context of this playful poem was a stern and wonderful page in the history of the world.



*ENGLISH VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.*

[*North British Review*, 1867.]

IN publishing a collection of English *vers de société*, and in claiming for compositions of this kind a distinct place in our literature, Mr. Locker no doubt expected to be met with Sterne's well-worn comment, "They manage this matter better in France," and such is the popular theory as regards these, the poems of elegance and of social life. But how much better they do or did manage the matter in France, is a question we have asked ourselves. How far either has there ever been in England a school of writers of this kind? Is their poetry better or worse than the French equivalents? In what qualities does it fall short of the standard we have accepted? What helps and what hindrances does it receive from the character of our language? Who writes it, and who reads it? These are points which have been little noticed, and yet not only might a curious comparison be made between French and English *vers de société*, but by looking a little more closely into the subject, we might see many marks of national and literary progress or decadence, and find there a whole history of manners, with traces of our political distinctions, and of the little rivalries of the age. We write and read *vers d'occasion*

\* *Lyra Elegantiarum. A Collection of some of the best Specimens of Vers de Société in the English Language.* By deceased Authors. Edited by FREDERICK LOCKER. London, 1867.

because we are social creatures, but in turning over the book before us, we have been tempted to think that such a collection of verses has more than a mere passing interest. These Englishmen, from Herrick to Thackeray, wrote as they were moved, not only by their personal fancy, their gallantry, their tenderness, or their pique, but also by the spirit of the age to which they belonged. Such as is the civilisation of any period, such will be that of its lesser poets. Dilettantis will sometimes, we know, persist in preserving a rococo style which their generation has agreed to discard, and great poets are generally teachers, anticipating or originating a school of which they are to be the masters ; but assuredly the men of society, the men of letters, of office, and of polite education, reflect with accuracy the peculiarities of their age. Thus a world of religious, political and social difference lies between the drawing-room verse of the Elizabethan age and that of the reign of Queen Anne, as it also does between the poets who preceded and those who followed that French Revolution which effected as great a change in the literary as in the political creed of Europe.

It may be profitable, then, using Mr. Locker's volume as a text-book, to wander for a little in the byways of English verse, to leave the royal roads to fame, and to loiter in paths which are paths of pleasantness, where our guide will prove a good one, all the better because Mr. Locker is himself a poet of the kind Isaac Disraeli described as "being polished by an intercourse with the world and with studies of taste, to whom refinement is a science and art a nature."

The tone of his Preface (which is so pretty an essay, that a critic may well despair of saying anything new about it) is, we observe, slightly apologetic. It is that of a man who, in introducing a favourite protégé, is aware that the world may not view it with the same indulgence as he does. In short, Mr. Locker has pondered over the fact that though

every man would be glad to write such verses, and would hold his head higher in society if he could, there is a prejudice against them; they are sometimes thought to be an affectation, and are often supposed to be unnational. We feel, or we have been told, that as a nation our forte does not lie in wit, but that we have a taste for the comic, if it be but broad enough; we aver that our genius is practical, and we have a vague, though unaverred suspicion that we are clumsy. Yet this *Lyra Elegantiarum* would go far to prove the contrary, and the compiler might have taken higher praise to himself for having, as old Montaigne expresses it, thus "provided the string with which to tie all these flowers together."

Men are only unreasonable if they insist that this, the lighter or secondary kind of poetry, should have qualities to which it does not aspire, and which are in truth incompatible with its own standard of finished and ephemeral grace. Poems like these have often in a small compass many sources of pleasure. Brevity, we have been assured, is needful for wit; and here we have both. The charms of rhythm and alliteration are added, nor must we omit the element of surprise, as a delicate "conchetto" generally lurks somewhere, and we come upon it unawares. Finally, there is, or ought to be, the sense of completeness; that strange gratification so subtle of analysis, yet so essential to our pleasure, that we not only demand it in things good, but find that its presence gives a bitter sweetness to things painful, as we feel when we watch the outward-bound ship sinking beneath the verge, or see the last flickering spark die out of a heap of grey ashes that once were the letters of a mistress or of a friend.

All these elements are essential to the perfection of *vers de société*, but Mr. Locker is right when he demands for them the necessity of being elegant. Perhaps elegance in poetry is as

difficult to define as elegance in manner and in dress ; both have an inexplicable charm, both have vulgar caricatures made of them which only result in being painfully "genteel," and both revenge themselves by being really and wholly impossible of imitation or of counterfeit. Poets are elegant when their minds are so, and when they have acquired by practice the art of expressing their thoughts in a pleasing and often in an apparently artless manner. Yet to no sort of composition does the old remark apply so well, that much art is required to be natural, and thus the pretty and apparently spontaneous verses we see in this collection have, and ought to have, all the care and finish of a miniature. They remind us of the delicate scroll-work of the best Renaissance designs ; like the arabesques in the Loggie of Raphael, they are beautiful from harmony and lightness of touch : like the sweet thinness of a French-woman's voice in singing, the charm lies in the finish, not in the feeling ; all are elegant, but not powerful,—there is something to touch, much to please, but nothing to rouse one. The finish is the essential : to borrow another illustration from the sister art, Rubens might boast that he painted like a lion, and trust that his power would call off attention from his faults, but what are *tableaux de genre* without elaborate work ? Satin dresses, onions, carrots, and dead game would soon be consigned to the limbo of the old-curiosity shops, did not the manner redeem the matter ; and thus it is with *vers de société*,—the question is not so much what is done, but how it is done, how much curb the writer has put on himself that quaint rhymes shall not degenerate into doggerel, fancy run into grotesqueness, wit into coarseness, or feeling rise into passion, when the poem ceases at once to belong to the class of the poetry of the drawing-room. Mr. Locker says :—

“ In his judgment, genuine *vers de société* should be short, elegant, refined, and fanciful. . . . The tone should not be

pitched too high ; it should be idiomatic, and rather in the conversational key. . . . The poem may be tintured with a well-bred philosophy, it may be gay and gallant, it may be playfully malicious, or tenderly ironical, it may display lively banter, or it may be satirically facetious ; it may even, considering it merely as a work of art, be Pagan in its tone, but it must never be ponderous or commonplace."

Poetry that answers to all these demands is reproached for being artificial. In a certain sense it is. It belongs to an artificial state of society, and is prepared with great art, so as to show a little and not too much of what the author feels, and thus such verses seem to represent a great deal of what is best in our social life,—its polish, its civility, and its self-control. It is easy at any time to indulge in platitudes against society, to describe the wordliness and the vulgarity of what has been well named *Vanity Fair*, but one seldom hears this from the men or the women who most adorn society, since none value or know so well what it has to teach. They have realized that it is not good for us to live alone : that we sympathize more readily when we have already learned to know men of all estates, and that our powers of heart and mind are in a direct ratio to our powers of sympathy. Many of the beautiful verses in this collection disprove the idea that very elegant writers have no feeling, or have written without it. The feeling is often exquisite,—more exquisite, deep-seated, and positively romantic, than in our stage of civilized life men usually care to show to each other, unless they can qualify its exhibition by something approaching to a jest, as we apologize for a compliment by a bow. It is also certain that the very nature of this art requires leisure as well as sympathy, and no one deeply bereaved, or tormented by jealousy, has leisure for pretty fancies. When the storm has come, when the trees in the high garden of the heart are struck by lightning, and the hail has

beaten down all its flowers, we do not go out with nets to catch butterflies ; they are supposed to be drenched or dead, and we don't care if they are ; but all the days of our lives are not equally unpropitious. Men's minds are not always at full stretch, we do not every morning review the cardinal points of our faith in things human or divine, and Love, so far from constantly meditating on the dagger and the bowl, or more seriously considering the taxes and the apothecary's bill, often takes its ease in well-sheltered bowers ; there, in its hours of idleness, it sports with its friends, puts garlands on their heads, pelts them with the new-mown grass, dashes them with drops from the fountain, and pledges them in a " beaker full of the warm south," while it tastes of a joy that may well express itself in songs as gay and as happy as the birds. Sometimes too, it happens that wise or wayworn men lay their cares of business or of office aside, and while listening to the prattle of women and children, have hit off *jeux d'esprit* which pleased their listeners, but which assuredly please themselves still more, because they embodied that sense of rest and playfulness which crept over them while they kept holiday. Sometimes such verses have been dictated by hearts that once beat most passionately : for it is one of the strangest phases of passion, that of its ebb-tide, in which, standing as it were aside from our own lives, we contemplate all our late acting and feeling with a tender cynicism which differs from self-pity or from contempt, though it would seem to be composed of both. Complex natures often so look at themselves, and we may be certain that the writers whose poems are before us were men of complex natures, of the highest social attainments, as well as of literary cultivation, — emphatically men and women of the world, gentlemen and gentlewomen in the best and most evident sense of the term, treating their subject and their readers as they do their own feelings, with a reticent and playful good-breeding

which is more endearing than many greater gifts. They knew the value of grace, and likewise of mirth : above all they knew the power of good and wholesome nonsense, and generally remembered to assign a place to "Puck" among the rest of the dramatis personæ which memory or fancy invoked upon the stage. Too often, it is true, the poetry of the drawing-room has been made the vehicle for bitter satire and coarse innuendo ; lovers of the calibre of Pope and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu sent such Parthian shafts after each other when Cupid's quiver was emptied, and doctors and lawyers have in their squibs and epigrams shown a brevity and terseness which are not to be found in their speeches or prescriptions ; but these pasquinades are the worst examples of the art, they are the "*nummi subaurati*" of the cabinet, mere bronze coins of malice, thinly silvered over with wit. It is essential to the success of any work of art that it should give a certain quantity of pleasure to the readers, and in a poem of elegance we expect to have our minds kept in a pleasurable state, and not to have our teeth set on edge by all the sounds of uncharitableness.

False sentiment is equally painful. What can be more distressing than Moore's lines to his wife (at p. 220), "Fly from the world, O Bessy ! to me," where the deepest feelings for this world and the next are disposed of with a levity that would be indecent were it not absurd to see the cardinal themes of love, life, death, and resurrection disposed of in four such cockneyfied verses ? They are not elegant ; besides their unreality they have a would-be elegance that is very irritating, and with Mr. Haynes Bayley's "I'd be a Butterfly," are among the few blemishes in Mr. Locker's collection. Less offensive to taste are the bastard pastorals of the last century, of which Mr. Locker has been right in admitting a few specimens. It is true that, as Mr. Ruskin ironically says, these are praises of the country written by people who lived

in coffee-houses ; but they only once were fashionable, and still have a sort of conventional prettiness, while they recall a school which had many disciples both in France and in England. The shepherdess era in painting was certainly more illustrious on the other side of the Channel than on this, and in the same way it is be doubted whether any English pastoral is as thorough and unaffectedly pretty as the celebrated " Il pleut, il pleut, Bergère !" which on French lips seems never to grow old.

So far we have tried to define what genuine *vers de société* ought to be, and in looking at what they have been we are tempted to say that, in matters of taste, the extremes of our literature are about to meet, as if we had more in common now with the earlier writers than with those of the Georgian period, an affinity, be it understood, which exists in the sentiment rather than in the idiom. We are much less artificial than the writers of the eighteenth century, and we are not to be blamed if an increased civilization and knowledge of the world has greatly increased our range of subjects. To justify this idea one may compare a few of the authors who figure in this *Lyra Elegantiarum*.

Herrick ought assuredly to have the precedence. To say that he is a pretty and old-fashioned poet is not to explain his charm. Stiff in form he sometimes is (like a contemporary portrait by Holbein), but he is fresh as an English spring, and very purely English in his diction : and beautiful as his verses are, they are fitting representatives of our tongue at the period from which we date Shakspeare's plays and the translation of the Scriptures. Herrick's language is more Saxon than that of Spenser, for Spenser's vocabulary will be found to contain, along with many obsolete English words, a great number of French or Latin derivation, and his taste as well as his allegories remind us of the old romances, of the *Lais* of



the Troubadours, of the poems of Thibault of Navarre, or of the good King René of Anjou; still Herrick bears abundant marks of French influence; and we cannot wonder at it, for it was not so very long since English kings were really French counts of Anjou, and since the poetry and cultivation of England reflected but the culture of Languedoc and Provence. Herrick's rhymes often remind us of Ronsard, but Herrick is never prosaic, which Ronsard is, and the tender human interest of Herrick's occasional pieces is more attractive even than Ronsard's exquisite spring song, "Dieu vous garde, messagers fidelles, De printemps vistes arondelles!" or than the "Avril" of Remy Belleau (1585) which is phrased in Herrick's own manner,—thus

Avril le parfum des dieux,  
Qui des lieux,  
Sentent l'odeur de la plaine.  
C'est toy courtois et gentil  
Qui d'exil,  
Retires ces passagères,  
Ces arondelles qui vont  
Et qui sont  
Du printemps les messagères.

Both authors were contemporaneous with Herrick, but in spite of Ronsard's renown we are inclined to give the bays to the author of the "Hesperides" and of the "Night Piece to Julia." Making allowance for the greater plainness of speech which obtained in those days, Herrick seems to have been a sincere and honest lover, and we feel as if it would have been better for a woman to have been loved by him than by Ronsard, all gallant as he was. Thus the courtier remonstrates with his Angevine lady-love:—

Quand vous serez bien vieille,  
Le soir à la chandelle,  
Assise auprès du feu, devisant et filant,

Direz, chantant mes vers,  
 En vous esmerveillant,  
 Ronsard m'a célèbre du temps que j'étais belle.

This is pretty, almost as pretty and conceited as Camoens' hint to his Catherine that he had bestowed immortality on her beautiful eyes, but there is a manly simple force in Herrick, a something better than is to be found in Ronsard, when he thus warns his mistress :—

Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes,  
 Which star-like sparkle in their skies :  
 Nor be you proud, that you can see  
 All hearts your captives—yours still free ;—  
 Be you not proud of that rich hair,  
 Which wantons with the love-sick air ;  
 When as the ruby that you wear,  
 Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,  
 Will last to be a precious stone,  
 When all your world of beauty's gone.

Suckling and Cowley come next in point of date ; they have less genius, but are full of happy, graceful lines. In Mr. Locker's book there is one exquisite fragment of Cowley's (p. 41) :—

Love in her sunny eyes doth basking play :  
 Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair :  
 Love does on both her lips for ever stray,  
 And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there :  
 In all her outward parts Love's always seen :  
 But, ah ! he never went within !

We do not remember to have met with this before ; and yet, although written in England, and early in the seventeenth century, it seems familiar, and almost as if it had suggested one of Heine's most cunning little songs, "Der Sommer ist auf deinem Wängelein."

Love and loyalty are the themes to which, for the next half century, the writers of occasional verse owed their

inspiration. We hear Lovelace singing of "stone walls" and "iron bars," Montrose devoting his voice and sword to a falling cause, and Lord Capel making melody in the Tower, till their echoes are drowned by the lighter mirth of Etheridge and Sedley, if not by the ribald wit and coarser ballads of the coffee-houses; and between these two schools of royalists stands the poet of the Commonwealth, the young Milton, telling of "Mirth" in the most perfect poem of elegance, the veriest pastoral *de luxe*, that has ever come from an English pen.

After another period of political troubles we find ourselves among the wits and poets of the days of Queen Anne; and once again, as under Elizabeth, a remarkable impetus is given to literature in all its branches.

But this age differs widely in taste from the Elizabethan. It is less brave, less fresh, and far less ingenious, therefore far less poetical, and there is a greater barrier grown up between the classes, and between the town and the country, as Pope's satires, and the papers in the *Spectator* very clearly show. Men are of a more caustic wit: they are more critical and sceptical: Pope's stately measures, the pure and Spartan pages of Sir William Temple, and the cold classic grace of Addison, are very good things, but they cannot give us back the "wood-notes wild" of the Shakspearian age, and as it is with this age, so it is with its *vers de société*.

The "Modish Cupid" of that day not only wore a full-bottomed wig, and snuffed and swore like a fine gentleman, but his loyalty was doubtful, and his patriotism very indifferent. In fact, he was often (or he affected to be) half a Frenchman, and he was, we think, none the better for this wearing of strange suits, and being so wholly out of love with his nativity. King-William's policy had essentially maintained the nationality and independence of England, but her statesmen and men of

letters were deeply imbued with French taste. In those days we gave nothing to France, and an Anglomania was a thing unknown under the Grand Monarque; even Louis XV. disliked any adoption of English manners, and asked angrily of a courtier just returned from London what he could have learned in that place. "Sire, j'ai appris à penser," answered the Marquis. "*A panser !* probablement les chevaux," retorted the King, who may or may not have been aware that for half a century English philosophers had learned a very great deal from France. On the other hand, the letters, the taste, the opinions, the music, and the fashionable morality of most of our literary men were French: Bolingbroke's perhaps most notably so: but there was one splendid exception, the genius of Jonathan Swift, which escaped the contagion. His *vers d'occasion*, whether in the exquisite letters yearly addressed to Stella on her birthday, or in the irresistibly humorous "Petition of Mrs. Francis Harris," are among the best in our language, while they are free from any affectations, either home-grown or imported. Was this general sympathy with France justifiable or genuine? We think that it was misplaced at least in those who could realize how vast was the interest at stake in that struggle for our nationality which lasted through the reigns of William and of Anne, and which, if we recall the danger of the rebellions, may be said to have coloured the reigns of the two first Georges: but we believe that it was genuine, and that Louis XIV. therein achieved a conquest he did not dream of while he was smarting under the blows that his arms received from Marlborough. The intellectual light of France was then so dazzling, that it might well illuminate both the Court of Potsdam, and the English shores: and of that light Paris was the focus.

Yet the features of social life in courtly Paris were for the most part evil. Veil it as we may, let Madame de Sévigné's kindly gossip half conceal and half disclose its scandals and

its heart-burnings, the pictures drawn by Dangeau and St. Simon have undeniably sharp outlines, and the *vers de société* of the day are of a very tell-tale description. There is, to those who are conversant with French verse, a curious peculiarity proper to this period. The French *people* make no more songs; the ballad-book of old France is closed, and no more additions are made to it now that the wars are over, that the old captains of the "religion" or of the Low Countries are dead, or represented only by the courtiers of Marly and Versailles: but, on the other hand, French wit is sharpened as it were by the life of courts, which had succeeded to that of camps, and, if we may borrow the expression of a recent writer, "French malignity" now makes great strides. It was to reach its climax in the foul and bitter pasquinades with which Marie Antoinette was assailed, but all through the eighteenth century "malignity" seems to have been the evil genius of French social literature, and poems were too often but vehicles for personal, family, and party spite. Thus their *vers de société* may be divided into three sorts,—the epigram, in which they excel; malicious and libertine pieces, not commendable even for their *finesse*, and the affected but finished verses which have all the heavy wit of the Hôtel Rambouillet.

Standing apart from the more shameless chicaneries and excesses of some other circles, the society of the Hôtel Rambouillet held an honoured place, as the centre of that elegant trifling, that dallying with literature and love which are so distinctive of the period. At no time were *vers d'occasion* so abundant, at no time were they more essential to polite life. Voiture frequented the Hôtel, and thither came many others, all anxious to give, that they might receive, that meed of praise which modern poets covet as much as ever did wandering minstrel of old. The *romances*, letters, songs, and sonnets of this society would fill volumes. At the time, they circulated

from mouth to mouth, were read, admired, and imitated, yet very few of them can now give us any pleasure, chiefly on account of their prosaic stiffness and unreality. We are ready to admit in their excuse that stiffness was expected from them, and that fashion naturally dictated the shape of poems produced in and for society. The hand of a good author may occasionally be recognized, but the form of the letter or song seems to have been prescribed, and was therefore unavoidable. There is no instance of this so striking as that of M. de Montausier, the husband of Mademoiselle de Rambouillet. Lover and lord of the most accomplished and notable *précieuse* of the day, his verses are stiff and quaint, and, when compared with the strength and endurance of his passion for her, childishly weak and affected. Yet Montausier, the "Misanthrope" of Molière's play, the austere tutor of the Dauphin, the coadjutor of Bossuet in that unenviable task, Montausier the soldier, and at one time the Calvinist, was truly fond of letters and of poetry. Had custom so allowed, we can fancy him penning a sonnet as grave as Milton's, while for Julie he certainly cherished so deep, and at one time so unrequited an attachment, that had he lived in the nineteenth century, and at Holland House, instead of at the Hôtel Rambouillet, in the "Siècle Louis XIV.," he might possibly have written to her verses of Byronic passion. All misanthrope as he was, he was not the less the man of his day; he fought in its fields, lounged in its saloons, read its long-winded romances, and finally laid at Julie's feet a "garland" of *vers de société*, a book still remembered it is true, but unredeemed from the charge of being flat and stale, by the fact of its being a "curiosity of literature," and the work of all the frequenters of the brilliant circle which surrounded his mistress. Molière must have seen a great deal of all this love and letter-making, and probably it was not a rare event for the poet to be himself asked to supply

to some M. Jourdain of the day impromptus long kept in hand, with which to pay unreal court to some unreal flame. Nothing, Molière felt, was real in the whole performance, except its vanity and its self-consciousness, and the summing-up of his satire is really the best of all criticism on *vers de société*, that when they become a habit, or articles of trade, demanded and supplied by fashion, and no longer produced by "strong propensity," they lose all their value and their sweetness.

The two schools of verse we have distinguished, the licentious and the pedantic, remained in vogue till the Revolution, and the latest imitations of the inane style may be seen in a publication called the *Almanach des Muses*. The number for 1820, is on the table as we write, and it would puzzle even the most genial of critics to find in it one page of fresh and genuine poetry. Yet in speaking as we have done of the most correct school of French poetry of the second order, we are not deaf to much that is beautiful in that language. There, as in English, we think some of the oldest writers are the happiest. What, for example, can be prettier than these lines of Jean Bertaut's, still often said and sung in France, though their authorship and date (1552) is forgotten:—

Félicité passée !  
 Qui ne peut revenir !  
 Tourment de ma pensée :  
 Que n'ai-je en te perdant,  
 Perdu ton souvenir ?  
 Hélas ! il ne me reste,  
 De mes contentements,  
 Qu'un souvenir funeste,  
 Qui me les convertit  
 A toute heure en tourments.

Space fails us for illustrating by many examples the difference that exists between French and English *vers de société*, but the result of a careful comparison between the two will establish

a diversity rather than a rivalry of merits. The French writers have much wit and finish, and their verse is always best when it most closely follows the epigrammatic model. If they have not really more terseness of expression, they have at least the advantage of us in possessing a language more graceful, flexible and perfectly adapted to the interchange of thought than any other European tongue. Purity and elegance of idiom are always found in French, and it would not be easy to compile from among their authors a volume of the inelegant and dislocated stuff which is in fashion now both in England and America; their rules are better kept, and if we are often intensely impatient of French verse, it is because we so infinitely prefer the great beauties and attractions of French prose.

The passion of the nation for songs has, however, been hurtful to its drawing-room poetry. Take for example the productions of the "Caveau," and they may, we think, truly be declared inferior both in taste and composition to what their authors were capable of doing had not fashion compelled them to bring out this vast quantity of "chansons." It was for a short time only that Béranger was a member of this society; had he remained in it his style would have suffered, but he left it, and he lives, the most beautiful example of the new school of French poetry, escaped from the trammels of both the old bad patterns. With Béranger's lyrics, immortal as his country, we have not to occupy ourselves; but he also wrote some pieces which deserve the very first place in any French "Lyra Elegantiarum." Such are "Treize à Table" and "Maudit printemps," which last we give as illustrative of modern French taste:—

Je la voyais, de ma fenêtre,  
 A la sienne tout cet hiver ;  
 Nous nous aimions sans nous connaître,  
 Nos baisers se croisaient dans l'air :



Entre ces tilleuls sans feuillage,  
Nous regarder comblait nos jours :  
Aux arbres tu rends leur ombrage,  
Maudit printemps, reviendras-tu toujours !

. . . . .  
Sans toi je la verrais encore,  
Lorsqu'elle s'arrache au repos,  
Fraiche comme on nous peint l'aurore,  
Du jour entreouvrant les rideaux.  
Le soir encore je pourrais dire,  
Mon étoile achève son cours !  
Elle s'endort, et la lampe expire :  
Maudit printemps, reviendras-tu toujours !

C'est l'hiver que mon cœur implore :  
Ah ! je voudrais qu'on entendit,  
Tinter sur le vitre sonore,  
Le grésil léger qui bondit :  
Que me fait tout ton vieil empire,  
Tes fleurs, tes zéphyrs, tes long jours ?  
Je ne la verrai plus sourire ;  
Maudit printemps, reviendras-tu toujours !

To any one anxious to pursue the analysis, we could instance many pieces, both humorous and pathetic. "Bon soir la Compagnie," by Latteignant, and Désaugier's "Diner d'Etiquette," are unfortunately too long for transcription here ; and in a different vein, there is Etienne's "Le Point du Jour," as well as the poems of Favre d'Eglantine, whose "Je t'aime tant" has four verses so tender and so finished, that they might vie with Shelley's lines to an Indian air, or with his "Good-night—ah ! no, the hour is ill," which has a deserved place in Mr. Locker's collection. But it is an exception when the French masters approach the English in pathos or in tenderness. In those qualities we carry away the prize, perhaps also in a quality which is more difficult to define, in the art of being gay without being foolish, slight without being light, and mirthful without being ever so little indecorous. On this side of the Channel, we do not, for one thing, make such violent efforts

to be cheerful ; a very modest hilarity for the most part suffices us, and if we ever are gay, we flatter ourselves that, like Goldsmith's bear, we "only dance to the very genteelst of tunes."

In political poems, we have also been more moderate. There was a time in our history when political feeling ran very high, and found a vent in the *Rolliad*, in the poetry of the "Anti-Jacobin," and of the "New Bath Guide:" but all these are free from venom, and one of the best signs of the present day is the abundance of good-humoured squibs and rhymes which the events of every week call forth in the pages of *Punch* and the *Owl*. All these must astonish foreigners: for French political jokes are made and circulated under protest, and they generally take the shape of an epigrammatic *mot*, which is said to be the wit of one, while it so represents the feeling of the many, that no one can be made responsible for it. Thus it happens that at present England produces more and better *vers de société* and *d'occasion* than her wittier neighbour, and it is very natural that she should. We are very rich and very free, and we have, or ought to have, scholarship and taste enough to know a good model from a bad. Our statesmen are still taken from the highly educated classes, though it may be that the next century will not endure ministers as cultivated as Lord Derby and Mr. Gladstone, and that of Præd's muse nothing will then be in fashion but her early liberalism.

In thinking of the authors who have written *vers de société* or of the men of office and business who have occasionally produced them, one turns to Præd with a curious appreciation of his fitness for such a style. Witty, polished, and intensely metrical, his poems come up to the very ideal of English drawing-room verse. Full of banter and of kindly irony, and with a lurking sense in them of the poet's latent feelings, they

sparkle with wit and grace. Praed has not the many sudden turns from gay to grave which startle us in Thackeray, nor has he Thackeray's natural pathos and dry humour : neither has he that incessant play upon words which in Hood almost ends in being wearisome ; he trifles, but it is only in manner he banters, but he is never savage or personal. How perfect are some of the lines written after the close of the war, which he called " Mars disarmed by Cupid " :—

Aye bear it hence, thou blessed child,  
Tho' dire the burden be,  
And hide it in the pathless wild,  
Or drown it in the sea.  
The ruthless murderer swears and prays,  
So let him swear and pray ;  
Be deaf to all his oaths and prayers,  
And take the sword away.

We've had enough of fleets and camps,  
Guns, glories, odes, gazettes,  
Triumphal arches, coloured lamps,  
Huzzas and epaulettes.  
We could not bear upon our head  
Another leaf of bay,  
That horrid Buonaparte's dead :  
Yes ! take the sword away.

We're weary of the noisy boasts  
That pleased our patriot throngs,  
We've long been dull to Gooch's toasts,  
And tame to Dibden's songs :  
We're quite content to rule the waves  
Without a great display ;  
We're known to be extremely brave,  
But take the sword away.

Let Portugal have rulers twain :  
Let Greece go on with none :  
Let Popery sink or swim in Spain,  
While we enjoy the fun.

Let Turkey tremble at the knout,  
 Let Algiers loose her Dey :  
 Let Paris turn her Bourbons out :  
 But take the sword away.

Our honest friends in Parliament  
 Are looking vastly sad :  
 Our farmers say with one consent,  
 It's all—immensely bad.  
 There was a time for borrowing,  
 But now it's time to pay :  
 A budget is a serious thing,—  
 So take the sword away.

And oh, the bitter tears we wept,  
 In those our days of fame ;  
 The dread that o'er our heartstrings crept  
 With every post that came.  
 The home affections waged and lost  
 In every far-off fray,  
 The price that British glory cost !  
 Ah ! take the sword away.

We've plenty left to hoist the sail,  
 Or mount the dangerous breach,  
 And freedom breathes in every gale  
 That wanders round our beach.  
 When duty bids us dare or die,  
 We'll fight another day ;  
 But till we know the reason why,  
 Take, take the sword away.

Praed has a bewitching versification, more felicitous than any of his compeers or followers, and his work is in such perfect taste, that a quaint arrangement of syllables or an absurd idiom is never made to do duty for wit, a distinction which ought surely to keep up between genuine *vers de société* and *nonsense verses*. It is remarked that his writings are very popular in the United States, and we take this as a proof of the wholeness and soundness of his genius and style, that, all English gentleman as he was, seldom rising above the themes which the drawing-rooms, the club, or the lobby

of the House of Commons supplied, he is felt to be a poet by readers alien to all his habits; and this appreciation we believe to be genuine, and not due in any way to his semi-American descent.

It would be interesting to collect and compare all the poems which have been suggested by *London*, from Dr. Johnson's sober lines, full of morality and of many-syllabled words, to Luttrell's inimitable *Letters to Julia*, James and Horace Smith's clever verses, Mr. Lockyer's *London Lyrics*, and the pieces which constantly appear in our periodicals. The subject, of course, is simply inexhaustible, but each poet selects the aspect of the *town* which strikes him most; and as we turn over their pages, we too choose the subjects which are most sympathetic to us. Mr. Lockyer's *Piccadilly* is one of the happiest things of the kind, but Luttrell is the man who has tried to draw a complete picture of the London of good society, and his clever well-bred verses are perfect models of *vers de société*, as opposed to the satire. His description of a November fog, of the sudden rise and eclipse of a London *fashionable*, and of the thunder-shower in Kensington Gardens, are among his best; and it is high praise to say, that in that pretty trifle, *Boyle Farm*, Lord Ellesmere followed him very closely and very well.

We have paused before we approached the name of Walter Savage Landor, because we felt that this scholar differed much from the generality of writers of occasional verse, since he drank his inspiration at a different source, and that his draughts were from the springs on Helicon. Yet Landor's occasional poems are his best ones; his longer pieces are but failures when compared with them, and though through everything he writes we hear echoes of classical strains, yet we are dazzled by his versatility of styles, and surprised that this man, so full of pathos, and so true to himself, is not only a

poet, but an epitome of many poets. Might not this have been found in the old Anthologies ?

On the smooth brow and clustering hair,  
 Myrtle and rose ! your wreath combine :  
 The duller olive I would wear :  
 Its constancy, its peace be mine.

And is not this in Heine's best manner ?

Proud word you never spoke, but you will speak  
*Four* not exempt from pride some future day,  
 Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek,  
 Over my open volume you will say,  
 This man loved me ; then rise and trip away.

Again, by some lines addressed to Michelet, we are reminded of Wordsworth, and indeed Landor resembles him in much, through the same deficiency in humour. Some pieces suggest the woodland, some the study, and some are full of personal feeling that cannot be mistaken, but where the passion is so subdued, and touched with such a light and fanciful hand, that it does not pass beyond the limits assigned to it in these the poems of elegance. Take, for example, the verses beginning :—

No ! my old love of other years,  
 No ! it can never be ;  
 Much rests with you that yet endears :  
 Alas ! what rests with me ?

In this gift of brevity, and in the art of hinting at, rather than revealing the thought that fills his mind, Landor approaches more nearly to Heine than any English author. Touching as is Lord Houghton's "They seemed to those who saw them meet," he is more diffuse than is Heine, but Landor, like the German poet, leaves all the details to the imagination, content that by one touch he has stirred it, and so he stands unrivalled in his art. Sometimes he is not only terse, but epigrammatic ; thus :—

Alas ! how soon the hours are over,  
 Counted us out to play the lover,

And how much narrower is the stage  
Allotted us to play the sage ;  
But when we play the fool, how wide  
The theatre expands ! beside  
How long the audience sits before us !  
How many prompters ! what a chorus !

We had kept this "good wine" till the last, and were tempted here to take leave of the subject, but we remember (to quote again from Landor) :—

However rich and plenteous the repast,  
Nuts, almonds, wafers, biscuits come at last,

and modern *vers de société* seem to summon us to make such a selection for dessert. Shall we take the occasional *jeux d'esprit* which Mr. Hayward has permitted himself ; or Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's rather heavy wit ; or Theodore Martin's beautiful pieces, where we find a poet's genius and a scholar's care : or Mr. O. Wendell Holmes' pretty poems, "Under the Violets," and the "Katydid ;" or Mr. Calverley's clever "Ode to Tobacco ;" or, tired of the late Mr. Spencer's effusions for Albums and Books of Beauty, shall we prefer the almost weekly displays of their talents made by Messrs. Shirley Brooks, Leigh, Collins, and others, who contribute to our amusement in *Punch*, *Fun*, and other periodicals ?

Every grade of society now "keeps its poet," and there is but one fault to find with the arrangement,—that our drawing-room poetry grows more abundant than good. "J'ai vu les mœurs de mon temps," said the French philosopher, and so says many a clever telling verse ! but it too often betrays at the same time haste and a spirit of competition. Of the poems we have analysed from Herrick to Landor, the greater number we are sure owed their birth to leisure, and it is because women are generally strangers to the best of all leisure, that which follows on manly, useful, and sustained occupation, that they seldom write

and perhaps hardly appreciate this kind of poetry. *Vers de société*, in the narrowest acceptation of the word, were written by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and by Mademoiselle de Scudéry, but these ladies were exceptions to most rules, and exceptional even among authoresses, while on Lady Mary the well-bred philosophical air which should distinguish drawing-room verse sat ill, as often as not beginning by being coarse she ended by being bitter. Of late, our lady writers, great as has been their success in fiction and in devotional poetry, have hardly attempted the poetry of elegance. Englishwomen in general have not that conversational ease and self-control which are requisite: they either express their feelings with great passion in their books, or they are modestly reticent: they never appear to trifle about the tender passion, and, considered as writers, are curiously devoid of humour, "George Eliot," standing almost alone in the possession of that gift. The absence of precise education and of scholarship makes women insensible to the artistic charm of highly-finished poetry: thus they are often taken with the weakly religious, the sensational, or the unintelligible style, and the demand creating the supply, it does real harm to poetry considered as an art. That poetry which is of the highest order has other aims, is true, and we know that it must be looked at from other points of view than the merely artistic, but as regards this, the lighter or secondary sort of poetry, which for lack of another or better name we have called the *poetry of elegance*, it were to be wished that writers and readers would all go to school in the English undefiled of this *Lyra Elegantiarum*. They will find there the best of models when they want to flatter, banter, or to flirt, or it may be to whisper into the ear of society a bit of good-humored and not too tedious advice.



*THE VICTORIAL OF DON PEDRO NIÑO.\**

“A COLLECTION of legends, a treatise of chivalry, a document treating gravely of Spanish history and of French ; the chronicle of a knight whose adventures led him to the coasts of Barbary and to the shores of England, from the Castilian Court to that of France : a picture of manners and of ideas traced by an observer who was at once learned, sensible, *naïf* and amusing—we have believed that on all these grounds the *Victorial* would recommend itself to a considerable number of readers.” These are the terms in which Count Albert de Circourt and Count de Puymaigre introduce their translation of an old Spanish chronicle. The *Victorial* means (being translated) the history of the adventures of Don Pedro Niño, by his squire Gutierre Diaz de Gamez. It is a curious book, and men have resorted to it as a storehouse for various sorts of knowledge. It has been rifled for legends, consulted as a history, quoted by antiquarians in search of fifteenth century details, and also considered as a romance. Don Pascual Gayangos indeed thought that it ought to be placed along with the *Amadis*, and we have even heard it suggested that a copy of the *Victorial*, existing in Don Quixote’s library, may have had its

\* *Le Victorial. Chronique de Don Pedro Niño, Comte de Buelna.* Par GUTIERRE DIAZ DE GAMEZ, son Alferez. (1379-1449.) Traduit de l’Espagnol d’après le manuscrit avec une introduction et des notes historiques par le COMTE ALBERT DE CIR COURT et le COMTE DE PU YMAIGRE. Paris : 1867.

share in producing, or adding to, the knight's mental malady! But Southey did not disdain to use this chronicle as an historical record. In his *Lives of the British Admirals*, he incorporated the curious account of a descent on the Cornish coast by Don Pedro Niño, to which we shall presently have to refer; but it is to be regretted that he did not give us his opinion of the book which he quoted, which still remains a riddle to succeeding critics. For ourselves, in spite of the few undoubtedly historical facts which it contains, we cannot but regard the work of the good *alferez* as mainly a fanciful production, curious from its authenticity, and valuable from the light which it throws on the manners of the age to which it belongs, but of more than doubtful authority on matters of fact.

We propose to make use of M. de Circourt's translation, and to give such an account of the contents of this book as may enable our readers to decide for themselves whether the *Victorial* be more a history than a biography, or at best only a fifteenth century romance. The translation itself is careful and truthful, and the spirit of the old author is preserved, though, with great good taste, the translators have selected modern rather than mediæval French for their version. It is true that the idiom of four centuries ago would have had an air both of greater piquancy and of greater erudition, and that outside of the Academy it might have found few critics, but no affected style can be a sustained one, and we have to thank the translators for putting the *Victorial* into its present very agreeable shape. Their notes are ample, but do not overlay the text: for just as the *Alferez* de Gamez made his master the principal figure in his chronicle, so MM. de Circourt and de Puymaigre have kept themselves out of sight, except when their help was positively required to elucidate the meaning of the text.

The first page of the *Victorial* opens devoutly—with an invocation to the Triune God, as Creator, Author and Gover-

nor; and "for as much as without Him nothing endures," Gamez prays that "He may be the source and end of this work." In this key the poem goes on to treat of chivalry. Mankind, it says, is by the Divine Will divided into three classes: men of prayer (*oradores*), men of arms, and labourers. With the first class Gamez does not meddle, and the last he dismisses without further notice, but he devotes himself to the consideration of the estate of knighthood—its pains, its profits, and its ends. He delineates with quaint prolixity the exploits and the shortcomings of the greatest soldiers of antiquity, but he gives the preference to the Christian knight; and of this typical personage he draws a sketch, ideal it is true, but not the less touching in its strength, simplicity and grace. Some men, he thinks, have really come up to this standard—have been virtuous, wary and prudent, just in judgment, continent and moderate, enduring and courageous, having withal great faith in God, and being hopeful of immortal glory, and thus have they obtained the recompense of their deeds done in charity and in love to their neighbours. Lives of such men he has perused, but *one* such man he knew—his master—and "that his noble actions should endure, I, Gutierre Diaz de Gamez, a servant of the house of Don Pedro Niño, Count of Buelna, have put the same in writing. I have seen the deeds of his chivalry. . . . I was one of those who marched regularly with him; I had my part in his labours, and to me was confided his standard. I sailed with him in the seas of the Levant and of the sun setting (*Levante, Ponente*),\* and I saw all

\* The word *Ponente* has been literally translated here, but in spite of its literal meaning it was the term applied to the Channel and the Northern Seas. The "Jugement d'Oléron," a collection of ancient maritime laws, drawn up at Oléron by the orders of Eleanor the Queen of Louis VII., was of authority in all "*les mers du Ponant, c'est à dire du Nord.*" In the eighteenth century the term was still in use, for it occurs in the style and titles of Jean Corneil Bart, son of Jean Bart, who was "*Vice-Admiral de France, et des mers du Ponant.*"

the things that are here written. He was ever victorious——” In this concluding phrase seems to lie the reason for the title of our chronicle, its proud name of the *Victorial*.

The family of our hero was noble, and of French extraction, but for three generations before his birth it had been well placed at the Castilian Court. The first of the name was a Juan Niño, then came his son Pero Fernandez, and finally Juan Niño, the friend and courtier of Peter the Cruel, married to Inez Laso, and the father of Don Pero Niño, Count of Buelna. The life of this Juan Niño II. fell on troublous times. On the death of Alfonso XI., his six sons by Eleanor Guzman intrigued against his only legitimate heir, Pedro. Of these brothers, one, Don Enrique, soon came to the front, and to him the ex-minister Albuquerque lent a traitorous aid. The kingdom was in a flame, and in the war which ensued (in which Pedro's only allies were the English rulers of Gascony, Edward III. and his sons) the tide of victory set now for and now against the rightful king. The incidents of his reign were terrible; friends or foes, one after another, men fell victims to his caprice, his cruelty, or his revenge, and their figures start up before us with the rapidity of a horrible melodrama. Inez de Castro was abandoned on the day of her espousals to this fierce king; Doña Maria of Portugal, the queen-mother, died by poison; Samuel Levi, the grand treasurer, was tortured to death; Fadrique, Juan, and Pedro, three of the six sons of Eleanor Guzman, were slain before their royal brother's eyes; Pedro Martinez was roasted in a cauldron, and Pedro Sanchez de Banuelos baked before a slow fire, all by order of a monarch whom history has well surnamed the Cruel. Yet among his courtiers and followers, Juan Niño, soldier, damoiseau and skilled arquebusier, held and kept a favoured place; and it was into this agitated world of politics, where crowns and heads were both so insecure, that his son, the little Pero was born. When

Peter the Cruel died, and Toledo, which had so long held out for him, surrendered, Enrique became king, and still the Niño family kept their place at the new Court. Thus it was that the boy grew up beside his sovereign, and beside the royal infant, to whom his mother Inez served as nurse. Young Pero was brought up in the palace, and as he grew up gave every promise of manly strength and beauty. When he was only fifteen, at the siege of Gijon, he first asked for arms, and the king presented him with his own. His faithful biographer spares us no details of his early prowess, but tells us of his jousts and deeds of daring; how like the Adonis of Greek, the Thammuz of Eastern, and the Diarmid of Gaelic Mythology, he went out to slay a wild boar that was the terror of the province, and how, unlike Adonis and Diarmid, he slew and was not slain; of his gallantry also, and of the wounds received during a campaign in Portugal in 1396; how he killed a celebrated swordsman, and increased daily in strength and in royal favour. Then comes the account of his marriage to Donna Costanza di Guevara, and *à propos* of their union, the *alferez* launches forth into a digression on love and marriage worthy of Don Quixote in his most inspired moments, which derives however a certain melancholy interest from the fact, that Donna Costanza only lived for three years. In this treatise Gamez not only eulogises the "maiden passion for a maid," but he avers *that* love to be of the highest order which devotes itself and asks for nothing in return. No doubt this was the theory of the old courts of love; but we certainly gather from the rest of this book, that it was not the practice of his master, who was "in love very valiant, and of great repute," but whose loves certainly led him into trouble, both from the aggressive and from the passive nature of the good knight's conduct in these very delicate affairs.

The first public employment of Pero Niño in this the second period of his life, was a naval one. He was sent in

1404, with a fleet of galleys to the Levant. There he had great success. He fought the Moors in Barbary, chased their corsairs, burned their galleys off the Tunis coast, and received several wounds, one of which gave him great pain, and disabled him, but after the application of the cautery (by his own hands, as the *alferez* tells us) he recovered, and, in 1405, he is to be found jousting at a great tourney at Tordesillas, which took place in honour of the birth of the Infant, Don Juan. This boy, the child of Enrique III. and of Constance of Lancaster, was afterwards king; and Pero Niño had his full share in the court broils and intrigues that surrounded and threatened the young Juan II.

But we ought now to follow Pero and his chronicler from the waters of the Levant and the Gulf of Toulon, to the autumn-driven waves of the English Channel, and to their anchorage in the harbours of South Devon. Certainly never was history written with more delicious naïveté than by Gamez in his account of that descent upon the English coast, which was one of the most exciting adventures of Pero Niño. It fell on this wise. Henry IV. and the French King were at war, and so were Henry IV. and St. Pol, Count of Luxemburg, the pretext in the latter case being the forced abdication and murder of Richard II., a very near connexion of the Count de St. Pol; the *casus belli* as regarded the French King lying in those English rights over Guienne, which Henry was not prepared to resign, though his predecessor had been willing to waive them. The French King asked for help from Enrique III., and he received it in the shape of a fleet, or rather of two fleets, for one, equipped at Santona, was entrusted to Martin Riez de Abentaño; the other, consisting of only three galleys, was prepared at Santander, and commanded by Pero Niño. His kinsman, Fernando Niño, and his faithful *alferez* were on board. Between the two commanders there existed, as may be supposed,

no goodwill; and after some high words, and much possibly intentional bad management, Pero Niño found himself alone at Rochelle. There he was joined by two galleys, the property of the Sieur Charles de Savoisy, late chamberlain to the French King, with whom Pero felt that he could act in concert and amity. "Now, Messire Charles had already heard of Pero Niño, and he, for his part, had already heard of Messire Charles, as of a knight who, for one of those things that do sometimes befall a gentleman of great consideration, had been banished from the Court." These kindred spirits hung about the coasts of Brittany for some days, and then made sail for Cornwall. They had a horrible passage. Each galley thought that the others must have foundered at sea, and it took five days to bring them altogether again, so various were the courses in which they had been driven. Messire Charles had suffered very severely. "His galley," he said, "had gone up to the heights and down to the depths, had plunged now fore and now aft, and the sea making a breach over her decks, had carried everything away, down to the hands of the rowers; but he had been himself so greatly exercised about the fate of his soul, that he had not thought much of that, or any other worldly concern." Pero Niño must have been the first to recover from the effects of such a voyage, for he made an encouraging speech to the crew, and his proposal to steer again for the Cornish shores was generally approved. After a night and a day of sailing and rowing, they made the coast, and landed at towns which Gamez called "*Tache*" and "*Chita*," probably St. Erth and St. Ives. There was a sharp conflict there in which the English were worsted, and the rovers (for we can hardly call them anything else) then made a sudden descent upon Dartmouth. Here, or rather at Blackpool, in the previous year a French invasion had been made in somewhat similar manner, and a certain Guillaume de Chastel had

been killed. He was a friend of our Messire Charles, and the Siêur de Savoisy naturally burned to avenge his countryman who had been "by the rustical people, whom he ever despised," defeated and slain. Unfortunately, Messire Charles and Pero Niño began to quarrel among themselves as to the best steps to take for the overthrow of the English troops that they saw collected to meet them. "But," says Gamez, "among the good discord lasteth not long, though it is a dangerous vice, whereof come many evils," and both Pero and Charles agreed at length to visit Plymouth, "a fair town," remarks the *alferez*, "with a good fortress on a mamelon." Portland also attracted them, and troops were landed from their ships to attack the place. The English proved themselves both there and at Poole very good marksmen, as Gamez, among others, found to his cost, for he reports himself as having come out of action bristling with arrows; "as many sticking in him, he thought, as in a bull at a bull-fight." The claims of Poole on the attention of the Spaniards consisted, it seems, not in its strength or riches, but in the fact that there lived a noted English captain, one Harry Paye, whose command of the Cinque Port fleet had often proved fatal to French and Spanish merchantmen. One of his last exploits had been the burning of Finisterre, and thus Pero Niño felt that it behoved him to return the compliment in kind. A brother of Harry Paye's was killed in the skirmish, which Gamez evidently looked on as a gratifying circumstance; and the two rovers, pleased with the success of a day in which the English had been very roughly handled, dined together that night, and considered of their next step.

And now the honest chronicler begins to draw on his fancy in the narrative of what followed, or rather his ardent wish to please his master, and to see with his master's eyes, stimulated that fancy unduly. Pero Niño, it seems, expressed a wish to see London, and to sail thither. "Immediately," says his



standard-bearer, "the fleet anchored in a port called Anatone, near London" (*sic*); and in all good faith Gamez goes on to describe the capital of England. "It stands," he says, "in a plain, about two miles from the sea, on a river called the Thames, and in close proximity to the Island of Duy!" What he really did see was Southampton; and the Isle of Wight, so recently wasted by St. Pol's hostile descent, was now to have been attacked by Messire Charles and by Pero Niño. The English archers, however, showed themselves in great numbers, and the galleys set sail for Harfleur, probably with regret, for the island, they had heard, was rich, "with about 15,000 men on it, but then they were mostly archers."

Here closes the account of the visit of Pero Niño to England. No doubt it read very well in Spain, and there were few in Castile able to dispute with him whether he had or had not seen London, and whether it was there or not that Gamez had made that series of observations on the "English at Home" which resulted in his declaring that "of a truth they certainly were unlike any other people."

He had more sympathies with the French, and he certainly had leisure for more finished studies in French manners than he could have had at Dartmouth for acquiring English customs, or even for mastering the peculiarities of "Arripay's" (Harry Paye's) military and social arrangements. His master once made a prolonged sojourn in France, as the guest of the Admiral Renaud de la Trie, and Pero, we are told, quickly acquired "the pretty manners of the nation." His host was an old man; his hostess, of the Norman family of Bellengues, was young and lively; and their château of La Sérifontaine, in the Vexin (not far from Gisors), stood in a beautiful country. Gamez's description of it, and of this idyllic episode in the life of Pero Niño, is one of the prettiest passages in his book. Its value as a picture of manorial life in France in the fourteenth

and fifteenth centuries has caused it to be fastened on by several students: among others by M. Viollet-le-Duc, but we transcribe it here notwithstanding, though in language that cannot, we fear, equal in spirit and grace that of MM. de Circourt and de Puymaigre:—

“The Admiral was an ancient knight both old and ailing, and he was used up by service, for he had been ever in the wars. He could no longer frequent either courts or camps, but he lived retired on his own lands. There he was richly furnished with all things necessary for his person, and he dwelt in a house which, though it stood in a plain, was strong, and all things found there as if it were in the city of Paris. He had by him his pages and serving men for all kinds of offices, as becomes a great lord. In this house was a great chapel, and there every day mass was said, with minstrels and with trumpeters sounding marvellously on their instruments. Before the house flowed a river,\* and on its banks were orchards and gracious gardens. On the other side a pond well stocked with fish, surrounded with walls and locked, from which fish was drawn every day to suffice three hundred people. . . . And this lord had forty or fifty dogs for hunting in the woods, and men who tended them. There were there twenty saddle-horses for his use: coursers and chargers and hackneys and *behaignous*.† What shall I say more? for all kinds of provisions and luxuries were there. There were forests in which were all kinds of game, great and small, and with his forty or fifty dogs he hunted the stag, the buck, and the wild boar; and he had falcons of the kind they call *gentils* in French, and very good hawks. This gentleman had for his wife the most beautiful

\* The Epte.

† M. Mérimée has translated this word by *cob*, but MM. de Circourt and de Puymaigre incline to think that it stands for horses of the Bohemian race (*Behaigne, Behaignon*).

woman in France, of the best family and lineage in Normandy ; daughter of the lord of Bellengues. Greatly was she to be praised for all things belonging to a noble lady, and as she had great wit she governed her house and kept it better appointed than any other house in the province. She had her own dwelling-rooms apart from those of the Admiral : from her house to his you went by a drawbridge, and both were enclosed in the same outer walls. The furniture of her house was so great and magnificent that it would take too long to describe. Madame l'Amirale had ten maids of honour, richly dressed and kept with nothing to do but to take care of themselves, and to be companions to their lady ; for there were maid-servants in abundance.

“ I will tell you the way of life this lady led. In the morning having risen she went with her ladies to a grove which was hard by ; each with her rosary and her book of hours. They sat down there separate from each other, and said their *hours*, and no one spoke till they had finished praying. Then picking violets and flowers they returned to the palace, and went to chapel where they heard a low mass. On leaving chapel they had on silver plates chicken or larks or other roast birds, and they ate, or left what they liked, and then wine was served to them. Madame ate very little at breakfast, or took some little thing to please those who were with her. This done, Madame rode with her ladies on the best hackneys rarely caparisoned, and with them rode the knights and gentlemen who might be there ; and they walked also through the woods making bowers and wreaths of greenery. And then, in voices differing in pitch, but all attuned, you might hear them sing, *lais, deslais, virelais, chants, rondeaux, complaints, ballades*, and all the kinds of songs such as the French do compose with great art. I declare to you, that if he who found himself there could have ensured its lasting, he would have craved no other paradise.

“ Thither came the Captain Pero Niño (with his gentlemen) for whom all these *fêtes* were made ; and in the same way when they returned to the palace they found the tables spread. The good old knight who did not ride abroad, now received them, and with a sweetness and grace that were marvellous. He was a very amiable gentleman, albeit he ailed and suffered. The Admiral, Madame, and Pero Niño took their places at table, the *maître d’hôtel* presided at another table, and by each lady there sat a knight or squire—thus they were ranged. The viands, which were very varied, were many and well served ; either meats, or fish, or fruits, according to the day. Throughout the meal whoever, observing moderation and courtesy, could speak of arms or love, was sure to find to whom to speak, and who answered him to his pleasure ; and during the repast the *jongleurs* played agreeably on diverse instruments. Grace being said, and they risen from table, the musicians came in, and Madame danced with Pero Niño, and his followers danced with their ladies. This dance lasted an hour. When it came to an end Madame gave the kiss of peace to the Captain, and so did each to his partner. Pero Niño then withdrew to his rooms (which were in Madame’s house) on the ground floor, and well furnished. After a siesta they mounted again, and the pages fetched the falcons. Herons were started, Madame took her place, her *tassel-gentle* on her wrist, pages beat up the game and she threw her bird so gracefully and so well that better could not be seen. And all along the river’s marge was fine sport and pastime ; dogs swimming, drums beating, *lures* turning, and ladies and gentlemen there taking more pleasure than can be described. When the valley had been beaten Madame and all the company dismounted in a meadow, and cold chicken or partridges and fruits were served to them, and all ate and drank, and made garlands of leaves, and at length in singing very sweet songs they wandered home to the palace. At night

there was a supper, if it were winter, but in summer they ate earlier, and Madame walked in the country, or they played at bowls till nightfall, when by torch-light they repaired to the castle, and then came the minstrels. They danced late into the night ; and again after fruit and wine had been served they retired to sleep.

“ This course was followed, as I have told you, every day according to the season. . . . All these things were managed and arranged by this lady, she ruled alike indoors and out, for the Admiral, though a rich man, lord of much land, and of many revenues, cared not for any of these things ; but the lady sufficed to lead it all.

“ If by dear delights and by fulness of all things, a man could live for ever and escape death, this Admiral might have done so, for he was so well provided that no man could have more ; but when a man has numbered the months that Job says God gives to each, there are neither pressages nor delights, nor riches, nor friends, nor kinsman that can detain him.”

Can anything be prettier than this, or more pathetic ? The round of the happy seasons, the fruits, the flowers, the river-banks of France ; the laughing company, the gay mistress of the revels, the torch-lit dance, and the old man worn with battle and with pains, who is but a spectator and not an actor in the mirthful play ? Pathetic too, because above this rustle of leafage, shouting of falconers, and ripple of rivers, his seems to be a warning voice, suggesting, as John Knox once did to the Queen's Maries, that “ that foul knave Death,” will come to break up their diversions. And even before death is old age, and before old age are partings and change ; and so the lord and the lady of La Sérifontaine found in their various ways. Pero Niño departed at last. He went to Paris, and there he jousted in the lists, and entered the service of the Duke of Orleans, so that his stay in Paris might not be unremunerative

in *retenues* and *livrées*.\* He left, we suspect, a blank in the château life of the Admiral's gay wife ; so much so, that when, not very long after, the old man dropped into the grave, the widow sent for the Spanish knight to comfort her, and "to tell him all her affairs." "After that," their historian adds, "they passed for lovers." Evidently Jeannette de Bellengues hoped that Pero would replace her lost lord ; but there is truth in the saying, that "love bidden is love forbidden ;" and though Gamez avers that this lady was perfectly good and fair, and young, pleasant, courteous, and gay, much run after, and witty withal, besides being rich and of a good understanding, the Spanish soldier of fortune left her without proposing for her hand.

Madame de la Sérifontaine, however, still loved or hoped ; she sent him presents and letters, and finally a horse (out of the late admiral's stables, no doubt) for a great tournament about to take place in Paris. The horse he accepted, for her sake, as Gamez gravely asserts, yet he did not forthwith return to her, but lingered on in Paris, jousting and sitting at meat with such potentates as the dukes of Orleans, Berry, and Burgundy. At last marriage began to be spoken of between them, but it was settled with the father of Madame de la Sérifontaine that she should first complete the two years of her widowhood, and that Pero Niño should on his side occupy the time winding up his affairs, public as well as private. What those affairs were, and how he disposed of them, time and the rest of this chronicle will show ; but in the meantime it is necessary to state that the knight, whom his *alferes* considered the very mirror of chivalry, never returned to fulfil his engagement, and that in process of time Jeannette de Bellengues, veuve de la Trie, and dame de la Sérifontaine,

\* *Rétenues*, wages ; *livrées*, those are things which besides wages are given (livré) to the officers and servants of a household.

was united to Jean Malet de Graville, grand falconer to the king. Gamez dismisses the matter as regards his master in a very few words. Referring to later events in Spain, he says, "by this time Pero Niño had already loosed himself from his word to Madame l'Amirale de France, that great lady whom I told you he loved while he was in France. He had sent to take leave of her because of the wars with the Moors, and because the time was passed."

Pero Niño observed a safe and good rule in making himself really quit of this old flame, for which "the time had passed," before he began a new love affair with Donna Beatriz of Portugal, daughter of the Infant Don Juan.

The account of their courtship and marriage is a real Spanish intrigue, and very nearly a romance, the lady's relations taking the part of the giants and enchanters in this "Amadis." Pero and Beatriz first saw each other at a joust, and they fell in love, as was fitting, at first sight. Beatriz at first coyly pretended "that the protestations of men were to be held in suspicion;" but she at last admitted her sympathy with his wishes, and if it be true that *femme le veut, Dieu le veut*, Donna Beatriz certainly deserves credit for thus helping Pero Niño to carry his point. His was a task of some difficulty. The lady to whom he had lifted his eyes was of royal blood, both in Portugal and in Castile, and more than one royal match had been already proposed for her, compared with which her union with the "invincible" Pero Niño was simply a *mésalliance*. But she betrothed herself to her lover in secret; and then with great gallantry she endured the consequences of her imprudent step, when the future bridegroom had to make good his escape to Bayonne, and the self-willed heiress was imprisoned at Urena—not, however, in a giant's castle, or under circumstances of very great hardship, since we find that Pero paid her more than one visit during her captivity.

They had friends at court who interceded for them—Don Fernando, the half-brother of Beatriz, and the queen-mother; and at last, through their importunity, and through the wish of the Regent to send Pero Niño against the Moors, he was recalled, and their marriage received the sanction of the authorities. It was celebrated at Cigales with great pomp and circumstance.

In following the biography of Pero Niño through the pages of the *Victorial*, we have preferred to adhere to those passages in his personal history which do not stand in ugly and invidious contrast with the more authentic annals of his time. But from these pages it would be possible to derive a curious view of contemporary history, as it appeared to the mind, and as it was rendered by the pen, of the honest *alferez*. There occurs in one place a dissertation on the English King Edward III., who had then been dead about thirty years, and which, in showing the *faits et gestes* of a monarch passed already into the world of legend, proves how powerfully in those days of hearsay a great man's actions appealed to the popular imagination. In another place there are some chapters devoted to Brittany, and to the paladin Brut of England, and these we would hand over to Welsh archæologists, for their general consideration and amusement, or at best for comparison with the chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth.

Many curious mistakes of names and places occur in the *Victorial*. In chapter xlv., mistaking King Charles V. of France for King John, Gamez avers that Charles, taken prisoner at the battle of Crecy (*sic*), remained in England till his death. In chapter xlv. he bestows on Edward III. a blind son, Prince Amour Désiré, whose death, in a battle in Friesland, "where he had dealt rude blows upon his enemies," is evidently altered and adapted from the fate



of the purblind King of Bohemia, that John of Luxemburg, who at Poitiers wore the "*Ich dien*" motto, and lost the triple plume.

Chapter xxxiv. presents, if possible, a greater confusion, although in a smaller matter. It opens by telling us that the English sovereign had gone to war with France, and it then wanders off into a narrative of how an English knight who had conquered the Scotch, showed great endurance under his wounds. There was a battle, into which the English brought 40,000 and the French 20,000 men: and the result was, according to Gamez, curiously satisfactory in an arithmetical point of view, for the former left exactly 20,000 men and the latter 10,000 dead in the field! "It was all owing," adds Gamez, "to the valour of this knight, for he hastened to stop the Scots, and so the King could gain this victory elsewhere." It is almost impossible to disentangle the author's meaning here, but he probably had some confused idea of the expedition of John de Vienne to Scotland in 1385; and this valiant knight is no other than the Earl of Stafford, familiar to us in Froissart's chronicles, and very worthy of the chaplet of victory and valour bestowed on him in the *Victorial*.

Far less well applied is the story that ascribes to Eleanor of Guienne a miraculous and unspotted purity. Eleanor, the heiress of Guienne, grand-daughter of that poet-prince who was famed as a "*trichador de donnas*," the divorced wife of one king, and the disloyal consort of another, is here represented as being as chaste as Una. As a young girl, and in defence of her honour, she had had, he says, both her hands cut off: and in this maimed condition she was set adrift on the seas. Being the special pupil and protégée of Our Lady, a favouring wind blew, and a ship was sent across her path which had on board the heir to the English crown, then

returning from a voyage to Ireland. This legend, which is a pretty one, is told of a princess Joie of Hungary, and it is certainly misapplied here by Gamez. Eleanor always had the full use of both her hands, as Fair Rosamond Clifford found to her cost; and when she once did make a ship voyage, it was to the Holy Land. On this occasion she had a train of minstrels and of troubadours on board, and while they sang the praises of her beauty to the winds and waters of the Levant, she scandalised two kingdoms by her indecorums. These are some of the blunders of the *alferez* when writing the history of his times, but he records an attack on the Island of Jersey, which distances all his other mistakes and exaggerations; and the story is minute and circumstantial enough to excite one's amazement when we consider that no mention of the fact occurs in any known history, and that indeed there is no evidence for it but his own. The following is his account, and though somewhat abridged, we give it almost in his own words:—

“The galleys of Pero Niño and of Messire Charles had been lying in a harbour of France called Gravelines; departing thence and coasting the Picard shore, they entered the port of Cortoy. The captain and Messire Charles refreshed their crews, and laid in stores of biscuit, water, and other needments, and then resolved to make for England. But the wind and the weather kept them a month in the harbour, until Messire Charles found that he had run short of money, and could no longer pay his men, who all deserted him, and thus he could not accompany the captain, when he one day took leave of the place and the gentlemen, and also of Messire Charles. That good knight was deeply grieved not to be of the company, and Pero Niño was grieved not to be able to help him in this extremity. Pero Niño sailed by Fosse à Cayeux, going towards Normandy. There, off the Cap de

Caux, he fell in with six ships ; all these were friends and acquaintances of the captain, who had great joy of the meeting, and they decided to go to Brittany, and see if there were any English there. One morning, as the day broke along the shores of Brittany, they spied 120 sail ; (?) but these were French ships going to load salt at the port of La Bahia, at the great salt-works near Guéraude. The captain then held a council, and the Norman sailors said to him, ‘ Monseigneur, there is hard by an English island, Jersey the Great, and it is very rich. If you have men enough to make a descent there, and to fight 400 or 500 men under arms, it will bring you great renown, and you can also ask good ransom !’ On hearing this advice the captain prayed the saltships to stay their course, and to accompany him to the island of Jersey, on business of the King, and he promised them a share of the honour and profit. Pero then made an oration to the crews, and advised them to be steady and of one mind. To this the Breton captains replied in an encouraging way ; and Pero Niño, though admitting that of choice he would rather have gone to England, declared his present mind, which was to attack Jersey, by the help of God and of Our Lady Mary ; and the others said that “that was well,” and they forthwith prepared themselves. In two days’ time they put to sea, and used both sails and oars. . . . Near the great isle of Jersey is another and smaller island, where is the hermitage of Sainte Marie, and the captain commanded the crews to form in order and to land there, where at high tide the sea divides the great island from the less. Pero Niño and the other knights and the fighting-men landed there under cover of the darkness, and he told them that they must advance with caution, for fear of an ambuscade, or of other dangers good to be surmised on such occasions. He then commanded the ships to stand out to sea, so that

the troops might not have it in their minds to save themselves by a flight back to their ships. They ate and slept a little, and two hours before the sun rose were all armed and ready for battle. The trumpets sounded, and the tide being low, they passed over to the great island. "Prepare yourselves," cried the captain, "and quit you like men of courage: let no man leave the place in which I have posted him, and call you on St. James, who is our patron of Spain, that he may help us." There were Bretons there as well as Normans, about 1,000 men in all; "and what work was there for one man in arranging and directing so many people!" The English had their men also in well-dressed order of battle, 3,000 foot and 200 mounted men.

"Then were goodly lance-thrusts given, and a rude *mêlée* arose. The *Receiver* of the island was killed, he fell at Gamez's feet, and many English besides, and their pennon of St. George was taken. When the English saw that it went so ill with them, they took to flight—and he who carried the captain's standard can certify to this, for he saw them run, and throw away harness and arms; but the French and the Castilians being exhausted, and having had many wounded, could not pursue. The captain questioned the prisoners whom he took, and learned from those who were best informed that there were five strong places in the island, well defended by English knights, and many other matters, so that the captain knew what was the state of Jersey.

"After threatening the chief city, and after a *pourparler* with its inhabitants, Pero Niño took possession of the place, and he levied a ransom of many crowns, and also a yearly tribute of twelve lances, twelve hatchets, twelve bows and arrows, and twelve trumpets; these to be paid yearly for ten years. This tribute the inhabitants were loth to pay; but there was no help for it, since Pero Niño carried away with

him four of the richest men of the town as sureties for the payment of the money. Then Pero Niño commanded his trumpets to sound, and drew off his troops in good order, and all returning to their vessels put to sea forthwith, and so came to Brest, where there were rejoicings for their victories, and then they separated, and every one went on his own way. The captain sent a messenger to Paris to make his duty and homage to the King and the Duke, for his own lord the King had bid him return now to Castile."

If all this be fiction, it is indeed not only a lie with a circumstance, but it is without the extenuation of the old Gaelic saying, "*Ma's breug name, is breug thugame*" (If it be a lie, it goes as it came to me, a lie). Gamez must certainly have invented nine-tenths of a narrative which is unrecorded in any history of the Norman islands. One such attack is said to have been made on Jersey by Jean de Ponhoët, Admiral of Brittany, in the year 1403 or 1404, but we know of no other, and the descent of Pero Niño might be dismissed as purely fanciful, were it not that some of the knights who are said to have shared in it were real people, true men, captains and knights. Hector de Pontbriant, whom he mentions as present, was really an *écuyer* of the then Duke of Orleans, and his Sieur de Tournemine came of a noble and most bellicose house in Brittany. The Receiver-General of Taxes was certainly the principal officer in the island, just as Gamez represents him to have been, but no record has been preserved of his having fallen in a skirmish with French privateers. Of the whole story, as given by the *alferez*, and with far greater amplitude of details than we have been able to copy into our pages, it is hardly possible now to say much—perhaps, indeed, to say more than that Gamez, in magnifying and distorting some small and now forgotten occurrence, has preserved for us a spirited picture of privateering expeditions as they existed in his time, and for many years after. The French navy,

to which Louvois devoted so much attention, had among its great names men like Jean Bart and Abraham Duchesne, whose fathers were privateers, and if, thanks to such French and Spanish rovers, our seaboard in the Channel was once as insecure as were the peels and cattle-folds of the border from the attacks of Scottish cattle-lifters and moss troopers, it must be admitted that on the other hand the bold adventurers of our English coast were not slow to pay them off in the same coin.

There is an air of freedom and of adventure about these tales of Gamez which is very attractive, and our interest in Pero Niño is perhaps never so great or so cordial as when we see him driving before an equinoxial gale, or running up to Bruges to buy clothes and arms, or flying from the guns of Calais to the harbour of Ambleteuse. Once Don Pero was becalmed in the Channel, once he burnt two merchant-vessels, and once he had a great disappointment, for an inopportune tempest prevented his sighting the English fleet, the same that conveyed from Lynn a daughter of Henry IV., recently betrothed to the Danish King. To have fallen in with such a squadron, especially as Harry Paye was said to be on board, would have been a really great event in the Spanish rover's life, but Pero Niño had no such luck, and Gamez bewails the case in five pages of very poetical prose.

But it is time for us to take leave of him and of the "Victorial." Gamez died not long after the completion of his chronicle, and he died in the service of the Count of Buelna.

In the proem to the "Victorial," among other strange and apocryphal details with which its ingenious author embellishes his account of Julius Cæsar, he cites a conversation with Virgil, "the greatest *sabidor* then in the world," in which the great Roman says, "Virgil, I am much disturbed by two things that I see in the world: the first is that the names of

those who have done great actions vanish with them, and the second is, that their tombs, destroyed by lapse of time, do not subsist." Then Virgil said, "I will see that thy name and thy tomb endure." This legend recurs to us involuntarily as we stand by the grave of Pero Niño, Count of Buelna, *siempre vencedor*. Gamez intended that by means of his chronicle the name of his captain should endure for ever, and yet, curiously enough, posterity has placed the servant above his lord, and it is Gamez who has survived, and who truly lives now in the libraries of the world. Pero Niño himself is but a poor hero. He was one of the products of his age, but by no means one of its best, for it was by watching opportunities that he rose, and by a series of not undeserved reverses that he fell. He was a bold soldier of fortune, handsome, unscrupulous, and courtly. He loved or left as suited his own convenience, he considered his own interests, quarrelled with his old associates, and intrigued against his boy-king. He loved enterprise, and he did not despise comfort ; he struck bold blows in his own cause, and he could with great readiness go into hiding or put on the livery of a foreign prince. He grew rich. He had a great estate at Cigales and at Villa Baquerin, besides fifteen fiefs and castles in the two Asturias, in the fair provinces of Burgos, Valencia, and Estremadura. But he never founded a family ; if his two daughters carried his name and blood into the families of the Herreras and the Zuñigas, his two sons died before him : death or disaster removed all his great patrons, and in his last will he speaks of his life in accents of mingled humility and disappointment.

Gutierre Diaz de Gamez, the standard-bearer, was a better specimen of the age of chivalry. He had virtues of the antique sort, and through his style we learn to know him. Sometimes his homely narrative glows with ardour and chivalrous pride, sometimes—as in the sketches of the broken old Admiral, or

of the imaginary blind Prince Désiré of England—it is touched with the purest pathos, yet it is true that through all the pages of his wordy book we search in vain for any details about himself—none are to be found. With the solitary exception of that incident of the English arrows with which he says that he was made to bristle at Poole, we read of no personal adventures of the standard-bearer. No paragraphs record his loves, leases, or losses; he carried his master's standard, and he wrote his master's life; and for these services he was to have received, had he survived the Count of Buelna, the sum of 3,000 *maravedis*; yet no one will, we think, rise from the perusal of the "Victorial" without a kindly feeling for its author, who to some of the mother wit of Sancho certainly added much of the sublimity and simplicity of Don Quixote. The Knight of La Mancha has by no means been the last of his race. The Don Quixotes of all ages are to be seen idealising the real, and kneeling in many a roadside inn of this life to ask for knighthood at the hands of many a greasy landlord, provoking by such mistakes the laughter of the mob and the kindly pity of the wise. Such and so tenderhearted an idealist was our *alferez*. As he had been himself the most faithful of squires, so he held Pero Niño to be the greatest of knights, and we can only hope that our readers have not found Gamez to be the least interesting of chroniclers.



*SKETCHES OF FRENCH PROTESTANTISM.*

## I.—THE CHURCH IN THE CÈVENNES.

IN considering the history of the church in the Cèvennes, or, as French Protestants still love to call it, "in the Desert," three names are strongly identified with it, and three men seem to stand out as types of the qualities which distinguished the last of the civil wars of France. They are Claude Brousson, the martyr who witnessed the persecution of the Protestants, and anticipated their probable revolt: Jean Cavallier, the soldier who led the insurrection during its most hopeful days, but who, surviving its failure and its close, now sleeps among the graves of a parish church in Chelsea, and Antoine Court, the pastor under whose care the church again revived, and whose learned moderation happily replaced the bigotry and ferocity of the so-called prophets. Before entering on their biographies, it is necessary to revert briefly to the events which preceded and which occasioned the rising in the Cèvennes.

In that great modification of religious thought which we justly call the Reformation, France took a prominent part. Nowhere were the minds of men more active, nowhere had the excesses of the clergy been more severely commented on, than in the country of Rabelais, and nowhere had the leaven of the new opinions promised so quickly to affect the whole mass. Moral reforms were first sought for, intellectual liberty

then demanded scope for itself, and French Protestantism was in the first form of its development synonymous not only with a pure and ardent faith, but also with talent, virtue, and social distinction. It had among its disciples the greatest captains, artists, and craftsmen of the age. Such were Coligny the admiral, Sully the minister, Palissy the potter, Estienne the printer, Basnage the juriconsult, Jean Goujon the sculptor, Des-Brosses the architect, Petitot the painter in enamels, Gobelins, and many more, all too numerous to mention here. This, the moral and intellectual phase of the movement, came to be replaced by a political and warlike tendency when, in the so-called wars of religion, one-half the royal family and one-half of the nobility were, for their own ends, pitted against the other half, and the cabinet, after coquetting with the new church, persecuted its adherents and so drove them into opposition. The massacre of St. Bartholomew was a fatal error; the injured could not forgive it, and the injurers never forgave themselves, and from that date French Protestantism, relying, as it was obliged to do, on the protection of England and Holland, assumed an antagonistic and unnational attitude to which it had first been a stranger. At the same time the doctrines of Calvin became firmly rooted among the Huguenots. Not content with denouncing Romish errors, and with separating themselves from them, the Protestants began to claim for themselves the possession of infallible and unalterable truth, and this truth they preferred to find, not in their protesting attitude, or in their right of free inquiry into matters which for centuries the Christian Church had considered to be beyond argument and beyond appeal, but in the shibboleths of their own party, and in the institutes of Calvin. It is to be doubted whether his austere doctrines would have sufficed to stir the soul of France, had they not also contained the germs of democracy and of a persecuting spirit; and both these plants found their

development in the rising in the Cevennes. Other and external causes were at work which quickened their growth, and these, as Protestantism no longer stood or fell by its own merits, made the war in Languedoc less a contest for the faith than the expression of intense hatred to the *régime* of Louis XIV. That *régime* affected the Huguenots in two ways—by conversions and by the sword. When Henry IV. recanted, a large proportion of the nobility remained faithful to the reformed doctrines; but in 1680, very few consented to hold opinions which separated them from the court and from the sympathies of their own class, and which were soon to disqualify them for official life. Turenne's conversion was the result of this way of reasoning, and he had many followers in both branches of the service. Madame de Maintenon also busied herself among ladies of distinction, and at length French piety found a new and more congenial expression in the Jansenism of Port Royal and in the missions of St. Vincent of Paul. Bossuet's arguments availed with many whose decision had only lacked, perhaps, such an impact or such an excuse: hundreds professed themselves no longer satisfied with the Huguenot tenets: private jealousies crept into a reformed church which persecution had for nearly a century ceased to disturb, and as the educated classes gradually fell away from it, the mass of the lower people were left all the more open to the dangers of ignorance and fanaticism. Such were the moderate measures by which the counsels of the king effected the ruin of the cause. His severer ones were soon to follow. Almost immediately after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the dragonnades began, and the French learned lessons of brutality which, whether as Republicans or Vendéans, they were able to repeat with great fidelity during the revolution. The dragonnades were first opened in Béarn, the old and once the royal stronghold of Huguenotism in the south; the king's troops then traversed the whole of

Guienne and Languedoc. They spread towards Catholic Toulouse, with its far horizon of Pyrenean hills; up the Lot and the Aveyron, the Tarn and the Garonne, they swept as does a pestilence, passed the grey cloisters at Moissac, and so reached the walls of academic Montauban, where the moat had once before run red with Protestant blood in the great siege of 1621. The cities of the Narbonensis were not forgotten; heretics were "worried" in the uplands and in the plains of Provence; among the Cevennes the smoke of burning hamlets mixed with the veils of mist that wrap the volcanic peaks of the Lozère: the prisons were full, dragoons did their work at Valence under the shadow of the towers of Creussol, and bodies were tossed into the Rhone, which the soldiers passed to continue their operations at Grenoble, and in all the towns of Dauphiny.

These measures were effectual. By force or fraud 50,000 conversions were made, tens of thousands of exiles fled to other countries, thousands met with violent deaths, children were torn from their parents, girls were hurried into convents, heretics were deprived of all civil rights, and a deep and lasting hatred against the king was left in the Languedocian breast. Jurieu, who watched the signs of revolt and disaffection, predicted a rising, and in 1702, the Cévenols (or Camisards, as these Protestant insurgents were called) took up arms, and the six dioceses of the Cevennes blazed in insurrection.

Westward of the Rhone lies the country known as the Cevennes. To the north of it, by the sources of the Loire, are the mountains of Auvergne and the granitic chain of the Foréz: to the south are the salt swamps, and the shallow Mediterranean shore. It is traversed by ranges of hills (called *serres* from *sierra*), whose outlines are bare and rugged in the extreme, it is intersected by rivers, or *gardons*, and is peopled

by a race of hardy mountaineers, whose nature corresponds with the scene, for in common with the rest of the natives of Languedoc, the Cévenols have the reputation of being at once passionate and stubborn, vindictive and untamed. Religious hatred was here in a congenial soil, and the Cévenols were no strangers to religious war. Traditions still lived among them of the Albigeois heresy, and of the crusade under Simon de Montfort, and they still disliked the rule, the enforced Romanism, and the language of the north. They spoke themselves in the ancient *Romane*, or "*langue d'oc*," and between them and the districts north of Loire this diversity of tongues was as a gulf fixed, keeping alive the old ill-will to the "*Franciman*" conquerors.

When they took up arms in 1702, they had no lack of leaders, either spiritual or temporal. Esprit Séguier, Solomon Condere, Du Serre, and Abraham Mazel, saw visions and dreamt dreams. Congregations that, like the Scotch Covenanters of old, met by stealth in the cave and on the hill-side, were addressed by these fanatics. All the forms of hysterical hallucination were deified by them, and to the sound of their vatic exordiums did Roland Laporte and Jean Cavillier march from their fastnesses. Clément Marot's psalms became the war-songs of a people who called themselves *les enfants de Dieu*, and who, in right of this name, appropriated to themselves all the promises, and assigned to their enemies all the denunciations, of Old Testament history. These Camisards fought for their hearths or for their chapels: they were maddened by persecution and inspired by hysteria, and if they committed excesses, and if their fury was chiefly directed against the priests, it must be remembered that it was from the ministers of the Gallican church that they had thus learned to kill and to destroy.

The last check upon so much fanaticism and violence was

removed by the death of Brousson, the last and best of the devoted pastors of the Cevennes. Claude Brousson, born in Nismes in 1647, would have made a name for himself at any period of church history; and in these evil days of persecution his voice never ceased to exhort his co-religionists to faith and to endurance; thus it would be wrong to confound with any frenzied prophets the author of "The Mystic Manna of the Desert." He had been bred to the bar, and in his profession as an advocate had ably defended the oppressed Protestants. In the summer of 1683, he placed himself at the head of the Committee of Resistance, but strong and bold swimmer as he was, he could not make head against such adverse tides, and along with many of his companions, he was soon self-exiled into Switzerland. In Lausanne he continued his exertions for the good cause, and was deputed to represent first to the Prince of Orange and then to the King of Prussia, the sufferings of the Reformed Church in France. It does not appear that Brousson ever directly invoked armed assistance, as the pastor Viviens did when he asked the Duke of Schomberg for troops; but this mission was never forgiven to the eloquent pleader of Nismes. He was not himself satisfied with its results, and to his simple and energetic mind it seemed as if he could do better service to his brethren were he to return to "the Desert," to share their pains and to minister to a state of spiritual indigence, which Brousson thought more crying than their political or social distress. Refusing the offer of a professional chair at Augsburg, where he might have enjoyed both ease and dignity, he left Lausanne, and plunged again into the labyrinth of the hills. He received ordination at the hands of Viviens, lived in a cavern in the mountains of Alais, and was for four years the good angel of the church. To his wife he wrote from thence: "I am in great trouble about you, my dear wife, knowing that you have little strength of mind

for enduring the trials through which it pleases God to make us pass. He has withdrawn me from all temporal labours, and vouchsafed to call me to the sacred ministry of his word, in the which He has shown me the favour of employing me for a work the most rare and the most important that I have ever heard of, and which without doubt is to be my crown." It was indeed a singular work, in which cold, hunger, weariness, anguish, and solitude had all to be confronted, and as Brousson preached and baptized, he had death and danger before his eyes. A price was set on his head by De Bâville, the Intendent of Languedoc; but the pastor appealed to another tribunal. His reply is splendid. "Monseigneur, permit me to represent to your Grace that I cannot acknowledge you as my judge, since by the abolition of edicts which were perpetual and irrevocable, we are deprived of our lawful judges, and treated not as men but as slaves. . . . I am not a bad man; I am not a disturber of the public peace, but a faithful servant of God, labouring for the instruction, salvation, and consolation of His desolate people. . . . It was not by the advice of any foreign power that I returned to France. I came, moved simply by my conscience and by the Spirit of God; this yearning has been so strong that I was consumed by it, and having deferred for two or three months to follow this inward vocation, I fell sick of a malady that every one believed must be mortal, and of which the doctors did not know the cause. . . . It is only through the fear of God's name, in the cause of His glory, and in His service in the salvation of his people, that I expose myself in this kingdom to so many alarms and so many dangers. This land is in a state of violence, but violent things have no continuance. It cannot be denied that we are true believers; we serve not the creature, but the Eternal, the living and true God, the Creator of heaven and earth; we put our trust in the

mercy of God, in the grace of Jesus Christ his Son, and in the salutary help of the Holy Spirit ; this is the great God whose fear I have before my eyes. . . . Therefore, I entreat your Grace to cease from persecuting an innocent and faithful servant, who cannot omit the duties of his calling. I declare that I appeal from your judgment to the tribunal of God, King of kings and sovereign Judge of the earth. The Master whom I serve and for whom I suffer this long and great martyrdom, and who has preserved me up to this hour amid the flames of this horrible persecution, will not abandon me." Inspired by such confidence, Brousson laboured, his sermons, learnt by heart, passed from hamlet to hamlet, their texts, engraved on pieces of stone, were laid in some place of rendezvous, and messages of hope and encouragement thus found their way into districts the most remote. If the preacher was sometimes mystic, he found his inspiration where the preachers and the psalmist of old had found theirs, on the hill-tops and beside the brooks, and if he was terribly in earnest, the flocks to whom he ministered were people bereft of kindred and of home, for, throughout the length and breadth of the Cevennes, there was hardly a family that had not been outraged in its faith, and his hearers were too often the widows and the orphans of those who had already suffered. Four years of such hardships broke the pastor's health, and leaving his perilous apostolate for a time, he withdrew into Switzerland. His heart, however, would not let him rest. The autumn of 1695, saw him on his way back to France. He visited the northern churches, wandered among them for twelve months, always at the risk of his life ; and in April, 1698, he again trod the hills of the Cevennes, there to find persecution as unremitting, hatred as ardent, and misery as general as before. On his way to Pau he was denounced by an apostate, seized and summoned before the Intendant. " Since you are a minister,"



demanded De Bâville, "what were the motives of your conduct?" "To preach the Gospel after the manner of the Apostles," was the reply. No doubt it was genuine; but the resistance of the Huguenots, of which Brousson represented the moral sentiment and the spiritual arm, had also a material and temporal aspect. All incurious in theology as De Bâville might be, he understood the broad facts that the Cévenols were ripe for rebellion, and that Viviers, the friend of Brousson, had intrigued with the Duke of Schomberg, and he refused to believe that Brousson was not also concerned in that overtly treasonable measure. The heroic pastor was condemned and hung, at Montpellier, at sundown of the 4th of November, 1698.

Many years before, Brousson had accidentally had in his congregation a shepherd boy from Anduze, one who was to play a remarkable part in the rebellion now breaking out in the Cévennes. Jean Cavallier had been obliged when a child to attend mass, and to conform externally to the Roman Catholic faith, but his mother had educated him in Protestant principles; thus, when the boy lay beside his flocks, and watched the drilling of troops intended to convert the Cévenols, or listened to the preaching of Brousson, his spirit was stirred within him. He ceased to attend mass, was reprimanded, and found it advisable to remove to Lausanne, where he worked as a barber. We have seen Brousson return from Switzerland to become a pastor, Jean Cavallier returned to become a soldier and a preacher. The so-called inspiration which the Camisards possessed was contagious, and Cavallier, though by nature a practical man, came from his intercourse with Séguier, Mazel, and others, to believe that he possessed this gift, and that in the fourth or greatest degree! The recipients were classed, it seems, into those who received, first, the warning, second, the *souffle* or afflatus, third, the power of prophecy,

and fourth, the *gift*. Strong in these ideas, Cavallier, who was indifferently educated and unordained, proceeded to preach and to administer the sacrament. But his talents had a more congenial scope in the profession of arms; he maintained discipline among his rough troops, and held in his power all the positions of the Cevennes; he burnt villages, and he defeated the royal troops in several pitched battles. His Camisards fought with desperate bravery, and the nature of the country was as favourable to their tactics, as it was unfavourable to the troops sent to exterminate them. Driven from their villages, the Camisards betook themselves to the caves; the grassy and hollow craters of long extinct volcanoes gave them shelter, and by a system of spies and signals they generally contrived to conceal themselves, or to make good their retreat. The curiosity of General Montrevel must have been excited to know how such insurgents supplied themselves with food and ammunition. Lead they procured from the roofs of the Catholic churches, which they stripped, but their bullets were oftener made of pewter. Gunpowder they either bought secretly in the large towns, or they made it in desert places and dried it in the sun, and their supplies of bread were carried by mules along the winding paths, or through the many ravines which intersect the country, and which, though known to the natives of the district, were far too labyrinthine to be threaded by the king's troops. The history of Cavallier's campaigns is that of a guerilla war, but that great success attended the Camisards under his command is evident from the fact that it was at last thought necessary to send Marshal Villars with 60,000 men to quell the revolt in Languedoc. It was a revolt that was gradually assuming European proportions, for foreign powers were implored to assist these Cévenols, and as England and Holland were at that moment at war with the Grande Monarque, the request was acceded to. Captain Shovel

appeared off the coast, and tried to effect a landing near Maguelonne. The Camisards, who came down from their fastnesses to welcome their allies, saw with wonder the bristling broadsides and the tall masts and spars of the English frigates. Captain Shovel hoped to land, but that part of the Mediterranean shore, however available for modern operations with gunboats, was impracticably shallow for his ships, and fearing for their safety he withdrew. He left the Camisards to marvel over the strange apparition that had promised help and had then vanished all too soon; and he also left Marshals Villars and Montrevel to congratulate themselves that the English had not made good their intention, since had they landed they would have been able, by means of the great Canal du Midi, to lay open the whole of the south of France from Cette to Bordeaux, from the southern to the western sea.

Cavallier's intrepidity, and the success which had attended his arms up to the beginning of the year 1704, do not prepare us for his subsequent steps. On the 16th of April he lost 400 men in an engagement at Langlade, an engagement in which his soldiers, the so-called *enfants de Dieu*, displayed more than their usual courage and tenacity. This check was followed by a second defeat, and Cavallier, either discouraged by this adverse turn of fortune, or flattered by overtures which put it in his power to treat personally with the sovereign, made terms with his opponents. He met Marshal Villars at Nismes, and was presented to the Intendant De Bâville, and later to the Bishop of Valence. It must be admitted that Cavallier's zeal was now much colder than in the days when he had celebrated the Eucharist in the desert, with his sword by his side, and had drawn that sword to defend his congregation at the risk of his own life. It is incontestable that he was now less anxious for the interests of the Protestant faith than for the security of his family and of his troops; of these a portion enrolled in a

regiment were sent to reinforce the army in Spain. For himself he asked and received the rank of a colonel in the army and a pension of 1,200 livres ; yet with these conditions, favourable as they may seem to a man who might at any time have been hung as a rebel, Cavallier, it is said, was not satisfied. He was also graciously received by the sovereign, and his appearance created no small sensation in Versailles. Among its halls and avenues the sullen and ambitious mountaineer roamed about, an object of curiosity to the court. But the glories of Versailles did not excite his loyalty, and flying into Switzerland, Cavallier offered his sword to Victor Amadeus and to the King of Holland. He raised a regiment of refugees, and finally came to England to obtain recruits, where he had an audience from Queen Anne. The Londoners were not only familiar with his name, but with his exploits, and with the persons of various Camisards who, like Elie Marion, and Durand Fage, had fled to our country for shelter. The Queen received him graciously, and listened to him for some time with great interest, but on her asking him if he believed himself to have been inspired during his ministrations in the desert, Cavallier replied in the affirmative, and her Majesty immediately turned her back on him in a manner expressive of her royal dissidence from his opinion.

Cavallier was at this time little more than twenty-four years of age, and apparently devoted to the profession of arms, for which he was indeed very much more fitted than for spiritual exercises of any kind. He was a stout, fair young man, with an unprepossessing manner, and of a dogged and unromantic temper. He served under many foreign masters : now under Prince Eugene, now under De Ruvigny, when, at the battle of Almanza, he charged with great fury a French regiment that had once been opposed to him in the Cevennes. Of all the services he had seen, the English was, apparently, that which

pleased him best. He came again to England, rose to the rank of a major-general in our army, was made governor of Jersey, and, after about thirty years of a quiet and uneventful life in London, died there in 1740. He is buried in St. Luke's, Chelsea, where the entry of his funeral stands on this wise:—"Brigadier Jean Cavallier, died May, 1740." The shepherd-patriot of Anduze had exchanged the peaks and grottoes of his mountains for the quiet windings of the barge-laden Thames, but the contrast presented by these scenes is not greater than that which exists between the first and the last parts of his career; a contrast so striking that his biography is almost unique in history, whether we consider him as a partisan leader or as a mere soldier of fortune.

When Cavallier laid down his arms, the Camisards lost their ablest leader, but the war in the Cevennes was still far from its close. Its bloody episodes and its unrest continued till 1710; and during the two following years the vanquished Calvinists were the victims of such ceaseless persecution, that no external signs at length remained of a church that had once numbered tens of thousands of adherents, and of a party that had once been strong enough to threaten the power of the king and the autonomy of France. It seemed impossible that Protestantism should ever recover; but at Villeneuve-le-Berg, in the Vivarais, a woman named Court (*née* Gébelin) had been silently educating the son to whose heroic moderation the reformed church in France owes its revival. Antoine Court was eighteen years of age when he gave himself to the work. He saw and felt both its difficulties and its dangers; he knew that the sword still hung over the heads of the Protestants, and he equally knew that the tenets for which he was ready to die were both defaced by ignorance and disfigured by fanaticism. He knew that the flocks were without pastors, that they had neither books nor temples, neither synods nor schools—that

the very confession of faith was fading from the recollection of men whose minds were filled with memories of suffering, and who had but recently abandoned the hope of revenge. To remodel such a society, to lure back its pastors, to check the preaching of women, and the ravings of ignorant zealots, to educate the children, to bring back sound doctrine and to encourage sound practice, were the objects he proposed to himself. His first congregation consisted of six people ; but he was soon joined by hundreds of hearers, and by the five remaining pastors who had escaped the fate of Brousson. They met in a large quarry, and there held their first synod ; their infant church being for four months undisturbed by persecution. But the zeal of De Bâville had not been cooled by age ; congregations were denounced and attacked, and prisons were again filled, though Antoine Court always managed to escape, and always determined to persevere. The lack of teachers being the greatest drawback to the revival he attempted, he wrote to the pastors then in exile, but of these the greater number, including the celebrated Saurin, refused to return. Court then went to Switzerland to seek for them : he brought back a few ; and what the others were not found ready or willing to attempt, he undertook himself, visiting and teaching with the most incessant activity. The old Protestant academies being abolished, he established a seminary at Lausanne ; for this he laboured, for this he collected money, and here it was, perhaps, that he had his greatest success, though he rendered another and a very important service to his country and to the church. France was at war with England—an English fleet, victorious at Cape Finisterre, again cruised in French waters—but the Cévenols did not again intrigue with a foreign power ; no sympathetic risings or messages were sanctioned by Court, who wished to prove to the Government that persecuted Protestants might be made faithful subjects,

as truly as Colbert had once shown that the Protestants, when protected, were a source of wealth, and not of weakness, to the nation.

Few of our readers have perhaps realised how long persecution continued in France, or that in the year in which Louis XVI. was born, a congregation meeting for prayer and ordination on the banks of the Gardon, was fired upon and dispersed by a regiment; that the Protestants had no civil rights, that intermarriage with them was illegal, and that they were forbidden by law to assemble for any purpose, civil or religious. There was no ear open to their complaints but One, and it is not without emotion that after the lapse of more than a century we peruse the following prayer, which was in habitual use among their families: "Great God, whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, but who hast declared thyself present when two or three meet in thy name, behold us united in this house to render thee our homage, to adore thy greatness, and to implore thy compassion. We lament in secret, for we are deprived of our public exercises, and we hear no more in thy temples the voice of thy servant; but far from murmuring against thy providence, we acknowledge that thou mightest justly heap on us judgments more severe, and we adore thy goodness in the midst of thy chastisement. But we beseech thee to have mercy upon us. We are without churches, but fill this house with thy glorious presence. We are without pastors, but be thyself our shepherd. Instruct us in the truth of thy Gospel; imprint it on our hearts. Grant that we may learn to know thee, both what thou art and what we are; what thou hast done for our salvation, and what we must do for thy service; the virtues which are agreeable to thee, and the vices which thou dost forbid; the pains with which thou dost menace the impenitent, the lukewarm, the timid, the cowardly, and the profane, and the glorious recompence thou dost promise to

those who are faithful. Grant us to leave this service more holy, more zealous for thy glory and thy truth, more detached from the world, and more religious observers of thy commandments. Hear us in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

These grave and eloquent words may not have been the composition of Antoine Court, but they bear the impress of his spirit, and of the feeling which animated him and his companions—men who, like Paul Rabaut, were as eager and as devoted as himself. Thanks to their endeavours, the church rose from its ashes: pure doctrine was preserved, prophecies went out of fashion, and the school of Lausanne sent out fresh labourers for a work where there was so much hardship to be endured, and so little of earthly recompence to be won.

Antoine Court died at the age of sixty-five. Most probably he died alone, for the day, the place, and the circumstances of his death are all forgotten. He had sown in weeping, and he never reaped in joy. He was often deceived. He found many obstacles, and he met with many drawbacks, but his failure was more apparent than real, more personal than attaching to the cause which he had at heart. If the unhappiness of men is in proportion to their egotism, and if their happiness consists in having an aim beyond themselves to which they may devote their lives, it may be presumed that among the disappointments of such a career Antoine Court was not altogether unhappy. His temper was moderate, his charity wide, and his energy great, and he has not been deceived in his larger hope. Neither is any man deceived who will look beyond the systems of time to the objects of eternity, who in practical and tangible labours for his church will seek still greater things than those—the reign of peace, the increase of liberty, the abounding of knowledge, even the coming of the Kingdom.



## II.—JACQUES SAURIN THE PREACHER.

THE French language is well fitted for the oratory of the pulpit. It is equally adapted to the purposes of reasoning and to the calls of eloquence, its idioms are racy and varied, it is provided with a multitude of synonyms, and it so abounds with epithets, that it can be wielded like a flail by an urgent or impassioned speaker. Its terseness and perspicacity make it the best of vehicles for conveying thought: it admits of the most sudden apostrophes, of the shortest of sentences, and also of the most sonorous of paragraphs. In short, it is an instrument of many strings, and it only requires the hand of a master to sound its multiplicity of chords.

The preaching of any age will always be characteristic of the men and manners of that time, and thus the orators of the century of Louis XIV. had peculiarities which may be severally traced to the position of the Gallican and Reformed Churches in France. The age was sumptuous and learned, courtly and yet full of vitality, hence we are prepared to hear in Bossuet's eloquence echoes of its magnificence, its courage, and its grace. Through Fénelon, in like manner, spoke its learning and its piety: Bourdaloue and Massillon reflected its subservience to the court: and in Fléchier's silver speech we are made to feel some of the more seductive influences of the age. In the same way we must expect to find the pastors of the Reformed Church eminent as apologists and controversialists. Their sermons are dogmatic in their tone, and are freely mixed with historical and political allusions, as is but natural when men preached "for the times." And for what times! Their voices were often to be silenced by the stake, the gibbet, and the wheel, so their words, when even little more than common-place, acquired, from the circumstances

under which they were spoken, a pathos superior to eloquence. There were other incentives supplied to these preachers. Such men were intensely popular. Their names and persons were always before their flocks and before the Church, for it was their custom to travel freely from place to place, and any shining talent was as certain then as it is now to find its way to the capital. With the exception of Pierre du Bosc, it may truly be affirmed that every great preacher of the seventeenth century was heard at Paris. At one time the temple at Charenton \* was served by five celebrated pastors—by Mestrezat, Le Faucheur, Drelincourt, Aubertin, and Daillé: all classic names in the annals of French Protestant preaching. Yet in spite of this arrangement, which either by accident or design gave them a metropolitan training, their style, considered simply as style, was distinctly inferior to that of their contemporaries in the Gallican Church. Calvin's manner had been criticised by Bossuet as dull and sad (*triste*); and, compared with that of the Bishop of Meaux, it may well be that it lacked both colour and warmth; but it cannot be denied that Calvin was one of the fathers of French prose, and that in his hands it showed its affinity to Latin prose. His successors fell short of him in precision, and their style, though generally grave and simple, was not pure in its idioms. Thus Du Bosc, of whom Louis XIV. said that he spoke better than any man in the kingdom, used words and phrases in his sermons which Ménage would have challenged, and which the *précieuses* and purists of Paris would have disowned. Moreover, the pastors were ruined by their controversial habits. As in a school of preaching, once greatly in fashion in our own country, doctrine

\* As the Huguenots were forbidden to assemble in the capital for any purpose, religious or secular, their church was built in the suburb of Charenton. It was designed by Des Brosses, the architect of the Luxembourg.

occupied the chief space in their discourses, to the exclusion of moral and practical teaching. They thought more of the errors they had to refute than of human needs and frailties—more of the catechism and less of the individual soul; they argued and quibbled, but they rarely touched on the inner life, and they sometimes allowed the weightier matters of the law to fall into the background. But they were the victims of persecution, books were rare: on their teaching depended the creed of their hearers: they were the disciples of a narrow school, and they did not differ from their brethren in other communities when they forgot, as they often did, to class candour and liberality among the Christian virtues.

In one point they excelled. In their preaching they analysed Scripture—not from the critical or historical point of view, but from the theological. When confronted by the Protestant doctors Bossuet had exclaimed, “Enough, gentlemen, enough! reasoning as you do, and excluding as you do the authority of the Church, a point will soon be reached at which it will be impossible for you to say whether the Gospels are fabulous or the reverse;” but this taunt, however applicable to some modern schisms in the French Protestant Church, was undeserved by the confessors of the seventeenth century. With the dates and authorship of the canonical books they did not greatly concern themselves; but they analysed their texts with great care and zeal. Thus Mestrezat expounded Hebrews xii.; thus Raymond Gaches preached from the Second Epistle of St. Peter, rising almost into eloquence as he expressed the meaning of the sacred pages, and dealt out its warnings to hushed and humbled crowds. To modern ears the exegesis of these Reformed pastors now sounds dry and formal, and it was often hasty. They needed to compare Scripture with Scripture; their situation gave an inevitable bias to their thoughts, their patristic sympathies were very few, and their theology was

mainly that of St. Augustine as handed down to them by Calvin. After the synods of Dordrecht and Alais (1618-1620) some germs of anti-Calvinism made their appearance in France. The history of all religious bodies is alike, and French Protestant sermons of this date show that the Church was agitated by those questions of predestination and of universal grace which in all ages have found assailants and advocates in Christendom. Amyraut's treatise gave offence on the first of these subjects, and he was called an Arminian: Daillé's book was declared to be unsound on the second: Pajon of Orleans was suspected of Socinianism: some teachers favoured innovations, others rejected them. Thus there were found pastors and synods ready for persecution along with doctors who leant to mercy's side, or who trusted that if peace could be preserved, these pastors, like the mass of the clergy, would gravitate towards unity. But it is always so. In these disputes each side is ready to throw the blame of the schism on the other, and it is only in the face of a common enemy that they can be brought to work together. What awaited the hapless controversialists of the Reformed church was nothing less than a common destruction.

The edict of Nantes was repealed in 1685: 1,500 pastors and more than 2,000 elders went into exile, the rest went to the galleys, to prison, and to death, and all the congregations were dispersed. Among the families of refugees who then fled from the south of France was that of Jacques Saurin. The Saurins were inhabitants of Nismes, children of the city which had given Brousson to the "Church in the Desert," and which in our own day has given M. Guizot to Protestantism, to literature, to the Academy, and to France. Jean Saurin, the father of the celebrated preacher, had practised there as an advocate and jurisconsult: he was secretary to the Academy, a man of learning and character, distinguished by his own virtues, as well as

by the reputation of his family, and by the respect of his townsmen. His flight, which was made in the company of M. de Mirmand, was attended by considerable hardships, and of these an account has been preserved along with other matters in M. de Mirmand's Memoirs. "I must tell you," he writes in later life, addressing himself to his daughter, "I must tell you that after the revocation of the Edict, God did me the favour of enabling me to regard exile and beggary as things to be preferred to all the comforts I enjoyed in France, comforts which might have been considerably augmented had I been minded to accommodate myself to the Romish religion. But as I was convinced that there is no state so grievous as that in which we fail in our duty towards God, I chose to glorify Him by leaving my fortune and my country. In order to accomplish this design I sold my plate, so as to have money for the expenses of my journey, and for the persons who were to go along with me. I reckoned that by means of money I might surmount the difficulties incident on leaving the country, and I thought if once free He would provide for my necessities, and those of my family, by means not less certain because they were as yet unknown. For the execution of this design I thought that I ought to take the road which would lead most quickly out of France; it was that of Catalonia. I arranged, therefore, with one of my friends, a *patron*\* of the town of Agde, that at a certain hour he should come to fetch us on the shore near Cette. I was the better pleased with this voyage by sea, because my family consisted of two girls; of these Marguerite the eldest was seven years old, and Marthe de Mirmand but four and a half, and children of this age, as well as their nurse (a woman from Blois whom I took with me),

\* *Patron*, a term still in use in Provence. It is equivalent to the Italian *padrone*, and signifies the proprietor or master of a house, ship, stable, &c.

certainly travel more easily by sea than in any other fashion. I took with me, besides, a good and faithful servant, my gardener, who also longed to leave France, and who was of the greatest use to me later, for when we came to travel through horribly bad roads, he and I carried each a child on our backs. But to return to our embarkation. It was made, God be praised, without our being discovered, and we arrived safely at Liausac, which is the first town on the Spanish frontier. The inhabitants received us with great humanity, but on leaving we found ourselves in great straits, and for this cause. We were warned that in order to reach Gironne, for which we were bound, we must pass through the country of the Miguelet bands, and that for safety we ought to engage an escort of these very Miguelets whose insults we feared. M. Saurin, my old friend, whom I had added to my troop, along with his wife and two sons (now worthy pastors in London and at the Hague), was as well aware of the risk as I was. We were certain to be looked on as persons flying from France with our money, and no doubt that money would be taken from us, and it might be that our lives would be taken also. The precaution recommended to us did not seem very encouraging; however we adopted that plan. We agreed on the money we were to give the leader of such an escort, and we set off, commending ourselves to God, but reflecting that this might be the last day of our lives. Besides the family of M. Saurin, my party consisted of sundry other persons, among these some women, who in the hollow defiles which we passed through, always believed that the whistling of these soldiers was a signal for their companions to fall on us. This fear augmented when we passed Frantheric, the head-quarters of the Miguelet general: he came to the window to look at us, and we certainly believed that his soldiers would deliver us to him, but he greeted us politely, and after profound bows on our part, our fears were dissipated, and we

reached Gironne on that same day, blessing God for the protection He had vouchsafed to us. We continued our route in safety as far as Barcelona. . . . The governor assured us of his protection, and said we had nothing to fear at Barcelona while sojourning there before continuing our journey. . . . We resolved to leave by the first vessel going to Holland, England, or any other Protestant country. At last one was found bound for Italy, and from thence we thought that we could easily pass into Switzerland. We embarked in this vessel; she was an English one—Benjamin Marly, master. We soon reached Genoa, and from thence we went to Switzerland by the Mont St. Gothard, and settled at Zurich.”

When Jean Saurin then came to Switzerland, his son was only nine years of age: but in the crowd of emigrants assembled in Geneva the boy found able teachers. At fifteen Jacques entered the Academy, but he left it two years later, and abandoning his studies for the profession of arms, he took a commission in Lord Galway's regiment of volunteers. It is uncertain whether Jacques Saurin enlisted against the wishes of his parents or with their consent, but his service was short, and it terminated at the peace of Ryswick in 1697. He then returned to college, though with a very unsettled mind. Traits are recorded of some vanity and much restlessness, but the nature was at bottom both loyal and sweet, and the boy was saved when he might have been lost, by the wise tenderness of his cousin Mademoiselle St. Véran de Montcalm, and of his teacher Bénédicte Pictet. When we read of the former that she was the authoress of *The Search after Truth*, and of the latter, that he wrote a book for the use of sick persons, we are tempted to think that these two friends—and they were fast friends—must have exchanged the occupations of their sexes. Mademoiselle de St. Véran's was, however, an intellect of the noblest order, and to her the young Saurin looked up; she taught him

the regulation of his affections, the pleasures of study, the cultivation of his style. She was wise, brave, and tender, and it was to her sympathetic training that Saurin perhaps owed much of that finer insight into human nature which distinguished him, and which made him leave the more beaten tracks of his profession.

Four years of study were required of any young man who was to enter the ministry, and these years Saurin passed through with great credit to himself. His experiments in preaching led the professors to think highly of his future, and his first sermon caused a sensation in Geneva. On leaving college he paid a visit to Amsterdam, but his first cure of souls was in London. He preached there in the Walloon churches of Leicester Fields and of Threadneedle Street, the most frequented of the places of worship used by the Huguenot refugees in our metropolis.\* His fame soon spread. English hearers and English friends accrued to him, and among other acquaintances he won that of Archbishop Tillotson, the most distinguished preacher of the day; but in spite of this and many other flattering circumstances, the residence does not seem to have been congenial to Saurin. The marriage which he contracted in the third year of his stay turned out very ill: his wife, it is said, "had neither conduct nor sweetness," and his mother, worried by their domestic broils, had to leave the house. Saurin was patient, and he suffered silently: only to Mdlle. de St. Véran did a complaint escape him. It was very sad, he said, but he knew that he must look for happiness in another life, and seek in God alone for that solid felicity which change, and bitterness and death, made unattainable here. He suffered also from

\* London still possesses three French Protestant churches, but in two of them the Anglican Liturgy has been adopted. The chapel in Leicester Fields exists, but under the name of Orange Street Chapel; it is used as a meeting-house for dissenters.



the climate. The English, he remarked, were naturally little favourable to strangers, and little inclined to do them justice, and his thoughts began to revert to plans and hopes once formed of a living in Holland. No such opening, however, offered itself for some time, and it was not till after five years of ministry in London that he was called to the Hague, to fill an office that had been created expressly for him—that of minister to the nobles. In 1705, and under the patronage of the grand pensioner Heinsius, Saurin began his career: it only closed with his death, and though it had reverses caused by jealousy and injustice, it was brilliant and distinguished. Neither was his an evanescent fame. He was called the prince of preachers, and his name is still connected with all that is best in the eloquence of the French Protestant pulpit. He preached once a month, though it is believed that he composed rapidly, and that four or five days alone sufficed for the actual preparation of each sermon; but his studies were incessant. He gives the following account of his life:—"I began, during the first years, by going a good deal into company; however recognizing the distraction of ideas which this caused me was very hurtful to me, I have narrowed the circle as much as possible to the society of my particular friends. I arrange so as to have my time at my own disposal. I rise early: I pay no useless visits, and I only see my friends when my head will no longer support the effort of my meditation. I thank Heaven that the greatest pleasure I can feel is that of work." Not only was Saurin penetrated with this sentiment, but he was also deeply imbued with the truths which he declared. He spoke with great earnestness, whether his theme were "the Divinity of our Lord," "the Love which casteth out Fear," "the Repentance of the Magdalen," "the Giving of Alms," or "the Danger of Passing Emotions in Religion." His person and manner were pleasing, his voice exceedingly sweet, his

temper mild, his sense of honour keen. He avoided controversies, and abhorred strife, so that when disputes were forced on him, he conducted them with infinite patience. It was not to be hoped, however, that he should always escape calumny. In the teaching of a man so gifted and so tender, his hearers detected a breadth and candour of opinions which sometimes displeased them. Though sins of venality and cowardice were especially hateful to Saurin, yet he was accused of condoning and excusing falsehood; and though the sin of avarice was equally alien to his nature, he was declared to have unfairly acquired a considerable fortune. Saurin would not argue the matter, but he did not the less maintain his claims to the legacy of a certain M. Lambert. He allowed the case to come to trial, and when his honour was once cleared and he had heard himself proclaimed the sole and rightful legatee, he handed over the whole of the money to the family that had so cruelly aspersed him. In short, he practised the virtues which he preached, and he judged the illusions as well as the pains of this life from a very unworldly point of view. His sermons were spoken and written for all time, and they never go out of date. If their influence was so much dreaded by the Romanists that a number of copies were publicly burned in Beaucaire, yet they were also copied and admired. The Abbé Pichon prepared a volume of extracts from them for the use of the faithful, and it is even said that many of the sermons in their original state were read by a Jesuit preacher to a Parisian congregation. A fine translation of them published in 1775, made them popular in England, and they are to be found in the libraries of modern divines. No quibbles or casuistry disfigure their pages, the matter is always important, and the manner so happy, that the reader is not often reminded that a century and a half has elapsed since they were delivered.

About the years 1720-1, overtures were made to Saurin

by Antoine Court, in the hope that, along with a few other devoted pastors, he would return to France and assist in the restoration of the Protestant Church in the south. Saurin refused. "We have found here," he added, "ample remuneration for the sacrifices which we made when we left our country." The answer seems a harsh one, perhaps an ungenerous one, when we remember to whom it was addressed—to Antoine Court, who never counted the cost of his self-denying mission—who was ready to offer, not sacrifices, but life and all things, for the cause of the Church and the welfare of his fellows. But it is impossible fully to appreciate Saurin's feelings without remembering that he had left France as a child; that ever since his ordination his ties had been to the Church in Holland, and that he had already found his work there in the exercise of his splendid and peculiar talent. Furthermore, when we reflect that French refugees in Holland were to be reckoned by thousands, and not by hundreds, and that over two hundred pastors had been present at a synod, held at the Hague, it cannot be said that Saurin preferred shining in a foreign town to serving his co-religionists. But a lost country is like a lost love. Both haunt men in spite of themselves; and as some strange feeling still links us, memory or instinct prompt words that are both bitter and sweet. Thus in Saurin's sermons, there are many allusions to his native land. In one striking passage he pictures the retribution that is to fall on France because of the ruin of the Huguenots. He seems to behold in spirit the axe laid to the root of the feudal tree, and to see the monarchy expiating in Louis XVI. the autocracy of Louis XIV. "A state," he cries, "may be prosperous, its commerce may flourish, and as its arms are triumphant, it will regulate the balance of the universe. But vices, the ordinary fruits of prosperity, are born in the lap of that very prosperity; conscience sleeps through the tumult of the passions,

and in proportion as corruption increases, security grows more secure—at last, the patience of God is exhausted, and by the blows which he strikes, or which he threatens to let fall, that prosperity is menaced or removed. The dark messengers of the vengeance of God come and signify that they have a formidable mission. Already the winds, that are as angels to do his bidding, make their wailing cadences heard; already the flames, which are his ministers, show their lurid glare. War, pestilence, and famine—all are instruments of his anger, and they make themselves ready for their ministry of terror. To one named ‘Death,’ and to another called ‘the Grave,’ is the bloody order given—‘Run, kill, and destroy by death the fourth part of the earth.’ Each man sees in the public destruction his private loss. Capernaum, lifted unto heaven, is now cast down into hell, and the Jonases go about in Nineveh, making all walls ring with their lugubrious cry, ‘Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be destroyed.’”

Sometimes, by an equally daring apostrophe, Saurin makes the sufferings of the Huguenots less a warning to France than a lesson to the Protestants themselves. Preaching once on resisting the Spirit, he declared that there were limits to the long-suffering of God. “To whom,” he suddenly asks, “am I trying to prove this sad truth? Of whom is this audience composed? Who are these brands snatched from the burning, these refugees from the great tribulation? By what stroke of the wand are you summoned before me, the gatherings together of many provinces? From whence are ye? What countries gave you birth? Ah, my brothers! ye are deeply learned in the truth which I declare. I say that there are limits to God’s patience. Alas! can you be ignorant of the fact? Are you not its witnesses? Come! see! let us go up upon the walls of our temples, behold the dust of our holy places; see our galley-slaves in irons, our confessors in chains. See the land

which has vomited us forth, until throughout the universe the name of refugee is execrated or revered. . . . Behold the days in which the Lord is not found. . . . How many Samuels now are before Him imploring Him for the deliverance of the Church : and all in vain. The time is gone by—the Lord is not to be found of us ; it may be that we shall never find Him.”

Saurin's tone in moral teaching was not often as sombre as this, and the celebrated sermons on Conversion touch on a topic which was especially dear to him—the reconciliation of man with his Maker. He loved to speak of pardon and of restoration. When he expounded this theme he made his audience feel that for the returning prodigals of this world the Father has always the kiss, the robe, and the ring, and that the promise of the future is indeed that of the restitution of all things. When Saurin so reasoned he entranced his hearers. Moreover, he had infinite variety. He could pass from these pathetic and glorious consolations to meditations the most sublime. One day his sermon would turn on “the Beatific Vision ;” another on the torments of the damned. He would speak of the unfathomable greatness of God, and then revert to dwell on the veils that hide the Infinite, or on the eclipse of human faith. Yet even on topics like these his tone was liberal, manly, and candid. He was loyal to his Church, infinitely loyal to his own convictions, respectful to his hearers, and reasonable in his expectations. His great fault was success—an amount of success which did not damage his own integrity, but which procured him both imitators and detractors. “Never,” it was once said of him, “was there a man more penetrated with reverence for the Divine, or one less able to act with his fellow-men.” His knowledge of life was far more theoretical than practical, and it was perhaps from this cause that Saurin both laid himself open to criticism, and

suffered so acutely from the attacks made on him. His health failed; a delicacy in the lungs, long suspected, became developed, and Saurin longed for rest as much as he had done for reconciliation. But the charity he had so often proclaimed to others was refused to himself in his last hours. His sick room was filled with disputants who followed him down to the narrow house, and made his ears ring with their angry reproaches till the hour when they could hear nothing further of "the false or just."

One affection of Saurin's life had however remained perfect—no circumstances ever altered it, no cloud ever obscured it, and what Mademoiselle de St. Véran had been to him in youth, that she was also in the premature close of his successful day. As life went on they had met very seldom, and latterly only at long intervals, but a constant correspondence had preserved their intimacy, and it was to her that Philip Saurin thus announced his father's death: "It is only He who so mightily assisted my father who can console us in so terrible and unexpected a sorrow." Elizabeth de St. Véran de Montcalm died in 1744, and she bequeathed part of her fortune to this son of her oldest and dearest friend. But the lad Philip fell an early victim to consumption, and the great preacher is not now represented by any direct descendants.

The name of Saurin is however a familiar one in Ireland. The family founded there by his brother Louis has given illustrious men to the Church and to the Irish Bar, and the late Right Honourable William Saurin, Attorney-General for Ireland, was no unworthy scion of the stock of Jean Saurin, the advocate refugee of Nismes.

*MODERN PROVENÇAL POEMS.\**

[*North British Review*, 1868.]

IN the spring of 1842, a poet came to Paris, whose grade was humble, whose birthplace was remote, and whose native dialect had for upwards of three centuries been obsolete in literature, though it is still the living language of the people of southern France. Jasmin, the barber of Agen, had come to meet the wisest and wittiest of his countrymen, to visit that great city which both nurses and devours so many of the children of genius; a provincial, and a man of the people, he came to await the verdict of the Parisians and of the Academy. To one-third of France he was already known, the rest had yet to make his acquaintance, and that was only to be done by showing himself, and by publishing a prose translation of the poems he had written in the Gascon tongue. Jasmin's visit was completely successful; his popularity increased steadily till the close of his life, and his death, when it occurred in 1864, was

\* 1. *Las Papillotas de Jacques Jasmin*. Paris, 1860.

2. *Mireille (Mirèio)*. *Pouèmo Provençan de F. Mistral*. Avignon.

3. *Calendau: Pouèmo Nouvèau*. Par FREDERI MISTRAL. Avignon, 1867.

4. *Un Liame de Rasin*. *Countenant Lis Oubreto di Castil-Blaze, Adoufe Dumas, Jan Reboul, Glaup, e T. Pousset*. Reculido e publicado per J. Roumanille e F. Mistral. Avignon, 1867.

5. *Lis Oubreto en Vers de Roumanille*. Avignon.

6. *Li Nouvé de Roumanille*. Avignon.

7. *La Miougrano Entreduberto (la Granade entreouverte) de Théodor Aubanel*. Avignon.

lamented as a national loss. In England he is but little known, and that little chiefly through Longfellow's translation of the *Blind Girl of Castèl-Cuillè*, one of the more plaintive and less dramatic of his works. It is our object to do a tardy justice to this modern troubadour, and, if possible, to render it in such a shape as may make both Jasmin and his compeers interesting to English readers.

What is the language in which Jacques Jasmin wrote? One answers vaguely, That of the south of France; and for once a vague answer does not come amiss, since his dialect is not strictly Gascon in contradistinction to Provençal, though it may be identified with his native district of the Lower Languedoc.

Assuredly this was not always an unknown tongue in England. In the beginning of the eleventh century, and when Provençal poetry had both a fixed value and a written literature, England passed under the rule of the Dukes of Normandy, and French laws and culture were grafted on our Saxon stem. It was true that the language thus imported was at first *langue d'oïl*, not *langue d'oc*; still these were allied, if rival tongues, and the second dynasty of our kings identified us still more closely with France, and especially with France south of Loire. The Plantagenets were only Counts of Anjou, but Henry II. had for his queen Eleanor of Guienne, the heiress of Aquitaine. The wife whom Henry Plantagenet married for her beauty and her dowry, after King Louis had denounced and divorced her, must have lisped in this tongue, in the *doux parler* of the south. Her grandfather, William, Count of Poitou,\* was one

\* We refer our readers to the *Parnasse Occitanien*, published at Toulouse in 1819, where a poem by this "coms de Peitiens" is to be found. It is extracted from the MSS. (7226 and 7698) in the *Bibliothèque Nationale*. A notice of the Count from the same source says that he was "uns dels majors cortes del mon, e del majors trichadors de domnas. E saup ben trobar et cantar: et accet lonc temps per lo mon per inganar las



of the first as well as the most nobly born of the troubadours ; poets like Bertrand de Ventadour were her companions, and when she undertook her journey to the Holy Land, it is said that she beguiled the tedium of the voyage with the songs of troubadours. To her passionate spirit, love, power, and music were essentials, and she chose that strains, of which her beauty was the theme, should mingle with the winds that wafted her over the Cretan and Peloponnesian seas. Perhaps, if the stone effigy of her face, which still shows its rare loveliness on the porch of Newstead Abbey, could speak, it would be in that native and southern speech. At the French court the same accents were in vogue, and the name of the Pré Catalan, in the Bois de Boulogne, still preserves the memory of a sweet singer of Provence, who found such favour in the eyes of Phillippe le Bel, that his jealous rivals (possibly *trouvères*, speaking in *langue d'oïl*) surprised and murdered him.

The dialect presents at first sight such a strange mixture of Latin, Teutonic, Greek, Celtic, and Arabic words, that it tempts a casual reader to pronounce it a debased and mongrel Latin. Yet it was not so esteemed when in use among the troubadours, but was rather recognised as that of the best and largest part of France.

Unlike French, Italian, and Spanish, its sister derivatives from the old source, this, the eldest daughter of Latin, has diminished while they increased, and it is now only preserved in old romances, and represented, with alterations, by the spoken dialects of the south. It may be referred to several sources. First, we must remember there were dialects in use in ancient domnas." His great-grandson, Richard Cœur de Lion, was also a poet. One of his "sirventes" appears in the *Parnasse*; it is written in old French, and is addressed to the Dauphin of Auvergne, and as the Dauphin's answer is also extant and preserved in the same MS. folios, it seems as if Crescimbeni had been right in the dispute with Horace Walpole as to the MS. 3204.

Aquitaine, mixed, as we know them to have been, with Iberian idioms, and hence a Basque element in the language. Celtic words are also found incorporated in it, with many of Greek derivation, which attest the presence of an element powerfully felt in France at the commencement of the Julian wars, when the city of Marseilles reigned over a large territory, and these Messalotes, originally of Ionian extraction, gave a Greek tinge to the south. From Arles to San Remo they colonized and ruled, and to this day the town of Nice preserves its boastful Grecian appellation of *Νίκη*, (*Victory*), while Arles conceives that in the singular beauty of her women she perpetuates the fact of having been a Greek colony. The Rhone was one of the highways of Phœnician commerce, thus we must be prepared then to find throughout its course, from Lyons to the sea, traces of Phœnician culture and speech. Finally, we must consider that the Roman conquest meant the advent of a people who brought with them every appliance for altering the laws and habits of their new subjects. Latin, used in the courts and camps, and in all matters of business, was probably pretty generally spoken among the upper classes, but Latin pure and simple was hardly the universal speech of Gaul. In the writings of St. Jerome constant mention is made of the native Gaulic tongue, certainly after the sixth century, pure Latin ceased to be heard, and the result in the south of France was that mixture of Latin, Iberian, Celtic, Teutonic, Greek, and Arabic words, which was known as *romane*, and called also (to discriminate it from the other branch of the *romane*) *langue d'oc*, Catalonian (Cathelane), or Provençal.

It is needless to say that such a tongue had many modifications, as in each district accidental or geographical causes might determine. By way of the Rhone, from Savoy and from the Alps, from the north, in short, came many northern idioms and inflexions that can yet be traced to such sources, and by

way of the sea came a great admixture of Arabic or Saracenic life: while from across the Pyrenees Catalonian and Arabic hands were grasped in fellowship. Thus during the first centuries did southern France receive so many impressions, and fashion herself after them all, but by the eleventh century she had her revenge, since she became and remained for three centuries and a half the source of all the culture of Europe. While admitting all this, we think it, however, idle of some of her historians to wish to found upon these facts a wholly untenable claim. Because southern France, in virtue of her situation, of her affluent seaports, of her intercourse with the East, her advanced civilisation, dense population, and extreme culture, influenced all the Western nations, it does not follow from this that her language was older than any other, or that it ever was anything more than one of the many, and one of the oldest of the many dialects produced in the Latin by a curious admixture of races, and especially by the great Teutonic invasion.

This *romane* we find first used in hymnals, liturgies, and the like, but in the eighth century it was actually employed in matters of law, and its earliest manuscript poems date from the eleventh century. It perfected itself, in short, nearly a hundred and fifty years before Germany could boast of Minnesingers able to rival the troubadours of Provence. To England, as we have already said, Provençal literature extended with the advent of French dukes and counts to the English throne, and its duration in our island may be allowed to have lasted till the Reformation; but only till then, Spenser's *Faerie Queene* being the last English epic composed in the manner of René of Anjou, Thibault of Navarre, or of the poets who formed their school. Milton built an epic on a more classical model, and discarded all the colouring of the troubadours, and when Bunyan wrote his allegory, Puritanism replaced the gay science in the adventures of the spiritual Pilgrim.

It is the boast of the Provençals that they formed the style of Petrarch ; so says Fresnaie de Vauquelin in 1612 :—

Ce qui fit priser Pétrarque le Mignon,  
Fût la grâce des vers qu'il prist à Avignon.

A leur exemple prist le bien disant Pétrarque,  
De leurs graves Sonnets l'ancienne remarque,  
En récompense il fait mémoire de Rembaud,  
De Fouques, de Rémon, de Huges et d'Arnaud ;  
Mais il marche si bien sur cette vielle trace  
Qu'il orne le sonnet de sa première grace ;  
Tant qu' Italie est estimé l'auteur  
De ce dont le François est le premier inventeur.

This poet of the Valois court goes on to say that

Bembe reconnait qu'ils ont pris en Sicille,  
La première façon de la rime gentille.

And this the Tuscans seldom deny, admitting that the *terza rima*, which Dante brought to such perfection, was borrowed from the poets of the *langue d'oc*. The Provençal school had a very varied literature ; hymns, comedies, mystery-plays, "*lais d'amour et sonnets courtois*," ballads, virelays, rondelays, tençons sirventes, pastorelos, complaintes, nouvelles (or *nœls*), with legends and romances, founded on very legendary history, are all comprised in this literature, which lived and taught, and which spread into other countries, and which finally died out. In England, as we have said, it did not survive the Reformation, and the rise in this country of new and strong national interests ; in Italy it died of the revival of classical learning, while in France, though we detect its influence on the style of Marot, it died a political and a social death.

Provençal letters, like Provençal independence, had suffered as early as 1229, from the war of the Albigeois, and from the removal of the Papal See from Avignon, and after these disasters we cannot but think that this literature was perhaps

more illustrious through its foreign nurslings than it was through its own fecundity: by as much as Spenser and Ariosto were greater poets than Walter of Aquitaine, Bertrand de Paris, or any of the old Provençal stock. Its fate in France was altogether a curious one, and involved in political questions, for the absorption of the great fiefs into the monarchy gave a deathblow to the whole matter, and after the loss of Provençal nationality, the language has degenerated into a patois.

Twice had Frank nationality been obliged to contend with the intrepid but not invincible southern race, with the "iron men of Languedoc," who, if they sang of love, were also full of the passion of arms; a people who withstood Clovis, and who for twenty years resisted the crusade of Simon de Montfort, a crusade nominally directed against the heresies of the Albigeois, but virtually aimed at the independence of the south. As such it was resented, and from the Loire to the Pyrenees, from the Alps to the Gulf of Gascony, the varied but sympathetic populations defended their local liberties as well as their creed. They were worsted, and as the "*Francigeni*" prevailed against the "*Provinciales*" the higher civilisation gave place, and much of the genius and more of the influence of the south perished in the struggle; still the old indomitable spirit was alive, and the great rising of the Cevennes offered again to the world (and for the last time) the spectacle of a war between two halves of France.

Nearly a century has elapsed since then, and in those hundred years, which have not been those of national unity or of peace, the men of Provence, Gascony, and Languedoc have shown something of their old metal: for surely nothing stranger than Mirabeau ever appeared on any page of Bertrand de Born. His were the dark passions and the fiery eloquence, the terrible love, and the still more terrible hate, the brute courage, and the indomitable will of some of the fabulous champions. In like

manner too we can fancy Suffren defying the Barbary corsairs, and Lannes or Massèna pitted against any of the giants of heathenness. Nor are these the only shoots from the old stems. Something of the love of letters is still displayed, and the south challenges France north of Loire to match her Guizot, her Mignet, her Thiers, her Fauriel, her Balzac, and her Pont-Martin. Montauban possesses in her Vicar-General, the Abbé Marcellin, one of the greatest orators in the French Church, Peyrat is an able historian, Marmier an agreeable traveller and novelist, and still as the Lot, the Tarn, and the Garonne whisper among their reeds and osiers, poets catching their meaning sing in old troubadour speech and guise.

Jasmin rather antedates the rest, but he was not alone in his glory. Toulouse had her Réboul, the Hérault her Péyrottes, as Avignon has her Roumanille, and Maillane her Mistral: the south is still the land of dance and song and "sunburnt mirth," as truly so as in the days when Frederic Barbarossa demanded to feast his eyes on the face of an English woman, and to regale his ears with Provençal singing. The people are intensely musical, and find in music a vent alternately for their passion and for their sorrows, for their Calvinism or for their sensational Catholicism; they write and read more religious poetry than the peasants of any other part of France, and a mass of piquant or pathetic ballads is to be found in the mouths of the population. Of these it is all but impossible to discover the authors, for the airs and the words alike seem common property: children hear them in their cradles, girls learn them at their work, soldiers sing them under the ramparts, and the very shipboys have an extensive repertory of their own; yet it is rare to meet with these songs in print, they were made to be said or sung, and said or sung they have been, and that in some instances since the time of the Crusades, as many of the songs contain curious allusions, and are of the greatest antiquity. In such an

atmosphere Jasmin grew up, speaking and writing in a dialect of western Provençal, which may be called Occitanian or Gascon, in contradistinction to the pure Provençal of Avignon or of Narbonne, or to the Nizzard patois which is spoken on the other side of the Var.

The history of his life is soon told, and best gathered from his poem *Mous Soubenis*, or "My Recollections," written in 1830. He was born in 1798, of poor and infirm parents, and in the middle of the noise and frolic of a carnival season, and he grew up, in spite of extreme poverty, in soundness of mind and body, and with all a boy's delight in the games of the streets and fields. He describes all these lawful and unlawful pleasures, his school hours, and his ignorance of anything like care, till "*Douço ignouranço! ah! perquè toun bandion:*" "Sweet ignorance! why was thy fillet torn off so roughly and so soon?"

He becomes a choir boy, loses his place through an indiscretion, is apprenticed to a trade, and struggles against poverty and difficulties with no comfort but that of books. "*Oh! tan que legissiez plus plus n'abioz di penos:*" "Ah! while I read no more pain had I." Not content with the writings of others he began to try his own powers. It was then he says that "*dins a quel dous patouès*"—in "that sweet patois which happiness uses so well" he began to sing. His genius had awoke: a girl to whom he had long been attached became his wife, and after their marriage his life was spent in gaining his daily bread and in making verses, "*dins la lengo de lous pastouros*"—in the language of the shepherds. Sometimes, indeed, it seemed as if his Pegasus was "*un chibal que porto lous poëtos a l'Espital*," for they lived on very slender means, and in a house not always quite tight against the autumnal rains, but his wife had the happy temper of her skies, and their circumstances mended. His talents became known, his pretty song,

“*Mi cal mourir*” was in every mouth, he found friends and patrons, and a language abandoned for three centuries again came into vogue with the always increasing reputation of Jasmin. The events of his life were few. His first volume, dedicated to M. de Sainte Beuve, was published in 1838; he then was feasted at Toulouse, and crowned after the ancient fashion. He visited Paris in 1842, and ten years later he received a grant of 5,000 francs from the Academy, not awarded to him, said M. de Villemain, but “paid as a debt due to art and to morality, and to the talent of good words which under the most brilliant and popular form Jasmin knows how to unite with good deeds.”

This was peculiarly true of a citizen whose talents were constantly employed for the relief of indigence, and whose temperate and yet patriotic language had a great effect in his native province during the agitation of 1848. He never left his profession, and he never was ashamed of it, receiving literary visitors in his shop at Agen with the same good-humoured ease with which he had met the criticism and the flattery of Paris. He died as he had lived, poor yet content. *Las Papillotas*, for so he called the volume of his poems, is his best monument, and his songs bid fair, like those of Burns, to become heirlooms in his country. Like Burns he enriched his national literature by the infusion of his fresh and poetical dialect; he had not the passion and the rollicking fun of Burns, but he had the same love of the country in all its aspects. The common air, and earth, and skies suggested to him always fresh pleasures and fresh lessons. His spirit, unlike that of the Ayrshire ploughman, was always reverential, and if it never touched the heights of Burns's genius it never reached the degradation of part of his career. He was less spoilt by praise, but he was perhaps also conscious of far less mental power. Gentle and grateful, his spirit dwelt



lovingly on the weaknesses and tenderly on the sorrows of others : he had no personal enmities, and his political feelings were free from rancour and from civic spite, and, in the words of one of the best of his French critics, "Jasmin's poetry found its spring in the true workings of the soul, and in those eternal sentiments which, recurring ever in our minds, make and keep humanity ever young."

M. de Lamartine, writing of Jasmin to Madame de Circourt, said that he was the most realistic of poets. Writing to Jasmin he said, "Others sing, but you feel," a phrase which might well be written on the blank page of his last poem, *Maltro l'Innocento*, or "Marthe la Folle."

It is a story of peasant life on the banks of the Lot, where in a cottage close above the stream two young girls sat one Sunday morning waiting for the declaration of the numbers drawn for the conscription. Maltro is a fair and loving creature, but it is on her that sorrow is to fall rather than on her more volatile companion. Annette's lover is safe, but Jacques has drawn No. 3, a fatal number.

"*Lais hurous en libertad*," "the happy ones at liberty," those whom the great demon of war still spared to the country went on their way rejoicing, mothers and sweethearts accompanying them ; but to Maltro her lover can only say, "If I am spared, if I return, my life belongs to thee. Hope ; and on this our altar, like a bouquet of love, I will one day offer it to thee." The spring returns, and Jacques is still absent—

Es tournat leu mès de May  
 Que tan play.  
 Quan renay ;  
 Rey des mès porto courouno  
 Et de plazès s'emberouno ;  
 Es tournat leu mès de May,  
 Que tan play  
 Quan renay ;

Sul la costo dins la plano,  
 A leu canta tout s'affano ;  
 Car se nous bèn piano-piano  
 Coumo l'esclayre s'en bay.

It is returned, the month of May,  
 Which so pleases  
 When 'tis born ;  
 King of the months his head is crowned,  
 Pleasures gather all around ;  
 It is returned, the month of May,  
 Which so pleases  
 When 'tis born ;  
 On the hills and on the plains  
 By our songs its praise is said ;  
 It steals upon us unawares,  
 But like a flash its course is sped.

So sang the young men and maidens of Tonneins. Maltro alone is sad, and her complaint is heard in lines which have endeared Jasmin to the whole of Languedoc, *Las hiroundelos soun tournados*' being the best known and loved of all his songs. She applies for help to her priest (and Jasmin's description of this rural curé might challenge Goldsmith's parson), sells all her worldly goods, works for hire, and finally raises a sum of money large enough to buy Jacques' discharge. The necessary steps are taken ; and though Jacques does not seem to guess to what hand he owes this benefit, still after his third campaign he is more than glad to return. Maltro is in raptures, she will behold him again, "*et bito et libertat*," Jacques will owe all to her.

A Sunday morning dawns in Tonneins, just such a day as the one on which her soldier drew his fatal number. Mass is over, and Maltro awaits him. "*Lou viel Prèste parey dan la fillo al froun pur*" (the old priest appeared, and with him the girl with the pure brows) ; a crowd gathers round them as they watch the high road, on which dust is moving ; figures appear, first one, then another. Is it Jacques? Yes it is, alive and

well ; and the other is—his wife. “ *Qu'ès bèlo, qu'ès graciouzo !*” (how pretty, how charming she is !) Maltro goes up to him smiling sweetly, and then bursts into an idiotic laugh. It is said that Jacques returned to the army, but what is only too true is that Maltro, escaping from her home, wandered and lived for thirty years a crazy beggar in the streets of Agen. Jasmin had often seen her in his youth, and remembered how as boys they had tormented her ; for at any time, by calling out that the soldiers were coming, they could drive her away to hide and weep.

“ Now,” says Jasmin, “ now that I know her touching tale, I should like to cover with kisses her tattered dress and to ask her pardon on my knees ; but I can find nothing but a tomb. I cover that with flowers ”—(“ *non trôbi rês qu'un clot. Leu capèli de flous.*”)

It unfortunately requires an acquaintance with the language to appreciate fully the finish and the subdued pathos of this tale, which earned for Jasmin the name of the Manzoni of Languedoc. The same remark applies to his songs ; but as a specimen of his pleasant rhythm, we give the following invocation to his native place :—

Gareno crumouzo,  
 Fresqueto pelouzo,  
 Ayqueto jouyouzo  
 Que rizes pel prat ;  
 Campagno flourido,  
 Coumbo tan poulido.  
 Paradis sarrat.  
 Adiou ! cal que parti.  
 Mais en May m'escorti  
 Douma coumo anèy,  
 Senti que dirèy.  
 Couro y tourneray.

Dark Garonne,  
 Freshest lawn,  
 Clear and happy river,

Between the meadows laughing ;  
 Fields so flowery,  
 Pretty valley,  
 A buried Paradise—  
 Farewell, I must depart,

But even as I go,  
 To-morrow as to-day,  
 I know that I shall say  
 I go, but I return.

Had Jasmin written in French, it is to be doubted whether he would have written as well. The very love of his province and of his patois helped to make him the poet that he was, and he was born when districts were much more isolated and patois much more universal than they are in these days of railways, of cheap travelling, and of cheaper books. The natural formation and position of his country make it in a measure self-contained. The Highlands of France, the mountains of Auvergne, and of the Limousin, rise behind it, before it stretches the Pyrenean chain, beyond it are the Landes of Gascony and of the Bordelais, and throughout the whole basin of Languedoc, traversed as it is, and connected with Provence by the Canal du Midi, this ancient Occitanian speech is the only one in use among the lower orders. Thus Jasmin never was anything but an Agennois and "*un homme du Midi* ;" and his Gascon poems, if far from classical in their language, are as unaffectedly true to himself and to his country as are the Gaelic songs of Rob Dun, the bard of Sutherlandshire, who wrote when Erse was the general provincial speech of the north of Scotland, and when roads and railways were not.

So much for the homely and homekeeping poet who lived by the Garonne. Joseph Roumanille, the equally original poet of Avignon, was born at Saint Rémy, and owed his inspiration to much the same influences. His object has been to furnish the lower orders, and persons using the Provençal dialect, with

new and wholesome books, to raise their literature above the songs of the wine-shop and the ballads of the streets, and to cultivate a love of their native country. It would be needless in that country to say that he has succeeded, for a great and deserved popularity has accrued to him, and his tales in prose and verse, as well as his *noëls*, are imprinted in the memories of the people. He has not written for the critics, but for those whom his talents and probity could profit, and his books, if they fall short of this or that standard, have been useful in their generation, and will probably be useful and popular long after some of the higher flights of his scholars and friends are out of fashion.

Of these friends five are already beyond the reach of criticism, though M. Roumanille has paid a graceful tribute to their memory in the volume which stands fourth on our list. Space fails us for entering on a criticism of the pieces which he has thus collected and compiled in memory of Castil-Blaze, Adolphe Dumas, Jean Réboul, Glaup, and Poussel; neither can we attempt an examination of the memoirs prefixed to their works, though these are possessed of some interest. Among the poems the *Fianço de Margarido*, or "Bridal of Margaret," by Réboul, appears to us one of the most beautiful; and of the biographies that of Adolphe Dumas is beyond doubt the most pleasing. In the two simple pages which record his life, his connection with the neo-Provençals, and his melancholy death, pages evidently dictated by the tenderest appreciation, do we not recognize the gratitude and the regrets of Mistral? for Adolphe Dumas was the first critic who took the author of *Mireille* by the hand. Dumas was an ardent lover of his province, and as he now sleeps far from his native shore, we fancy that he would prefer no other panegyric on himself to this touching notice from the hand of the young poet whom he loved to call "the Virgil of Provence."

Of the whole school of the *Félibres*, as they fancifully call themselves, the greatest without dispute is Frederic Mistral. But is there not something forced in the neo-Provençalism of Mistral? Is it fair to suppose that France will really adopt a series of poems written in what was once a classical language but which is now a patois? It happens to the traveller in the south to hear occasionally quaint soft words set to some still quaintest tune, and as he listens he remembers with pleasure that the written language of poets and courtiers was very similar to this, which he feels to be full of poetry and pathos; but it often happens to the same traveller to be answered in his inquiries from the peasants "Mossieu, we do not speak French;" and he then devoutly wishes that the schoolmaster were come abroad in Provence and Languedoc. No man in his senses really wishes to keep these dialects alive. The curse of Babel still works sensibly enough in the world, age, sex, race, and language are all bars to knowledge and to charity, nation detests nation, and the bed of a river is still equivalent to a great gulf fixed between any two of them; it cannot and will not be otherwise; but sects and clans are evils that can and may and must be got rid of, they are evils savouring of the darkest ages of the world's history, of the most petty and primitive forms of the world's selfishness. The whole philosophy of history goes to prove that there can be and ought to be no more "peculiar people," that separativeness is weakness, solidarity strength, and the hard logic of events now implores the nationalities to weld themselves into great and homogeneous masses. France is especially great through her solidarity. She has been vexed and tossed by revolutions, and may be so again: she never was or will be great as a coloniser, but her resources are in herself. It is true that by the system of centralization much liberty is lost. The Imperial administration controls

the prefects, suggests the deputies, fills the petty magistrature, and through its multitudinous nominees seeks to control the elections, still we think a return to provincialism or to the many small semi-republics of the middle ages, would be an evil, and if neo-Provençalism tends in that direction, it is a social as well as a literary mistake.

Pretty as these poems of Mistral's are, they are anachronisms. By all means respect a country's past, collect her relics and her traditions, preserve her antiquities, honour her great names, but do not insist on being obsolete, or on reviving the obsolete. The peasants would be better employed in learning French than are these Félibres in writing volumes in patois. Moreover, it is impossible to conceal from one's self that *Calendau* at any rate is not written for the peasants, but for the critics, and for that many-headed monster we call the reading public. But in France not only is this dialect, as regards two-thirds of the kingdom, an unknown tongue and a dead-letter, but in the south itself it is not the language of the educated classes. Out of France there is not one in a thousand who can read it, or read it sufficiently well to appreciate the beauties of one page of *Mireille*, or of Aubanel's passionate songs.

The old troubadours, Bertrand de Born, and all his brotherhood, more than 130 in number, are dead, and the authors of M. Fauriel's 120 lost poems of Provence are more than dead, since they are forgotten; but M. Mistral and others are alive, and are clever and sympathetic poets; surely they wish to be read? To what expedient are they then reduced for satisfying a very pardonable craving after notoriety beyond the circle of "*des nôtres?*" They furnish an edition which has a French translation *en regard*, and their poetry in this shape has about as much colour and scent left in it as have the flowers in a *hortus siccus*.

*Mireille* assuredly deserved a better fate. It is a charming

poem ; a series of idylls of a kind of which we have far too few, especially as the bastard-pastoral school has corrupted our taste and perplexed our ideas. The pseudo-rustics who talked in Spenser's eclogues and played Arcadian comedies in the last century were certainly very tiresome persons, commonplace in England, indecorous in France, and so desperately ponderous in Germany, that they are at last happily and completely out of fashion, leaving their memories to be preserved only in Dresden china, or in the *rondeaux* of some sweet old sonatas. But here is a true pastoral ; and how beautiful it is ! The loves of Vincent the basket-maker, and of Mireille the farmer's daughter, are a thread on which hang many episodes of country life. The true life of the south is given, but from a different point of view from that in which Jasmin rendered it. Mistral is not himself a simple peasant, and his education has been careful and good, thus the artistic element enters largely into his poetry. He knows how to choose and to refuse (would that he had refused a little oftener !) to compare, to analyse, and to make the most of a good point. He does not describe the operations of husbandry and the simple devotions of the peasants as one who habitually shares them, but he paints and relishes them as an observer. Beautifully he describes his beautiful Provence, a country proper to inspire such passion as he uses in his song, for it is not only a land of corn and wine and oil, but of a strange and contrasted nature ; a land where the days are cloudless and the nights are serene, but where the hot wind carries the locusts of the dust, and where the *mistral* bends the trees : a country made desolate by excess of summer, a region of perfume and of gardens, but also of the barest mountain peaks, a land where the cities are set on hills, or bathe their feet in tideless bays, a land of palms and of honey, and of desolate salt marshes, at once a Marah and a Goshen, a place of doves and of wolves, a country all contrasts and extremes, set between



the mountains and the sea, but where even the terrible and the waste places are made glad with the sun's eternal smile. Thither the poet carries us with him, to watch the roll of the surf, to smell the fragrance of the lavender and the thyme, or to rest under the flat-headed pines : he makes us see the reaping of the golden grain and the gleaning of the olives ; then we have the chase after the brilliant cantharides ; we cross with him the dry shingly bed of the Durance, or the vast levels of the plain of Crau with its mirages ; we tread the desolate sea-margins, and the black and dreary swamps by Aigues-Mortes ; we have the wild horses of the Camargue, the foot-races at Nismes, and the bull-fights ; the sweet names of the peasants, still redolent of the old romances, Alàry (Hilary), Azalaïs (Adelaide), Magna (Mary), and Yseult ; we have pilgrimages and legends, the exquisite ballad of *Magali*, and Mireille herself, surprised by her lover while picking mulberry-leaves for her silkworms. Mistral's style suits the subject ; the key he has chosen is simple, but the singer is full of passion, and by those who can understand it much of the dialect will be felt to be delicious—now caressing, now plaintive, always flexible and graceful, till as the narrative runs on it seems to hum with the bees in the tufty cistus and lavender bushes, to float with the valisneria in the streams, and to gallop with the wild steeds in the Camargue, while with Mireille at last it weeps or it prays.

Mireille's love is unblessed and unfavoured by her parents, who resent her rejection of other and better suitors than the young basket-maker, who had wooed her among the mulberry-trees. The following is a specimen of her reception of one of his rivals. Ourrias (Eleazer), a drover, pays his court to her ; he arrives at the well, mounted on his white horse, and armed with his long pike or goad :—

*A quen Matin la piuceleto,  
Ero à la font touto souleto, etc.*

On that morning the young virgin  
 At the fountain was alone,  
 Having rolled up sleeves and skirt,  
 She washed the cheese jars . . . . .

Saints of God ! how beautiful was she  
 When in the clear spring she waded with her little feet.

“ Mireille,” said the wild youth,  
 “ If ever as wife or pilgrim,  
 You come to Sylva-real from whence one hears the sea,  
 You will not have so much trouble,  
 For the cows of the black race  
 Run free and wild,  
 Are never milked, and the women lead pleasant lives.”

“ Young man ! in that land of kine,  
 Girls are so dull 'tis said they die.”  
 “ Mireille, where two are there is no ennui.”  
 “ Young man, who wanders in those distant lands,  
 Drinks, as they say, but bitter waters,  
 And the sun burns his face.”  
 “ Mireille, under the pines you may sit in the shade for ever.”

“ Young man, they say your pines are scaled  
 By twisting green serpents.”  
 “ Mireille ! we have the flamingos and the herons,  
 Who spread their red mantles (wings) ;  
 We chase them by the Rhone—”  
 “ Youth ! hear me (I must interrupt you),  
 Your pines are too far from my farm.”

“ Mireille ! both priests and girls  
 Can never know the country  
 Where they may have, 'tis said, one day to eat their bread.”  
 “ Provided I may eat it with him whom I love,  
 Young man, I ask for nothing more,  
 To separate myself from my nest.”  
 “ Mireille ! if that be so, give me of thy love.”

“ Young man, you shall have it,” said Mireille,  
 “ But sooner these nympha leaves  
 Shall carry grapes :  
 Sooner shall your pronged staff  
 Throw out flowers, and these hills  
 Grow soft as wax,  
 Or one shall go by water to the town of Baux.”

When her marriage to Vincent is forbidden, Mireille flies from home on a pilgrimage to the Saintes Maries at Maguelonne. She gets a sunstroke, and when lying prostrate at the shrine sees a rare vision. The arch of the choir opens and discloses—

*Dins l'er lind blanquinoso  
Li tres Marie luminoso, etc.*

White in the limpid air,  
The three shining Maries  
Descend from above—one against her breast  
Holds pressed her alabaster vase,  
And in the stilly night the silver star,  
That softly gives the shepherds' light,  
Alone can match her brows of Paradise.

At the wind's will the second  
Lets her blonde tresses float,  
And modest moves, a palm-branch in her hand ;  
The third, still young,  
Her mantle white and fine  
Folds now a little over her dark face,  
While her dark eyes like diamonds shine.

They console Mireille, but tell her that her request is impossible :—

You ask to drink, oh ! foolish one, of the pure fount of love ;  
Ah, wild and foolish ! what ! before your death ?  
You wish to tread on that great path  
Which leads us upwards but to God Himself.  
Since when have you beheld such joy on earth ?

Mireille's mind wanders, and she expires in the arms of her mother and of Vincent. He cannot believe that she is dead :—

“Dead ! it is not possible !  
It is a demon who whispers it to me.  
Speak, in God's name, good people who are here,  
You who have seen the dead,

Say if, when carried past your doors,  
 They ever smiled like this ?  
 In truth, her face is almost gay.

“ But what say you ? ”

He begs them to bury him in Mireille's grave on the soft sandy shore, that there, “ wrapped in the azure air, and beneath the tremulous wave,” they may clasp each other for ever. Those who know the people of the south, their passion for poetry, and their great preference for the songs of love and death, can imagine the popularity of *Mireille*.

A totally different chord has been struck in *Calendau*, and clever and varied as it is, we venture to predict that it will be more admired, but less connd and loved than *Mireille*. The amazing quantity of topography, archæology, legendary and semi-legendary lore with which the volume is filled, reminds us of Sir Walter Scott's manner ; all the more so that there is a dash of necromancy in it, and through all a sense of moral energy and purity very germane to the taste of the Border poet, while the prowess and adventures of the hero would have satisfied any judge in a court of love and *gay saber*.

Calendau is a fisher-boy of Cassis, in love with the beautiful and ill-mated Estrella, princess of Baux. He endures countless hardships for her sake, becomes famous, bears an unspotted name, is true to himself and to his own virtue through all temptations, defies her cruel lord, Count Séveran, avenges on him all Estrella's wrongs, and finally slays him in battle, so that the conclusion of the matter, as regards the hero and heroine, is the one so familiar to us in the nursery tale, “ so they were married, and lived happily all the rest of their lives.”

The finest thing in *Calendau* is pronounced by critics in neo-Provençalism to be its style, but we must be allowed to name another merit which the poem seems to us to possess.

We mean the art with which Mistral has woven together the probable and the improbable, the tangible and the fantastic. The book seems to contain less a romance than an allegory. The very name of the heroine, Estrella, is suggestive,—for there is a Provençal legend (derived in all probability from the Greek superstition with regard to the Oreades), that whoever meets the terrible mountain fairy Estrella and kisses her, goes mad from the effect of the embrace. Mistral has, in the love of Calendau for the princess, embodied this idea ; because, when a man has chosen one great object in life, and has sacrificed himself to it, it is equivalent to having touched the fairy's fateful lips. In Calendau's love he further shows us the strange compelling influence which one human being has over another, as well as the unalterable nature of an attachment which has once been allowed to take possession of heart, senses, and will ; and in his hero's success we have portrayed the true method by which the lowly can rise ; not by pulling down the great, but the worship of a high and pure aim in life ; by having always the loftiest instead of the lowest standard for our endeavours, a standard without which nothing truly great in art or morals has ever been achieved. These seem grave thoughts to have been suggested by a semi-fabulous romance, but we think the author will not be sorry to see his allegory thus interpreted, or unwilling that we should perceive this meaning in the adventures of Calendau the fisher-boy, who made it his boast that he became the best and most trustworthy man between Arles and Vence.

The opening of the poem contains a fine invocation to Provence :—

Amo de moun pais,  
In que dardaies, manifesto  
E dins sa lengo et dins sa gesto  
Quand li baroun Picard, Alemand, Bourguignon,  
Sarrabon Toulouso et Beucaire,

In qu'empurères de tout caire  
 Contro il négro cavaucaire  
 Lis ome di Marseïlho et li fiéu d'Avignoun.

Per la grandour di remembranço  
 In que nous sauves l'esperanço :  
 In que dins la jouinesso, e plus caud e plus béu.  
 Maugrat la mort e l'aclapaire  
 Fas regreia lou sang di paire :  
 In qu'isperant li dous troubaire,  
 Fas pièi mistraleja la voues de Mirabéu.

Amo de longo renadvivo,  
 Amo jouiouso e fièro e vivo.  
 Qu'endihs dins lou brut d'ou Rose, d'ou Rousau !  
 Amo di veuvo armouniouso  
 E di calauco souleiouso  
 De la patria amo piouso,  
 J'appelle ! encarno-te dins mi vers provençau ! \*

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\* As it may interest our readers to compare the French and Provençal idioms, instead of translating the above we venture to give a French version from the pen of M. Louis Ratisbonne :—

“ Ame de mon pays,  
 Toi qui luit en traits manifestes  
 Et dans sa langue et dans ses gestes  
 Quand le baron Picard, Allemand, Bourguignon,  
 Assiégeait Toulouse et Beaucaire,  
 Toi qui remplit d'un feu de guerre  
 Contre leur horde sanguinaire  
 Les hommes de Marseille et d'Avignon.

“ Par la grace des souvenirs,  
 Toi qui gardes nos espérances :  
 Toi qui dans la jeunesse, et plus chaud et plus beau,  
 Malgré 'la mort, divins mystères,'  
 Fais remonter le sang de nos pères,  
 Toi qui soufflais nos doux trouvères,  
 Et plus tard fis mugir la voix de Mirabeau.

“ Ame sans cesse renaissante,  
 Joyeuse ame, fière et revante  
 Qui souffle dans les bruits du Rhone et dans ses eaux,  
 Ame des bois harmonieux  
 De la patrie esprit pieux  
 Viens ! viens ! encarne-toi dans mes vers provençaux.”

One other extract we make, because the scenery is familiar to many travellers, and that nothing in the world is more beautiful than the journey from Cannes, by the Esterels and Toulon, to Marseilles. Calendau performs it in a boat, and in great haste; for Count Séveran has discovered his wife's hiding-place on Mount Gibâl, (how near Africa we seem to be on this Provençal shore !) and Calendau flies to defend her :—

*Boufo ! lou Cassidien souspiro, etc. etc.*

“ Blow ! ” to the sirocco the Cassidien sighed :

To the siroc that softly breathed :

“ Blow ! mignon ! blow ! ” and the gay little wind

As if expressly to please him,

(So you would say) moved the air :

And in the tremulous space

Swift shot the frail tillac.

Beneath the canopy of freshest morn,

In all their legendary light,

The Lérin isles (green rosettes in the floods)

Rose from the coloured seas—

Of Honorat and of Marguerite

(His sister isle), the flowery palms,

Like mystic trees waved in the air.

• • • • •  
Shortly they sail beneath the shores,

Defiant, blasted, burnt and torn,

Of Esterel—the sea, a siren with blue eyes,

Has for a hundred years or so,

Fondled and laved his flanks of porphyry,

But ever has recoiled again

Before that hoary giant's stern accost.

Steer on ! they see the beach

Of wild Agay, with blood-red hills ;

They see Porte d'Or, and old Fréjus,

Which in the number of his nurselings dear,

Counts Gallus, the sweet singer,

Agricola, the conqueror of Britain's isles,

And thee, diviner Roscius.

They double Saint Tropèz by force of oars ;

Long is the way,

But Hope, like the Sirocco, helps them on ;  
 Towards thy star, young lover.  
 Raise thine eyes, and sweeping,  
 Tear the blue sea's bosom,—Leander thus  
 Guided by torch of his loved Hero,

Did swim the Dardanelles.  
 Then onwards. So the skiff  
 Already bounds beneath the vertiginous capes,  
 Of mountains Maures : pine woods,  
 Great reedy flats and chains of rocks,  
 Of limestone, granite, schist, they pass :  
*All full of horror, sunshine, and of flowers.*

In splendid blending sunshine.  
 The Archipelago then they thread,  
 Of the golden isles ; the Titan first,  
 Then Portcros, now a burnt-out nest :  
 Then bosky Porquerole,  
 Then Fourmil's little shoal,  
 And Gien, a tongue of land beside a mere.

They only heard the plaintive cry  
 Of boatmen, and the bellowing waves  
 That broke among the scattered rocks,  
*Or drew the tinkling pebbles down the beach.*  
 The boat swept on. . .

Yonder is Hières, full of flowers and green :  
 A very garden of Hesperides :  
 Hières, with slopes all lying to the sun,  
 With pomegranates and orange-trees, flies past :  
 As also flies the arid Carquierane,  
 And now with perfume of the marjolaines,  
 The laden air less swiftly seems to move.

Passing Toulon, Calendau is becalmed, but at length—

At last, at very last, oh ! bliss,  
 He sees the mount of his desires,  
 Gibal ! Gibal ! descried by him afar.  
 Fresh nerve he takes who sees again  
 Each well-known point and bay ;  
 Bandol, les Lèques, and that sweet shore  
 Of ilex, olive, terebinth for ever full.



Imperfect as any prose rendering of this passage must be, we think that even in this form it will gain much admiration, and that the original might be allowed to challenge comparison with the opening of the second canto of *Marmion*.

If a neo-Provençal poet can ever be sure of general sympathy, it is when he describes his native country; for the "province of provinces," as she was once fondly called, is dear alike to the historian and to the artist, to the student and to the invalid, and it is with this pleasant impression upon our minds that we wish to take leave of the subject.

## ON SOME CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

[*Good Words*, 1870.]

THE return of Christmas calls forth year by year a fresh crop of sentiment: it has become fashionable, and we are now determined to *do* Christmas in England after an English fashion, and to let the Germans and the Romans keep it in theirs. Our celebration of the holiday (as distinct from the festival) takes the shape of eating and drinking, of family gatherings, long bills, large puddings, and of a profusion of evergreens. The literature of the season has a certain gorgeousness about it, from the cards illuminated with robins and red berries, up to the pretty books of the Etching Club, and to the beautifully bound copies of favourite authors intended for Christmas presents. Within recent years too there has been a touch of archæology in our Christmas works, and gift books now contain a fair proportion of old as well as of new pieces bearing on the Feast of the Nativity. These bits of poetry or prose are all more or less familiar to us in their tone, because, though "Christmas," as the carol declares, "comes but once a year," it occurs on an average thirty times in every life: and yet these Christmas feelings are ever new, because it is individually that each man must realise for himself all that the season has to convey of sadness and of hope.

Holidays, games, and pies make Christmas merry to the young, but it is in later life, when we are tired of Christmas games, when we are made sad by Christmas gatherings, de-

spondent by Christmas bills, and dyspeptic by Christmas fare, that we really understand why so much enthusiasm is got up every year about the matter, both connected with and apart from the deep religious gratitude which commemorates the birth of Christ. There is a fascination in the Festival derived from contrast and from hope. The year, having tried all forms of life, having been first gay and then sober, seems finally to do penance in a white sheet. The earth, having been so fruitful and active, now sleeps passive and silent, and lets men plough long furrows in her breast, as the December winds rock her in her sleep. But in this blank time of the world men find pleasure : for this sleep is not unto death, but unto more work, and always more life. It is fitting then that Christians should celebrate at such a time the birthday of the Christian year.

Yet Christmas doings have not all had their origin in Christian sources. Its cakes and ale have now, as we know, an antiquarian value on account of old pagan draughts in honour of Thor, and of cakes once baked for the Queen of Heaven, though it is true that pies, rounded at the ends in memory of the cradle, have replaced the crescent-shaped loaves once dedicated to Astarte. Some such superstitious origin doubtless gave rise to the horribly tough paste made of pine-kernels, almonds, and the like, which the Roman peasants devour at Christmas—perhaps, also to the *pan calendan* of Languedoc, but it is an undoubtedly Christian, if irreverent, association of ideas, that first suggested to an Italian confectioner to prepare a model of the stable and manger at Bethlehem in burnt sugar for a gala dinner at this season : a bakemeat that we have ourselves really seen handed round in Nice.

No doubt the superstitions about Christmas are many. The day is thought a lucky one all over Christendom : it is often ushered in with a discharge of guns and with merry chimes, and people exchange good wishes with each other,

in accordance with the belief mentioned in the "Golden Legend," that any wish formed on that day, "by a person of righteous life and clean lips," is granted by the Almighty. Many of these old symbolical customs are pretty, whatever be their origin—such as the night-watch, which tells of "the people that sat in darkness;" or the lamp which the Burgundian peasant keeps burning throughout his vigil, ere the ringers touch the slumbering bells. If the eve be serene and cloudless, it is held in Languedoc to be a good omen for the harvest of the year, and who that has seen a Christmas midnight mass and sky in Southern France can forget it?—the crescent-shaped town, the sweep of the dark blue bay, the harbour lights, the *feluccas* that rock gently in the surf, the steep paved and terraced streets that lead up to the *Paroisse*, the flaring lamp in its archway, where the crowd that comes and goes chats and murmurs "*bonne fête*," as it clusters about the portal, and then presses in the church, where the organ that has long been rumbling and echoing breaks out suddenly into the "Pastorale," and from whence after mass has been said, you issue forth into a night if possible more beautiful than it was two hours before, because the moon is up, and that far to the northward a row of snow-covered Alps stand up like a glimmering ghostly guard above the grey olive slopes, the *campagnes*, and all the slumbering town.

From the chimes that announce this glad day to the carols that hymn its praises the transition is easy. The custom of carol singing lingers still in the more primitive parts of England, and the modern revival of many old fashions has brought carols greatly into notice. These carols, or *noëls* as they are called in France, form a mass of curious old literature, and though an acquaintance with them is now confined mostly to parish singers, curates, and persons of archæological taste, they once occupied the attention of priests and poets. "As for

songs and carols, brethren, they are collected and composed out of the Scriptures, and contain matter of instruction and edification; they implant the history and benefit of Christ's birth in the minds of poor, ignorant people, and sometimes *he will be taken by a song that will flye a sermon.*" So says an old author in 1652, and some of my readers may care even now to bestow a glance on these old Christmas songs.

The word *carol* has been variously derived: by some it is taken from *karole* (an early English word for a ring or *circle*); but it more truly seems to mean a little chorus, a diminutive form of the word *choro*, thence *chorollo*. And it is noteworthy that all genuine carols have a chorus or burden, and that this chorus is prefixed to them in every instance, whether it consists of one or, as is more common, of two lines, thus:—

## DE NATIVITATE.

*Jhesu, fili Virginis,  
Miserere nobis.*

## I.

Jhesu of a mayde ye woldest be born,  
To save mankynde that was forlorne, &c.

\* \* \* \*

*Jhesu, fili Virginis, etc.*

The derivation of the word *noël* is more disputable. It was long said that it was a mere corruption of *natale* (nativity); but this would not seem to be a satisfactory reading. Preferable is its origin in *nova*, thence *nouvelles*, or news, *nowells*, the old English form of the word, *nowvé*, the Romance, and *noël*, the modern French terms. In short, *noël*, rightly understood, is nothing but *news*, a name for the thing, the good news of God, the glad tidings of good-will, the birth of the Saviour of the world. The oldest carols confirm the use of the word in such a sense, and so, in an indirect manner, do many fifteenth-century books. It was, for example, the custom to cry *nowells* for any king or hero in a triumphal procession. "Item—to

the boys who cried *nowells* before the king's majesty," appears in the municipal expenditure of an English town during a royal visit. "To ride and cry *nowells* on high days is not the only business of a true knight," hints Gutierre de Gamez, in his Spanish chronicle, called the *Victorial*. And so on, for it would be easy to multiply examples of this custom ; but the carols speak for themselves. Take this one, for example :—

A child this day is born,  
 A child of high renown ;  
 Most worthy of a sceptre,  
 A sceptre and a crown.  
 Novels, novels, novels,  
 Sing all we may,  
 Because the King of all kings  
 Was born this blessed day.

Also, of older date, the following :—

ANE SANG OF THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

(*With the tune of Bawlulalaw.*)

I.

I come from hevin to tell  
 The best nouvelles that ever befell  
 To you these tidings true I bring,  
 And I will of them say and sing, &c.

The many collections of authentic English carols are excellent and curious. Wright's is perhaps the finest, but Sandy's book will be found full of interest, and he has admitted some translations of French *noëls* with their notes. As regards MSS. collections, one of the rarest is at Oxford, in the commonplace book of one Richard Hill, servant to an Alderman Whynger, afterwards Lord Mayor of London in 1505.

Of French *noëls* there is no lack either, the best being the *Noëls Bourignon*, collected by M. la Monnaye (the ingenious author of *Monsieur de la Palisse*), and a volume of Hugonot ones which deserves a little notice. It is a pretty little pamphlet

containing twenty-four Noëls, beginning with an address to all "musiciens, amateurs de cantiques," the whole distinctly marked by the spirit of the Reformation. It was edited and perhaps composed by one Mathieu Malingre, and printed at Neufchâtel, 1533. Most of them have a refrain of "Noël, Noël!" one is pretty and fanciful, and begins "*J'ouys chanter l'angelot,*" while another has remained popular in France among the professors of the reformed faith. It opens thus:—

Ame doulcette esveille toy!  
 Chante Noël joyusement,  
 D'un cœur gaillard, sans mil esmoy :  
 Et contemple devotement  
 Le doux Agneaux  
 Et chante Nau !  
 Neu senlement de bouche et voix  
 Chante le Noël que tu voy.

Better known over the south of France is the book of Michael Saboly, a priest of Avignon, in the reign of Louis XIII. Yet of carols both French and English it must be admitted as a rule, that the authors are long since forgotten, and that they, in their turn, probably drew from older sources. What, for example, has become of all the airs Saboly loved? of the tune of "*l'Ecò,*" to which one of the quaintest of his poems is set? or of the tune and words of "*Dans un beau jour,*" or of "*Dis-moi Grisel?*" or who was the composer of that tune of *Bawlu-lalaw*, which we have seen was of fifteenth-century reputation in England? They are all past recovery, and any classification of the carols can only be made by guessing their date from their spelling, and by noticing some peculiarities which are found alike in the carols of France and of England.

The first place we shall assign to those which are written partly in Latin and partly in the vulgar tongue, and which we can imagine to have been composed by *clerks*, and persons conversant with the ritual and phraseology of the Church. The

chorus, or *chorollo*, of these pieces is in Latin ; sometimes the last line of each verse is in Latin, and the rhyme is thus carried on in what may really be called tags of verse.

An example of the first method is taken from Hill's MSS. ; of the second, from a rare French tract of the sixteenth century :—

Alleluja ! Alleluia !  
Deo patria, sit gloria.

Ther ys a blossom sprung of a thorn,  
To save man-kynd that was forlorne,  
As the Profitis sayd beforne,  
Deo patria, sit gloria.

\* \* \* \*

Ther shon a star out of hevyn bryght,  
That men of earth should deme aright,  
That *this* was Jhesus full of myght :  
Deo patria, sit gloria.

NOEL NOUVEAU, SUR L'AIR DE "OR DITES-NOVS, MARIE !"

Célébrons la naissance,  
*Nostrî Salvatoris,*  
Qui fait la complaisance,  
*Dei sui Patris.*

Cet enfan tout aimable,  
*In nocte media,*  
Est né dens une étable,  
*De Casta Maria.*

A second class is the historical ballad. Of such are the carols—

When God at first created Man ;

\* \* \* \*

On Christmas-day in the morning ;

\* \* \* \*

Augustus Cæsar having brought

The world to quiet peace ;

\* \* \* \*

When Jesus Christ was twelve years old ;

\* \* \* \*

Joseph being an aged man truly ;



and—

A Virgin most pure, as Prophets do tell :

all carols still in use in the West of England, and familiar to many of us, and of which Mrs. Alexander has caught all the grace and spirit in her inimitable hymn for children, "Once in royal David's city." These are just passages of Gospel history done into rough verse; and besides the songs intended for Christmas there are similar carols suited to Innocents', St. John the Baptist, and St. Stephen's Days, as indeed also for the Feast of the Epiphany, with pieces which commemorate the later events in the Saviour's life, as connected with his Advent into the world.

A third kind of carol is founded on a legend. Take, for example, the well-known one—

Joseph was an old man, and an old man was he,  
When he wedded Mary, the Maid of Galilee, &c.

This carol goes on to tell how a cherry-tree was made to bend and yield its fruit to the Virgin Mother at the command of her Divine but yet unborn Son. It is a tradition familiar, in one shape or other, to the whole of Europe, though in Spain the tall and beautiful date-palm replaces the cherry-tree of the northern nations. It is probably therefore a fragment out of that vast mass of unwritten, fanciful, and semi-pagan traditions which occupied the mouths and memories of men in the earliest Christian centuries, which assumed shape and consistency in the so-called apocryphal Gospels of Nicodemus and others, and which went, at a later period, to fill the pages of the *Legenda Aurea* of Jacopo de Vorragine. Two of Saboly's carols bear marks of such an origin, viz., a dialogue between Lucifer and the Archangel on the subject of the Nativity, and an altercation between St. Joseph and the landlord of the inn at Bethlehem. Of the same kind is a thirteenth-century hymn for St. Stephen's Day, where it is set forth that St. Stephen "was

a clerk, i k̄yg Heronde halle ;” and a more modern one, which has been arranged to a pleasing air—

King Wenceslaüs looked out,  
On the Feast of St. Stephen,  
When the stars were shining bright,  
And the snow lay even, &c., &c.

This records a miracle as well as the alms-deeds wrought on St. Stephen’s Eve by the patron saint of Bohemia, but we searched in vain last summer in Bohemia for any further traces of the legend. Either King Wenceslaüs and his little page are forgotten, or this act of charity has been confounded with his other *faits et gestes*.

We are next brought to observe a fourth set of Christmas songs : the begging letters of a former age, still practised by the waits, with a view to extracting *largesse* from sleepy-headed citizens. A fifth class relates to wassail and feasting, and as these represent practices still in vogue among us, we need not expatiate on them ; the songs for the “Bringing in of the Boar’s head” being the more picturesque, and the “Beggars’ Complaints” the more monotonous of the two.

There is however a kind of carol now quite forgotten, which, for want of a better name, we shall call the Christmas pastoral, and explain our meaning by quotations from English and Provençal sources. We are convinced our readers will be glad to know—

JOLY, JOLY WAT, THE SHEPHERD.\*

Can I not sing but hoy !  
When the joly shepherd made so mych joy ?

I.

A shepherd upon a hill he satt,  
He had on hym his tabard and hatt,  
Hys tarbox, hys pype, and hys flagatt ;  
Hys name was callèd Joly, Joly Wat.

---

\* From the MSS. of Richard Hill.

Can I not sing but hoy !  
When the joly shepherd he made mych joy?  
For he was a gude herdis boy  
Ut hoy !  
For in hys pype he made so mych joy !

II.

The shepherd upon a hille was layd,  
His doge to his gyrdylle was tayd ;  
He had not slept but a lytelle brayd,  
But "Gloria in Excelsis" to hym was sayd.  
Can I not sing, &c.

III.

The shepherd upon a hille he stode,  
Rownd about hym his shepe they yode ;  
He put hys hand under hys hode,  
He saw a star as rede as blode :  
Can I not sing, &c.

IV.

The shepherd sayd a-non-right,  
"I wille go see yon farly syght,  
Wher as the angelle syngeth on hight,  
And the star that shyneth so bryght."  
Can I not sing, &c.

V.

"Now farewell Mall, and also Will !  
For my love go ye all styll,  
Unto I cum agayn you till ;  
And ever more, Will, ring well thy bell."  
Can I not sing, &c.

VI.

"Now must I go ther Cryst was borne.  
Farewell ! I cum a-gayn to-morn,  
Dog, kepe well my shep fro the corn,  
And warn well warroke when I blow my horne."  
Can I not sing, &c.

VII.

When Wat to Bedlem cum was,  
He swet : he had gon faster than a pace :  
He fownd Jhesu in a symple place,  
Be-twen an ox and an asse.  
Can I not sing, &c.

## VIII.

· “Jhesu ! I offer to thee here my pype,  
 My skyrte, my tarbox, and my scrype,  
 Home to my fellowes now wille I skype,  
 And loke unto my shepe.”

Can I not sing but hoy !  
 When the joly, joly shepherd made such joy ?

No gleanings from the sixteenth-century song-books can be more *naïf* than this, and the volume of Provençal *Nouvé*, which we have already alluded to, is full of similar pieces. It is written in dialect, the “lengo de las pastouras,” as the Provençals say, and their patois certainly lends itself with infinite grace to the subject.

Micoulaï, or Michael Saboly was born in 1614. Jan Saboly, of Montèri, his father, and Felise Meliorat, his mother, were of gentle blood, and the boy's education in the Jesuit College of Carpentras removed him early from the peasantry of his native district ; but he had found apparently both love and piety, and their handmaid poetry, in the huts where the poor men lie, and, speaking and writing in their language, once that of kings and troubadours, he still survives as a poet of the people. His verses even now gladden the peasants at the time of *Calendes*, for so this population, which uses the oldest of the Romance dialects, persists in calling the season which in the pagan division of the year used to fall into the Kalends of January. The Provençals are naturally religious : gifted with lively and sensitive imaginations they write and read a quantity of religious poetry, and their genius is apt to express itself in this way, whether the subject be the sufferings of the Protestants during the persecutions, or the great festivals of the Latin Church. To them Christmas is what they call it, “the mother of nights ;” and the *Nouvé* of Saboly are still living poems, not scraps of antiquarian lore exhumed by the ritualist or the antiquarian. The good old priest who composed them

was for twenty-five years prior of Sainte Madelaine of Carpentras, and was then removed to the collegiate church of St. Peter in Avignon; the university bestowing on him the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In Avignon, as *maestro di capello*, Saboly lived, and there he played on the great organ of the church, while he played on the hearts of the people by his beautiful Christmas hymns. He has been fondly called "the troubadour of Bethlehem," and when he died, he was buried in the church where he had sung: and there by the swift Rhone he rests. There has been a new edition of his *Nouvé* brought out within the last three years by Roumanille, the poet-bookseller of Avignon, and it is in general use, for the Avignonese still speak in the same dialect, the softest, if not the purest, of all the patois of the south, and by them the *Nouvé* are yet often said and sung, though perhaps in St. Peter's choir the congregation may have learnt to prefer to the quaint tunes that Saboly once played on his organ, Adam's magnificent Christmas music; since that splendid hymn, "Minuit, Chrétiens! c'est l'heure solennelle," has become the most popular piece of church music in all France.

Saboly's *noëls* are, for the most part of the kind we have called pastorals; sometimes he makes us hear the shepherds asking leave of their employers to go and see the babe of Bethlehem. Thus:—

LOU PASTRE.

"Es fort bien veritable  
 (It is very really true)  
 Que lou pichet innocent,  
 (That the little innocent)  
 Es na dins un estable,  
 (Is born in a stable,)  
 Qui es auprès de Betelem."  
 (Which is near Bethelam.)

SON MESTRE (*The Master*).

"Que lou Fieù de Dien sie nas,  
 (That the Son of God is born,)

Per lou creire  
 (To believe it)  
 Lou fau veire :  
 (One must see it :)  
 Jeu pòde pas me l'imagina."  
 (I cannot fancy it.)

After some more altercation both master and servants depart on the joyful errand.

Sometimes he shows us the shepherds carrying pine wood for the fire, and woollen stuffs for the clothing of the marvellous Babe. Sometimes we hear them calling to each other :—

“ Venès leu !  
 (Come along !)  
 Veire la Pieùcello.  
 (See the Little One.)  
 Venès leu !  
 Gentil pastoureaux :  
 (Come, gentle shepherds :)  
 Soun Enfant es pu blanc que la nèu,  
 (Her Child is more white than the snow,)  
 E trélusis coume un' estello.  
 (And shineth as a star.)  
 Ai, ai, ai ! que la Maire es bello !  
 (Ah, but the Mother is fair !)  
 Ai, ai ! que l'Enfant es bèu !”  
 (Ah, beautiful is the Child !)

On arriving at the stable they are refused admittance, because they are too noisy :—

“ Chut, chut, chut ! que l'Enfant soumiho !  
 (Hush ! let the Infant slumber !)  
 Chut ! que lou Petit dor.”  
 (Hush ! let the Little One sleep !) &c.

It is no small praise to say of a modern carol of Joseph Roumanille's, that he has absolutely improved upon the simple tenderness of this piece ; in his poem, the shepherds, when refused admittance, begin to pray, and the door is instantly opened to them. “ Enter,” says the mother, “ since Jesus, O my friends ! when men are praying, *cannot* sleep.”

One of Saboly's happiest efforts is his Carihoun, or Carillon, or a "Song of the Christmas Bells," page 87 :—

"Sus ! campainé ! revihas-vous !  
 Lou jour pareís, l'aubo es levado :  
     Voici l'urouss matinado !  
 Mounte devèn renaisse tous :  
 Diéu vèn, e pèr soun arribado  
 Sounas la proumièro sounado :  
 Fès que la grosso sone avan—  
     Din, don ! din, dan !  
     Dique, dique ! dique dan !  
     Din, don ! din, dan !  
     Dieù s'es fach Enfant,  
     Per sauva lon genre uman—  
     Din, don ! din, dan !  
     Foro. Satan ! (*Bis.*)  
  
 Plusgès de guerro,  
 Que tout sie nouveu !  
 La glori au ceù,  
 E la pas sus la terro !"

{Up ! bells ! Awake !  
 The day appears, the dawn is breaking.  
     Behold the happy morn !  
 Let all arise and meet it :  
 God comes, and at his coming  
 Ring the first rounds !  
 Make the great bell ring—  
     Din, don ! din, dan !  
 God makes Himself a child,  
 To save the race of man.  
     Din, don ! din, dan !  
     Avaunt, Satan !  
     No more of war  
     Since all is new !  
     Glory in heaven,  
     And peace upon the earth !}

And now, as we take leave of the old priest of Avignon, whose bells are still chiming above his grave in St. Peter's choir, we enter a little into the joy of his song. This day is bright, even for the saddest, it is an anniversary of youth, and peace and

heavenly hope in the loneliest life : in every life from which the birthdays and the holidays are erased by death and change, or have been blotted out with tears. Under the crumbling porticoes of Rome, through all the short and rainy Advent days you may hear the Pifferari piping and singing to their Madonna of the joys of the coming Nativity ; and we ourselves, beside the broken idols and in the dismantled homes of this life, can sing our carols before the dawn. However irreparable be the loss, however harassing be the memories, yet glad is the promise of His Second Advent : “ Behold, I make all things new.” “ Noël ! Noël ! ”

THE END.



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